THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A. D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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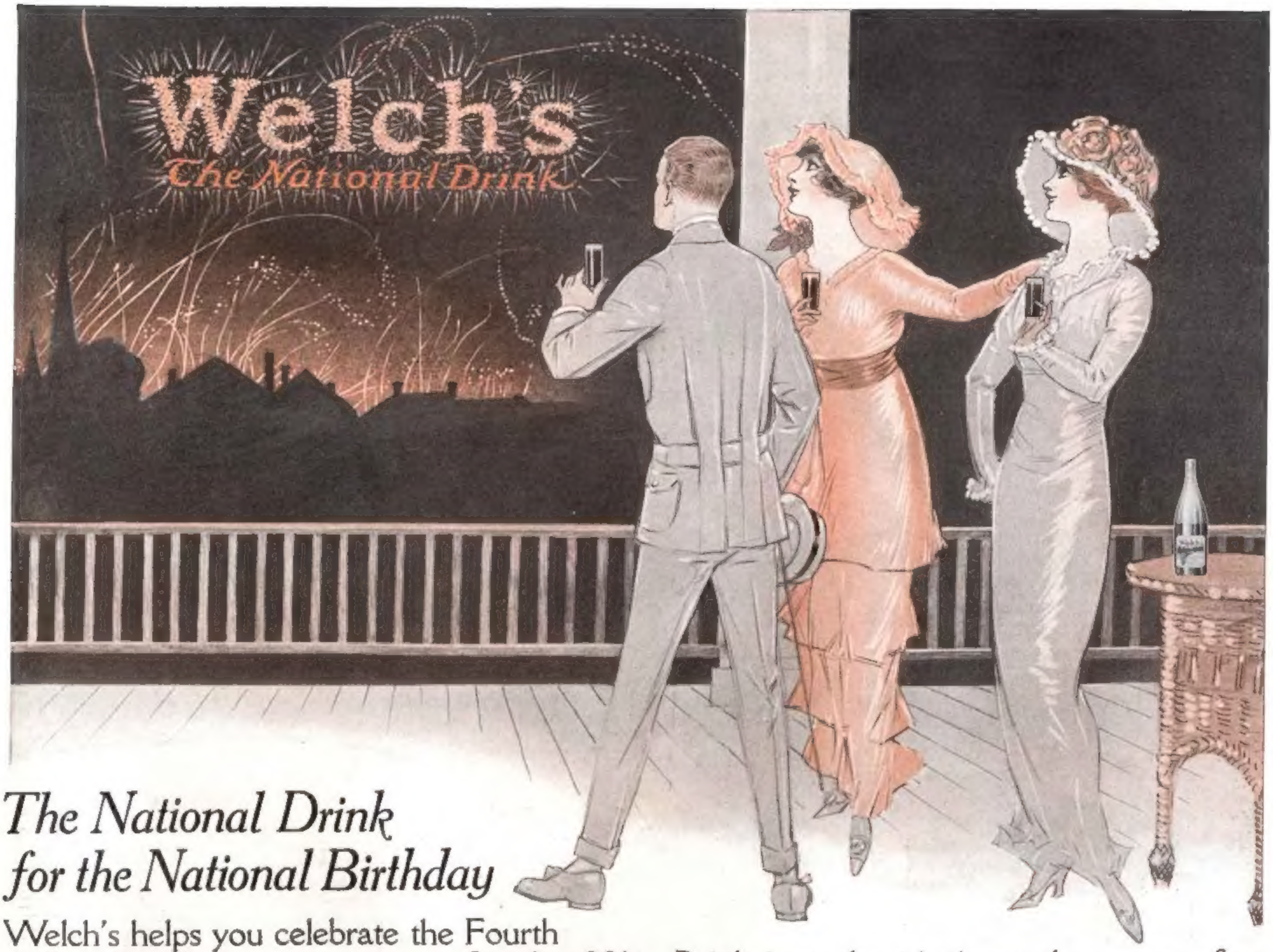
DAUGHTERS OF SHILOH—By Rupert Hughes



The National Drink for the National Birthday

Welch's helps you celebrate the Fourth without storing up any regrets for the fifth. Drink it at the picnic, at the game, after the game, at the rally; serve it in your home; order it at your club.

You get the Nation's best and Nature's best AT its best in

Welch's

"The National Drink"

It's the pure unfermented juice of the choicest Concords grown — Chautauqua Concords with all the fine flavor, high quality and richness secured with purity unimpaired. This is accomplished by the exact, sanitary Welch process. Welch's is constantly increasing in popularity because it satisfies the Nation's thirst. Order a case for your home.

"Get the Welch habit—it's one that won't get you"

A Joyous Warm-weather Recipe

This fascinating summer beverage is making a decided hit. It comes from the South. Into about half a glass of Welch's crush the tips of about twenty mint leaves (don't use the stems) and a teaspoonful of sugar. After this has "drawn" for about two minutes, strain into a tall glass filled with ice cracked about the size of a walnut. Add two slices of orange and serve with sprigs of mint sticking out of the glass, so that in drinking one must bury the face in the fragrant mint.

A suggestion

To extend the use of Welch's, June 29th to July 4th is Welch Week in the stores of the principal distributors of Welch's.

A Welch Week or at least some Welch "occasions" will be appreciated by your family and friends—don't forget the youngsters.

At the party, for that veranda "affair," at the picnic on the Fourth—nothing quite so good as Welch's.

Look for the store with the Welch display—the National Drink for the National Day.

Do more than ask for "Grape Juice"—say WELCH'S and GET IT!

It will pay you to discriminate. If you are unable to get Welch's of your dealer, we will ship a trial dozen pints for $3, express prepaid east of Omaha. Sample 4-oz. bottle, 10c. Book of recipes free.

The Welch Grape Juice Company - - - Westfield, New York

The Franklin Light Car

for two passengers was the surprise of 1903. No one thought it possible to cool cylinders with air instead of water. No motor of such efficiency had been devised. Therefore no one knew how powerful a little car could be built—how speedy on the level and up-hill, how simple and easy of control, how enduring, and how beautifully trim and stylish.

We have added, this year, the FRANKLIN LIGHT [illegible]EAU (detachable) and the FRANKLIN 24 H. P. [illegible]AR.

characteristically Franklin, with motor, cooled by air, [illegible]roughout and their catalogue.

Ten years ago—on February 13, 1904—the advertisement reproduced opposite appeared in The Saturday Evening Post. Note that from the very start Franklin has emphasized ***light weight*****—** *which means above all else,* ***light tire cost.***

Heavy Tire Expense is Not a "Necessary Evil"

It Can Be Avoided by Sound Engineering Design

HERE is a strange and important condition. Ask the average man what is the one big thing left to be done to perfect the automobile. He will tell you "find some way of cutting down tire expense and tire trouble."

The average man—with all that he knows about automobiles—does not know

That it is possible to use an automobile without the constantly recurring annoyance and expense of tire punctures and tire blowouts.

Frequent tire trouble and heavy tire expense he meekly accepts as necessary evils.

If he gets from 2500 to 5000 miles out of a tire he thinks himself fortunate.

The reason for this modest expectation is simply that most car owners have averaged to get about that mileage. *And the reason for this low mileage has been the prevalence of big, heavy cars and rigidly constructed cars with tires too small.*

An 8000 Mile Average is Possible

But not on a car too heavy for the tires.

Not on a car of too rigid construction.

Tires have an elastic limit beyond which it is not safe to work them.

Cars can be so designed that tires are not stressed beyond this elastic limit and thus will give the same factor of reliability as other parts of the car.

Michelin, the tire expert, says that every 5% increase in the weight of the car adds 15% to the wear and tear on the tires. Hudson Maxim shows that every 25% decrease in weight adds 100% in service obtained from the tires.

It Has Been Proved

In 1910, 1911, 1912 and 1913 we sent out blank tire reports to Franklin owners in all sections of the country. The reports for the four years show an average mileage per set of tires on the cars of Franklin owners under all sorts of conditions, of 8,996. The highest average for one year was 10,746.

The explanation of this is that the Franklin is a scientifically light weight car equipped with large tires.

The Original Light Car

The Franklin has always been a light weight car. Ten years ago, as shown by the advertisement reproduced above, it was being exploited as a light car.

Through years of experience, therefore, we have learned how to build a car that is flexible and light in weight—not ordinary light weight, but scientific light weight—with a constant increase in efficiency, rather than a sacrifice in efficiency. And today Franklin owners are among the few who realize that constant tire trouble and heavy tire expense are not necessary evils.

And Beside

The other advantages of the Franklin kind of light weight are obvious. Franklin records year after year for the last ten years have been demonstrating that.

For example, gasoline saving. In the recent simultaneous run made by Franklin dealers all over the country, in all kinds of weather, over all kinds of routes, *94 stock touring cars averaged 32.8 miles on one gallon of gasoline each.* Scores of previous runs of the same character have showed similar results.

Oil consumption is equally economical, 400 to 900 miles per gallon.

The Easy Riding, Easy Driving Car

The Franklin car is preëminently an easy riding, easy driving car. With its light weight it strikes ruts and obstructions in the road with a minimum of shock. Because it is light above, the axles and the other unsprung weight are lighter. It has full elliptical springs. The frame is of laminated wood instead of steel, specially constructed to absorb shocks.

The net result of all this is not only greater comfort for the passengers, but quicker starting and stopping, quicker picking up of speed, easier control, less strain on the driver.

Send for catalogue to

Franklin Automobile Company
Syracuse, N. Y.

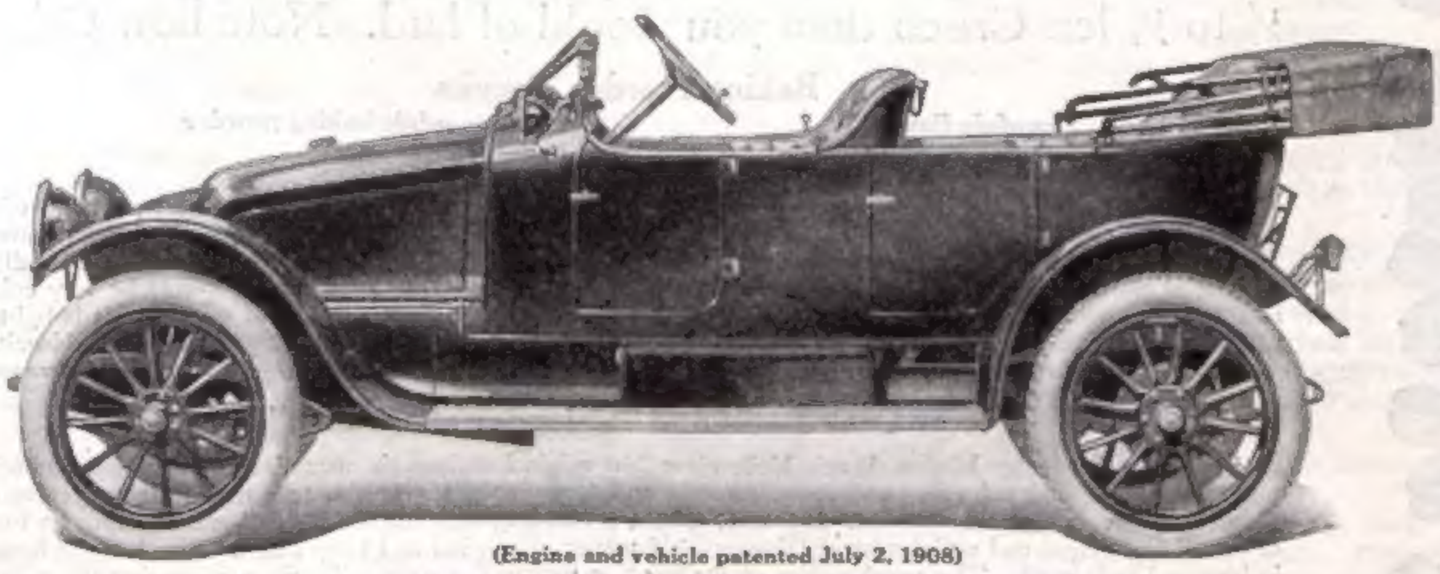
Weights and Prices

Touring Car,	2725	pounds,	$2300
Roadster	2630	"	2300
Coupé	2788	"	2950
Sedan	2924	"	3200
Berlin	3121	"	3400

Tires 4½ inch all around

Prices are F. O. B. Syracuse, N. Y.

Ask your dealer to weigh the car for you.



(Engine and vehicle patented July 2, 1908)
Franklin Six-Thirty Five-Passenger Touring Car, $2300

FRANKLIN SIX-THIRTY, 2725 POUNDS, 4½ INCH TIRES

Put Crisco to this Test

A SEVERE test for any shortening is its use in hot bread. Make some Crisco biscuit; they are delicate—in looks, odor and taste. They are light and daintily brown. Break one open and you will be delighted with the appetizing aroma, free from any suggestion of lard. They are just as wholesome and digestible as their delicacy promises.

You will find equally as attractive points about Crisco in other branches of cooking. For instance, you can fry without smoke and odor. You can use the same Crisco for frying all manner of foods and all will have a new wholesomeness.

You can make a light rich cake with Crisco which will keep fresh and moist longer.

You will obtain delicious, digestible and economical foods by knowing Crisco better.

CRISCO
For Frying-For Shortening For Cake Making

Below is a good biscuit recipe, or you may use your own favorite recipe by using from ⅕ to ¼ less Crisco than you would of lard. Note how Crisco stands the test.

Baking Powder Biscuits

2 cupfuls flour — ***2 teaspoonfuls baking powder**
2 tablespoonfuls Crisco — **Milk** — **1 teaspoonful salt**
(Level Measurements)

Mix and sift twice dry ingredients. Work in Crisco with finger tips, add milk gradually, mixing with knife to soft dough. Toss on floured board; pat and roll to one-half inch thickness. Shape with biscuit cutter. Place on Criscoed tin and bake in hot oven twelve minutes. To have good biscuits dough should be handled as little as possible, just enough to get in shape to cut. Milk or water used for mixing should be very cold, and biscuits should be put into oven at once after adding liquid to flour. If top of each biscuit is lightly brushed over with melted Crisco before baking, crust will be much nicer. Sufficient for fifteen biscuits.

*Amount of baking powder may be increased if especially raised biscuits are desired. 2 teaspoonfuls, however, is most healthful amount.

New Cook Book and "Calendar of Dinners"

This new book, by Marion Harris Neil, gives 250 original recipes, is attractively illustrated, and tells many interesting and valuable facts about cooking and food products. It also tells the interesting story of Crisco's discovery and manufacture. It is free. There is also a quality edition of this book containing a total of 615 Neil Recipes and a Calendar of Dinners—365 menus of original and tasty meals. This book is bound in blue and gold cloth. The regular price of the book is twenty-five cents. To those answering this advertisement it will be sent for *five 2-cent stamps*. In writing for either book, address Dept. K-7, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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DAUGHTERS OF SHILOH

By RUPERT HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

MRS. SERINA PEPPERALL had called her husband twice without success. It was at that hatefullest hour of the whole week when everybody that has to get up is getting up and realizing that it is Monday morning, and raining besides.

It is bad enough for it to be Monday, but for it to be raining is inexcusable.

Young Horace Pepperall used to say that that was the reason the world didn't improve much. People got good on Sunday, and then it had to go and be Monday. He had an idea that if Sunday could be followed by some other day, preferably Saturday, there would be more happiness and virtue in the world. Mrs. Pepperall used to say that her boy was quite a ph'losopher in his way. Mr. Pepperall said he was a hopeless loafer and spent more time deciding whether he'd ought to do this or that than it would have taken to do 'em both twice. Whereupon Mrs. Pepperall, whose maiden name was Boody—daughter of Mrs. Ex-County-Clerk Boody—would remind her husband that he was only a Pepperall after all, while her son was at least half Boody. Whereupon her husband would remind her of certain things about the Boodys. And so it would go. But that was other mornings. This was this morning.

"It's Easy. Just Watch What I Do and Do the Same"

Among all the homes that the sun looked upon—or would have looked upon if it could have looked upon anything and if it hadn't been raining and the Pepperall roof had not been impervious to light though not to moisture—among them all, surely the Pepperall *reveille* would have been the least attractive. Homer never got his picture of rosy-fingered Aurora smilingly leaping out of the couch of night from any such home as the Pepperalls' in Carthage.

Serina was as unlike Aurora as possible. Aurora is usually poised on tiptoe, with her well-manicured nails gracefully extended, and nothing much about her except a chariot and more or less chiffon, according to whether the picture is for families or bachelors.

Serina was entirely surrounded by flannelette, of simple and pitilessly chaste design—a hole at the top for her head to go through and a larger one at the other extreme for her feet to stick out at. But it was so long that you couldn't have seen her feet if you had been there. And Papa Pepperall, who was there, was no longer interested in those once exciting ankles. They had been more interesting when there had been less of them. But we'd better talk about the sleeves.

The sleeves were so long that they kept falling into the water where Serina was making a hasty toilet at the little marble-topped altar to cleanliness which the Pepperalls called the "worsh-stand"—that is, the "hand wash basin," as Mrs. Hippisley called it after she came back from her never-to-be-forgotten trip to England.

But then Serina's sleeves had always been falling into the suds, and ever since she could remember she had rolled them up again with that peculiar motion with which people roll up sleeves. This morning, having failed to elicit papa from the bed by persuasion, she made such a racket about her ablutions that he lifted his dreary lids at last. He realized that it was morning, Monday, and raining. It irritated him so that he glared at his faithful wife with no fervor for her unsullied and unwearied—if not altogether unwearisome—devotion. He watched her roll up those sleeves thrice more. Somehow he wanted to scream at the futility of it. But he checked the impulse partly, and it was with softness that he made a comment he had choked back for years. "Serina——" he began.

"Well," she returned, pausing with the soap clenched in one hand. He spoke with the luxurious leisureliness and the pauses for commas of a nearly educated man lolling too long abed:

"Serina, it has just occurred to me that, since we have been married, you have expended, on rolling back those everlastingly relapsing sleeves of yours, enough energy to have rolled the Sphinx of Egypt up on top of the Pyramid of Cheops."

Serina was so surprised that she shot the slippery soap under the washstand. She went right after it. There may be nymphs who can stalk a cake of soap under a washstand with grace, but Serina was not one of them. Her indolent spouse made another cynical comment:

"Don't do that! You look like the Goddess of Liberty trying to peek into the subway."

But she did not hear him. She was rummaging for the soap and for an answer to his first remark. At length she emerged with both. She stood up and panted.

"Well, I can't see as it would 'a' done me any good if I had have!"

"Had have what?" her husband yawned, having forgotten his original remark.

"Got the Sphinnix on top of the Cheops. And besides, I've been meaning to hem them up; but now that you've gone bankrupt again, and I have to do my own cooking and all ——"

"But, my dear Serina, you've said the same thing ever since we were married. What frets me is to think of the terrible waste of labor with nothing to show for it."

She sniffed, and retorted with all the superiority of the unsuccessful wife of an unsuccessful husband:

"Well, I can't see as you're so smart. Ever since we been married you been goin' to that stationery store of yours; and you never learned enough to keep from going bankrupt three times. And now they've shut the shop, and you've nothing better to do than lay in bed and make fun of me that have slaved for you and your children."

They were always his children when she talked of the trouble they were. Her all too familiar oration was interrupted by the eel-like leap of the soap. This time it described a graceful arc that landed it under the middle of the bed—a double bed at that.

Pepperall had the gallantry to pursue it. He went head-first over the starboard quarter of the deck, leaving his feet aboard. Just as he tagged the soap with his fingers his feet came on over after him, and he found himself flat on his back, with his head under the bed and his feet under the bureau.

When the thunder of his downfall had subsided he heard Serina say: "Now that you're up you better stay up."

So he wriggled out from under and got himself aloft, rubbing his indignant back. If Serina was no Aurora rising from the sea, her husband was no Phœbus Apollo. His gown looked like hers, only younger. It had a frivolous little pocket, and the slit skirt effect on both sides; and it was cut what is called "misses' length," disclosing two of the least attractive shins in Carthage.

He was aching all over and he was angry, and he snarled as he stood at the washstand:

"Have you finished with this water?"

"Yes," she said muffledly from the depths of a face towel.

"Why don't you ever empty the bowl then?" he growled, and viciously tilted the contents into the—must I say the awful word?—the slop-jar—what other word is there?

The water splashed over and struck the bare feet of both icily. They yowled and danced like Piute Indians, and glared at each other as they danced. They glared in a nagged rage that would have turned into an ugly quarrel if a great sorrow had not suddenly overswept them. They saw themselves as they were and by a whim of memory they remembered what they had been. He laughed bitterly:

"It's the first time we've danced together in a long time, eh?"

Her lower lip began to quiver and swell quite independently and she sighed:

"Not much like the dances we used to dance. Oh, dear!"

She dropped into a chair and stared, not at her husband but at the bridegroom of long ago he had shriveled from. She remembered those honeymoon mornings when they had awakened like eager children and laughed and romped and been glad of the new day. The mornings had been precious then, for it was a tragedy to let him go to his shop, as it was a festival to watch from the porch in the evening till he came round the corner and waved to her.

She looked from him to herself, to what she could see of herself—it was not all, but more than enough. She saw her heavy red hands and the coarse gown over her awkward knees, and the dismal slovenliness of her attitude. She felt that he was remembering the slim, wild, sweet girl he had married. And she was ashamed before his eyes, because she had let the years prey upon her and had lazily permitted beauty to escape from her—from her body, her face, her motions, her thoughts.

She felt that for all her prating of duty she had committed a great wickedness lifelong. She wondered if this were not "the unpardonable sin," whose exact identity nobody had seemed to decide—to grow strangers with beauty and to forget grace.

II

WHATEVER her husband may have been thinking, he had the presence of mind to hide his eyes in the water he had poured from the pitcher. He scooped it up now in double handfuls. He made a great splutter and soused his face in the bowl, and scrubbed the back of his neck and behind his ears and his bald spot, and slapped his eminent collar-bones with his wet hand. And then he was bathed.

Serina pulled on her stockings, and hated them and the coarser feet they covered. She opened the wardrobe door as a screen, less from modesty for herself than from sudden disgust of her old corset and her all too sober lingerie. She resolved that she would hereafter deck herself with more of that coquetry which had abruptly returned to her mind as a wife's most solemn duty.

Then she remembered that they were poorer than they ever had been. Now they could not even run into debt again; for who would give them further credit, since their previous bills had been canceled by nothing more satisfactory than the grim "Received payment" of the bankruptcy court?

It was too late for her to reform. Her song was sung. And as for buying frills and fallals, there were two daughters to provide for and a son who was growing into the stratum of foppery. With a sigh of dismissal she flung on her old wrapper, whose comfortableness she suddenly despised, and made her escape, murmuring: "I'll call the childern."

She pounded on the boy's door, and Horace eventually answered with his regular program of uncouth noises, like some one protesting against being strangled to death. These were followed by moans of woe, and then by far-off-sounding promises of "Oh, aw ri', I'm git'nup."

Serina moved on to her youngest daughter's door. She had tapped but once when it was opened by "The best girl that ever lived," according to her father; and according to her mother: "A treasure; never gave me a bit of trouble—plain, of course, but so willing!"

Ollie was fully dressed and so was her room, except for the bed, the covers of which were thrown back like a wave breaking over the footboard. In fact, after Ollie had kissed her mother she informed her that the kitchen fire was made, the wash-boiler on and the breakfast going.

"You are a treasure!" Serina sighed.

She passed on to the door of Prue. Prue was the second daughter. Rosie, the eldest, had married Tom Milford and moved away. She was having troubles of her own, and children with a regularity that led Serina to dislike Tom Milford more than ever.

Serina knocked several times at Prue's door without response. Then she went in as she always had to. Prue was still asleep, and her yesterday's clothes seemed to be asleep, too, in all sorts of attitudes and all sorts of places. The only regularity about the room was the fact that every single thing was out of place. The dressing table held a little chaos, including one stocking. The other stocking was on the floor. One silken garter glowed in the southeast corner and one in the northwest. One shoe reclined in the southwest corner and the other gaped in the northeast. But they were pretty shoes.

And Prue Came Home. She Was Alone! And in Tears!

Her frock was in a heap, but it suggested a heap of flowers. Hair ribbons and ribboned things and a crumpled sash bedecked the carpet. But the prettiest thing of all was the head half fallen from the pillow and half smothered in the tangled skeins of hair. One arm was bent back over her brow to shut out the sunlight and the other arm dangled to the floor. There was something adorable about the round chin nestling in the soft throat. Her chin seemed to frown with a lovable sullenness. There was a mysterious grace in the very sprawl vaguely outlined by the long wrinkles and ridges of the blankets.

Serina shook her head over Prue in a loving despair. She was the bad boy of the family, impatient, exacting, hot-tempered, stormy, luxurious, yet never monotonous.

"You can always put your hand on Ollie," Serina would say; "but you never know where Prue is from one minute to the next."

Consequently Ollie was not interesting and Prue was.

They were all afraid of Prue and afraid for her. They all toadied to her and she kept them excited—alarmed, perhaps; angry, oh yes; but never bored.

And there were rewards in her service, too, for she could be as stormy with affection as with mutiny. Sometimes she would attack Serina with such gusts of gratitude or admiration that her mother would cry for help. She would squeeze her father's ribs till he gasped for breath. When she was pleased she would dance about the house like a whirling mænad with ululations of ecstasy. These crises were sharp, but they left a sweet taste in the memory.

The Prettiest Thing of All Was the Head Half Smothered in the Tangled Skeins of Hair

So Prue had the best clothes and did the least work. Prue was sent off to boarding school in Chicago, though she had never been able to keep up with her classes in Carthage; while Ollie—who took first prizes till even the goody-goody boys hated her—stayed at home. She had dreamed of being a teacher in the High, but she never mentioned it, and she studied bookkeeping and stenography in the business college so that she could help her father.

Prue had not been home long and had come home with bad grace. When her father had found it impossible to borrow more money even to pay his clerks, to say nothing of boarding-school bills, he had to write the truth to Prue. He told her to come again to Carthage.

She did not come back at once and she refused to explain why. As a matter of fact she had desperately endeavored to find a permanent job in Chicago. It was easy for so attractive a girl to get jobs, but it was hard for so domineering a soul to keep one. She was regretfully bounced out of three department stores in six days for "sassing" the customers and the aisle-managers.

She even tried the theater. She was readily accepted by a stage-manager, but when he found that he could not teach her the usual figures or persuade her to keep in step or line with the rest he regretfully let her go.

It was the regularity of it that stumped Prue. She could dance like a ballerina by herself, but she could not count "one-two-three-four" twice in succession. The second time it was "o-o-one-t'three-ee-f'r" and next it would be "onety-thry-fo-o-our."

Prue hung about Chicago, getting herself into scrapes by her charm and fighting her way out of them by her ferocious pride. Finally she went hungry and came home. When she learned the extent of her father's financial collapse she delivered tirades against the people of Carthage and she sang him up as a genius. And then she sought escape from the depression at home by seeking what gayety Carthage afforded. She made no effort to master the typewriter and she declined to sell drygoods.

Serina stood and studied the sleeping girl, that strange wild thing she had borne and had tried in vain to control. She thought how odd it was that in the mystic transmission of her life she had given all the useful virtues to Ollie and none of them to Prue. She wondered what she had been thinking of to make such a mess of motherhood. And what could she do to correct the oversight? Ollie did not need restraint, and Prue would not endure it. She stood aloof, afraid to waken the girl to the miseries of existence in a household where every day was Blue Monday now.

Ollie had not waited to be called. Ollie had risen betimes and done all the work that could be done, and stood ready to do whatever she could. Prue was still aloll on a bed of ease. Even to waken her was to waken a March wind. The moment she was up she would have everybody running errands for her. She would be lavish in complaint and parsimonious of help. And yet she was a dear! She did enjoy her morning sleep so well. It would be a pity to disturb her. The rescuing thought came to Serina that Prue loved to take a long hot bath on Monday mornings, because on washday there was always a plenty of hot water in the bathroom. On other mornings the hot-water faucet suffered from a distressing cough and nothing more.

So she tiptoed out and closed the door softly.

III

AT BREAKFAST Ollie waited on the table after compelling Serina to sit down and eat. There was little to tempt the appetite and no appetite to be tempted.

Papa was in the doldrums. He had always complained before of having to gulp his breakfast and hurry to the shop. And now he complained because there was no hurry; indeed there was no shop. He must set out at his time of years, after his life of independent warfare, to ask for enlistment as a private in some other man's company—in a town where vacancies rarely occurred and where William Pepperall would not be welcome.

The whole town was mad at him. He had owed everybody, and then suddenly he owed nobody. By the presto-change of bankruptcy his debts had been passed from the hat of unpaid bills to the hat of worthless accounts.

Serina was as dismal as any wife is when she is faced with the prospect of having her man hanging about the house all day. A wife in a man's office hours is a nuisance, but a man at home in household office hours is a pest. This was the newest but not the least of Serina's woes.

Horace was even glummer than ever, as soggy as his own oatmeal. At best he was one of those breakfast bruins. Now he was a bear that has been hit on the nose. He, too, must seek a job. School had seemed confining before, but now that he must go to work school seemed like one long recess.

Even Ollie was depressed. Hers was the misery of an active person denied activity. She had prepared herself as an aid in her father's business, and now he had no business. In this alkali desert of inanition Prue's vivacious temper would have been welcome.

"Where's Prue?" said papa for the fifth time. Serina was about to say that she was still asleep when Prue made her presence known. Everybody was apprised that the water had been turned on in the bathroom; it resounded throughout the house. It seemed to fall about one's head.

Prue was filling the tub for her Monday morning siesta. She was humming a strange tune over the cascade like another Minnehaha. And from the behavior of the dining-room chandelier and the plates on the sideboard she was evidently dancing.

"What's that toon she's dancing to?" papa asked after a while.

"I don't know," said Serina.

"I never heard it," said Ollie.

"Ah," growled Horace, "it's the Argentine tango."

"The tango!" gasped papa. "Isn't that the new dance I've been reading about, that's making a sensation in New York?"

"Ah, wake up, pop!" said Horace. "It's a sensation here too."

"In Carthage? They're dancing the tango in our home town?"

"Surest thing you know, pop. The whole burg's goin' bug over it."

"How is it done? What is it like?"

"Something like this," said Horace, and rising he indulged in the prehistoric turkey-trot of a year ago, with burlesque hip-snaps and poultry-yard scrapings of the foot.

"Stop it!" papa thundered. "It's loathsome! Do you mean to tell me that my daughter does that sort of thing?"

"Sure! She's a wonder at it."

"What scoundrel taught my poor child such—such —— Who taught her, I say?"

"Gosh," sniffed Horace, "sis don't need teachin'. She's teachin' the rest of 'em. They're crazy about her."

"Teaching others! My g-g-goodness, where did she learn?"

"Chicago, I guess."

"Oh, the wickedness of these cities and the foreigners that are dragging our American homes down to their own level!"

"I guess the foreigners got nothin' on us," said Horace. "It's a Namerican dance."

"What are we coming to? Go tell Prue to come here at once. I'll put a stop to that right here and now."

Serina gave him one searing glance, and he understood that he could not deliver his edict to Prue yet a while. He heard her singing even more barbaric strains. The chandelier danced with a peculiar savagery, then the dance was evidently quenched and subdued. Awestruck yowls from above indicated that Prue was in hot water.

"This is the last straw!" groaned papa, with all the wretchedness of a father learning that his daughter has gone to the bad.

IV

PRUE did not appear belowstairs for so long that her father had lost his magnificent running start by the time she sauntered in all sleek and shiny and asked for her food. She brought so radiant a grace into the dull gray room that Serina whispered to Will to let her have her breakfast first.

She and Ollie waited on Prue, while the father paced the floor, stealing sidelong glances at her, and wondering if it were possible that so sweet a thing should be as vicious as she would have to be to tango.

When she had scoured her plate and licked her spoon with a childlike charm, her father began to crank up his throat for a tirade. He began with the reluctant horror of a young attorney cross-examining his first murderer:

"Prue—I want to—to—er—Prue, do you—did you—ever —— This—er—this tango business; Prue—have you—do you—er—— What do you know about it?"

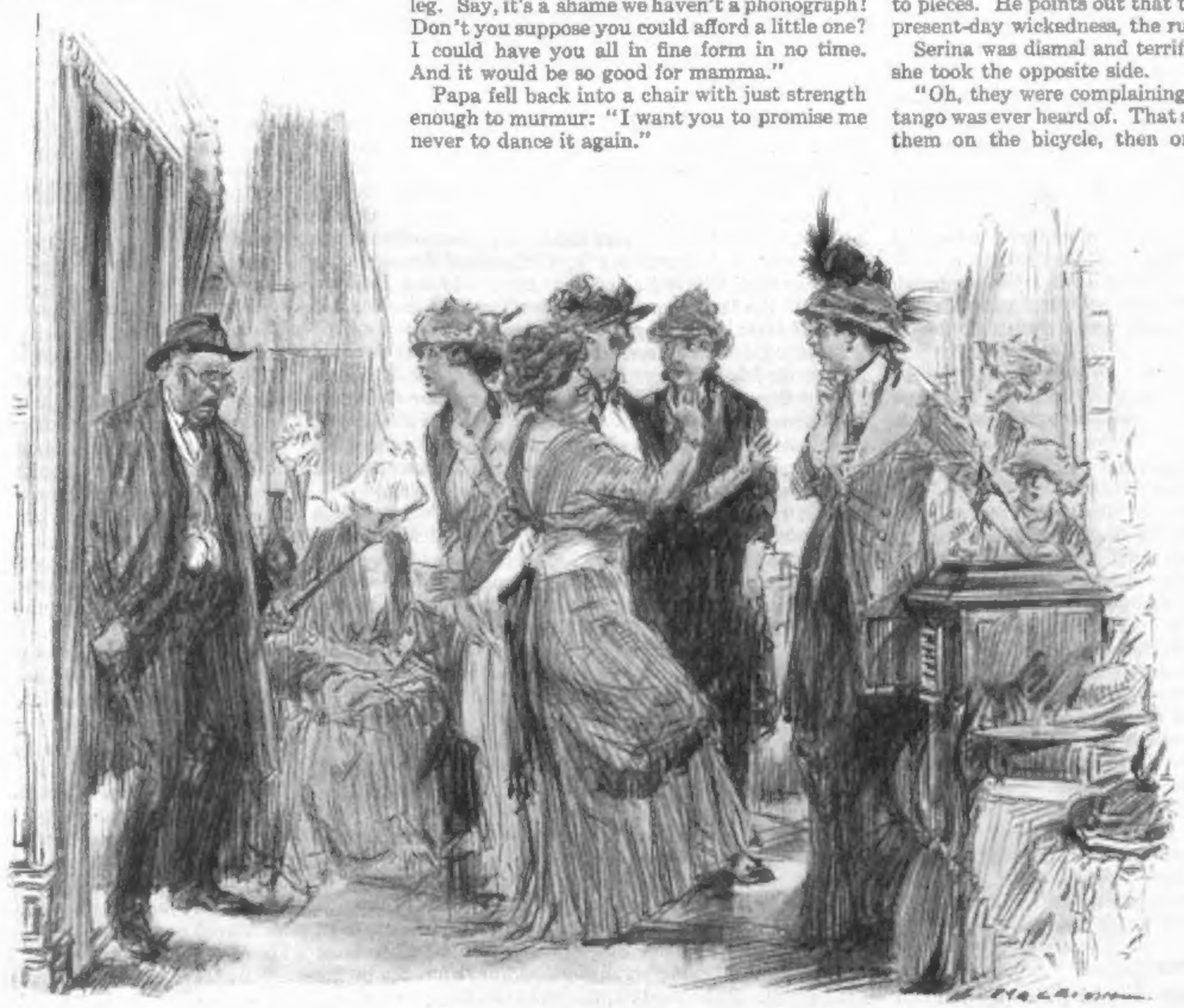
"Well, of course, papa, they change it so fast on you it's hard to keep up with it, but I was about three days ahead of Chicago when I left there. I met with a man who had just stepped off the twenty-hour train and I learned all he knew before I turned him loose."

In a strangled tone the father croaked:

"You dance it then?"

"You bet! Papa, stand up and I'll show you the very newest roll. It's a peach. Put your weight on your right leg. Say, it's a shame we haven't a phonograph! Don't you suppose you could afford a little one? I could have you all in fine form in no time. And it would be so good for mamma."

Papa fell back into a chair with just strength enough to murmur: "I want you to promise me never to dance it again."



His Roar Was Heard for a Block

"Don't be foolish, you dear old bump-on-a-log!"

"I forbid you to dance it ever again."

She laughed uproariously: "Listen at the old Skeezicks! Get up here and I'll show you the cutest dip."

When at last he grew angry, and made her realize it, she flared into a tumult of mutiny that drove him out into the rain. He spent the day looking for a job without finding one. Horace came home wet and discouraged with the same news. Ollie the treasure, however, announced that she had obtained a splendid position as typist in Judge Hippisley's office, at a salary of thirty dollars a month.

William was overjoyed, but Serina protested bitterly. She and Mrs. Judge Hippisley had been bitter social rivals for twenty years. They had fought each other with teas and euchre parties and receptions from young wifehood to middle-aged portliness. And now her daughter was to work in that hateful Anastasia Hippisley's old fool of a husband's office? Well, hardly!

"It's better than starving," said Ollie, and for once would not be coerced though even her disobedience was on the ground of service. After she had cleared the table and washed the dishes she set out for her room, lugging a typewriter she had borrowed to brush up her speed on.

Prue had begged off from even wiping the dishes, because she had to dress. As Ollie started upstairs to her task she was brought back by the doorbell. She ushered young Orton Hippisley into the parlor. He had come to take Prue to a dance.

When papa heard this, mamma had to hold her hand over his mouth to keep him from making a scene. He was for kicking young Hippisley out of the house.

"And lose me my job!" gasped Ollie.

The overpowered parent whispered his determination to go upstairs and forbid Prue to leave. He went upstairs and forbade her, but she went right on binding her hair with Ollie's best ribbon. In the midst of her father's peroration she kissed him good-by and danced downstairs in Ollie's new slippers. Her own had been trotted into shreds.

Papa sat fuming all evening. He would not go to bed till Prue came home to the ultimatum he was preparing for her. From above came the tick-tock-tock of Ollie's typewriter. It got on his nerves like rain on a tin roof.

"To think of it—Ollie upstairs working her fingers to the bone to help us out, and Prue dancing her feet off disgracing us! To think that one of our daughters should be so good and one so bad!"

"I can't believe that our little Prue is really bad," Serina sighed.

"Yet girls do go wrong, don't they?" her husband groaned. "This morning's paper prints a sermon about the tango. Reverend Doctor What's-His-Name, the famous New York newspaper preacher, tears the whole tango crowd to pieces. He points out that the tango is the cause of the present-day wickedness, the ruin of the home!"

Serina was dismal and terrified, but from force of habit she took the opposite side.

"Oh, they were complaining of divorces long before the tango was ever heard of. That same preacher used to blame them on the bicycle, then on the automobile and the movies. And now it's the tango. It'll be flying machines next."

Papa was used to fighting with mamma, and he roared with fine leoninity:

"Are you defending your daughter's shamelessness? Do you approve of the tango?"

"I've never seen it."

"Then it must be just because you always encourage your children to flout my authority. I never could keep any discipline because you always fought for them, encouraged them to disobey their father, to—to—to ——"

She chanted her responses according to the familiar family antipathy antiphony. They talked themselves out eventually; but Prue was not home. Ollie gradually typewrote herself to sleep and Prue was not home. Horace came in from the Y. M. C. A. bowling alley and went to bed, and Prue was not home.

The old heads nodded. The sentinels slept. At some dimly distant time papa woke with a start and inquired: "Huh?"

Mamma jumped and gasped: "Who?" They were shivering with the after-midnight chill of the cold room, and Prue was not home. Papa snapped his watch open and snapped it shut; and the same to his jaw:

"Two o'clock! And Prue not home. I'm going after her!"

He thrust into his overcoat, slapped his hat on his aching head, flung open the door. And Prue came home.

She was alone! And in tears!

V

AS PAPA'S overcoat slid off his arms and his hat off his head she tore down her gloves, tossed her cloak in the direction of the hat tree and stumbled up the stairs sobbing. Her mother caught her hand.

"What's the matter, honey?"

Prue wrenched loose and went on up.

Father and mother stared at her, then at each other, then at the floor. Each read the same unspeakable fear in the other's soul. Serina ran up the stairs as fast as

she could. William automatically locked the doors and windows, turned out the lights and followed.

He paused in the upper hall to listen. Prue was explaining at last.

"It's that Orton Hippisley," Prue sobbed.

"What—what has he done?" Serina pleaded, and Prue sobbed on:

"Oh, he got fresh! Some of these fellas in this town think that because a girl likes to have a good time and knows how to dance, they can get fresh with her. I didn't like the way Ort Hippisley held me and I told him. Finally I wouldn't dance any more with him. I gave his dances to Grant Beadle till the last; then Ort begged so hard, I said all right. And he danced like a gentleman. But on the way home he—he put his arm round me. And when I told him to take it away he wouldn't. He said I had been in his arms half the evening before folks, and if I hadn't minded then I oughtn't to mind now. And I said: 'Is that so? Well, it's mighty different when you're dancing.' And he said: 'Oh, no, it isn't,' and I said: 'Oh, yes, it is.' And he tried to kiss me and I hauled off and smashed him right in the nose. It bloodied all over his dress soot, and I'm glad of it."

Somehow Papa Pepperall felt such an impulse to give three cheers that he had to put his own hand over his mouth. He tiptoed to his room, and when mamma appeared to announce with triumph, "I guess Prue hasn't gone to the bad yet," papa said: "Who said she had? Prue is the finest girl in America!"

"I thought you were saying ——"

"Why can't you ever once get me right? I was saying that Prue is too fine a girl to be allowed to mingle with that tango set. I'm going to cowhide that Hippisley cub. And Prue's not going to another one of those dances."

But he didn't. And she did.

VI

OLLIE was up betimes the next morning to get breakfast and make haste to her office. She was so excited that she dropped a stove lid on the coal scuttle just as her mother appeared.

"For mercy's sake, less noise!" Serina whispered. "You'll wake poor Prue!"

Ollie next dropped the tray she had just unloaded on the table. Serina was furious. Ollie whispered:

"I'm so nervous for fear I've lost my job at Judge Hippisley's, now that Prue had to go and slap Orton."

"Always thinking of yourself," was Serina's rebuke. "Don't be so selfish!"

But Ollie's fears were wasted. Orton Hippisley might have boasted of kisses he did not get, but not of the slaps that he did. He had gained a new respect for Prue, and at the first opportunity pleaded for forgiveness, eying her little fist the while. He begged her to go with him to a dance at his home that evening.

She forgave him for the sake of the invitation—and she glided and dipped at the judge's house while Ollie spent the evening in his office trying to finish the day's work. Her speed was not yet up to requirements. Prue's speed was.

Other girls watched Prue manipulating her members in the intricate mechanisms of the latest dances. They begged her to teach them, but she laughed and said: "It's easy. Just watch what I do and do the same."

So Raphael told his pupils and Napoleon his subordinates.

That night Ollie and Prue reached home at nearly the same time. Ollie told how well she was getting along in the judge's office. Prue told how she had made wallflowers of everybody else in Mrs. Hippisley's parlor. Let those who know a mother's heart decide which daughter Serina was the prouder of, the good or the bad.

She told William about it—how Ollie had learned to type letters with both hands and how Prue got there with both feet. And papa said: "She's a great girl!"

And that was singular.

VII

A FEW mornings later Judge Hippisley stopped William on the street and spoke in his best bench manner: "Bill, I hate to speak about your daughter, but I've got to."

"Why, judge, what's Ollie done? Isn't she fast enough?"

"Ollie's all right. I'm speaking of Prue. She's entirely too fast. I want you to tell her to let my son alone."

"Why, I—you—he ——"

"My boy was clerking in Beadle's hardware store, learning the business and earning twelve dollars a week. And now he spends half his time dancing with that dam—damsel of yours. And Beadle is going to fire him if he doesn't tend to business better."

"I—I'll speak to Prue," was all Pepperall dared to say. The judge had too many powers over him to be talked back to.

Papa spoke to Prue and it amused her very much. She said that old Mr. Beadle had better speak to his own boy, who was Orton's fiercest rival at the dances. And as for the fat old judge, he'd better take up dancing himself.

The following Sunday three of the Carthage preachers attacked the tango. One of them used for his text Matthew xiv, 6, and the other used Mark vi, 22. Both told how John the Baptist had lost his head over Salome's dancing.

"Five Hundert Thalers! I Sell You de Whole Shop for Five Hundert Thalers"

Doctor Brearley chose Isaiah lix, 7: "Their feet run to evil . . . their thoughts are thoughts of iniquity; wasting and destruction are in their paths."

Mr. and Mrs. Pepperall and Ollie sat under Doctor Brearley. Prue had slept too late to be present. Doctor Brearley blamed so many of the evils of the world on the tango craze that if a visitor from Mars had dropped into a pew he might have judged that the world had been an Eden till the tango came. But then Doctor Brearley had always blamed old things on new things.

It was a ferocious sermon, however, and the wincing Pepperalls felt that it was aimed directly at them. When Doctor Brearley denounced modern parents for their own godlessness and the irreligion of their homes, William took the blame to himself. On his way home he announced his determination to resume the long-neglected family custom of reading from the Bible.

After the heavy Sabbath dinner had been eaten—Prue was up in time for this rite—he gathered his little flock in the parlor for a solemn while. It had been his habit to choose the reading of the day at random—he called it "letting the Lord decide." The big rusty-hinged Bible fell open with a loud puff of dust several years old. Papa adjusted his spectacles and read what he found before him:

"Nehemiah x: 'Now those that sealed were, Nehemiah, the Tirshatha, the son of Hachaliah, and Zidkijah, Seraiah, Azariah, Jeremiah, Pashur, Amariah, Malchijah, Hattush'"—he began to breathe hard. He was lost in an impenetrable forest of names, and he could not pronounce one of them. He sneaked a peek ahead, dimly made out "Bunni, Hizkijah, Magpiash and Hashub," and choked.

It looked like sacrilege, but he ventured to close the Book and open it once more.

This time he happened on the last chapter of the Book of Judges, wherein is the chronicle of the plight of the tribe of Benjamin, which could not get women to marry into it. The wife famine of the Benjamites was not in the least interesting to Mr. Pepperall, but he would not tempt the Lord again. So he read on, while the children yawned and shuffled, Prue especially.

Suddenly Prue sat still and listened, and papa's cough grew worse. He was reading about the "feast of the Lord in Shiloh yearly," and how the elders of the congregation ordered the children of Benjamin to go and lie in wait in the vineyards.

"'And see, and, behold, if the daughters of Shiloh come out to dance in dances, then come ye out of the vineyards, and catch you every man his wife of the daughters of Shiloh. . . .

"'And the children of Benjamin did so, and took them wives, according to their number, of them that danced, whom they caught: and they went and returned unto their inheritance, and repaired the cities, and dwelt in them. . . .

"'In those days there was no king in Israel; every man did that which was right in his own eyes.'"

He closed the Book and stole a glance at Prue. Her eyes were so bright with triumph that he had to say:

"Of course that proves nothing about dancing. It doesn't say that the Shiloh girls made good wives." Prue had the impudence to add: "And it doesn't say that the sons of Benjamin were good dancers."

Her father silenced her with a scowl of horror. Then he made a long prayer, directed more at his family than at the Lord. It apparently had an equal effect on each. After a hymn had been mumbled through, the family dispersed.

Prue lingered just long enough to capture the Bible and carry it off to her room in a double embrace. Serina and William tried to be glad to see her sudden interest, but they were a little afraid of her exact motive.

She made no noise at all and did not come down in time to help get supper—the sad cold supper of a Sunday evening. She slipped into the dining room just before the family was called. Papa found at his plate a neat little stack of cards, bearing each a carefully lettered legend in Prue's writing. He picked them up, glanced at them and flushed.

"I dare you to read them," said Prue. So he read:

"'To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven . . . a time to mourn and a time to dance. . . . He hath made every thing beautiful in his time.' Ecclesiastes iii.

"'Let them praise his name in the dance . . . for the Lord taketh pleasure in his people. . . . Praise him with the timbrel and dance. . . . Praise him upon the loud cymbals.' Psalms cxlix, cl.

"'O virgin of Israel . . . thou shalt go forth in the dances of them that make merry. . . . Then shall the virgin rejoice in the dance, both young men and old together.' Jeremiah xxxi.

"'We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced.' Matthew xi, 17.

"'Michal, Saul's daughter, looked through a window, and saw King David leaping and dancing before the Lord; and she despised him in her heart. . . . Therefore Michal the daughter of Saul had no child unto the day of her death.' II Samuel vi, 16, 23."

Papa did not fall back upon the Shaksperean defense that the devil can quote Scripture to his purpose. He choked a little and filled his hand with the apple butter he was spreading on his cold biscuit. Then he said:

"It's not that I don't believe in dancing. I don't say all dances are immor'l."

"You better not," said Serina darkly. "You met me at a dance. We used to dance all the time till you got so's you wouldn't take me to parties any more. And you got so clumsy and I began to take on flesh, and ran short of breath like."

"Oh, there's mor'l dances as well as immor'l dances," William confessed, not knowing the history of the opposition every dance has encountered in its younger days. "The waltz now, or the lancers or the Virginia reel. Even the two-step was all right. But this turkey-trot-tango business—it's goin' to be the ruination of the home. It isn't fit for decent folks to look at, let alone let their daughters do. I want you should quit it, Prue. If you need exercise help your mother with the housework. You go and tango round with a broom a while. I don't see why you don't try to help your sister, too, and make something useful of yourself. I tell you, in these days a woman ought to be able to earn her own living same's a man. You could get a good position in Shillaber's Dry Goods Store if you only would."

Prue wriggled her shoulders impatiently and said: "I guess I'm one of those Shiloh girls. I'll just dance round a while, and maybe some rich Benjamin gent'man will grab me and take me off your hands."

VIII

ONE evening Prue came home late to supper after a session at Bertha Appleby's. An informal gathering had convened under the disguise of a church society meeting, only to degenerate into a dancing-bee after a few perfunctory formalities.

Prue had just time to seize a bite before she went to dress for a frankly confessed dancing bout at Eliza Erf's. As she ate with angry voracity she complained:

"I guess I'll just quit going to dances. I don't have a bit of fun any more."

Her father started from his chair to embrace the returned prodigal, but he dropped into Ollie's place as Prue explained:

"Everybody is always at me for help. 'Prue, is this right?' 'Prue, teach me that.' 'Oh, what did you do then?' 'Is it the inside foot or the outside you start on?' 'Do you drop on the front knee or the hind?' 'Do you do the Innovation?' Why, it's worse than teaching school!"

"Why don't you teach school?" said William feebly. "There's going to be a vacancy in the kindergarten."

Prue sniffed. "I see myself!" And went to her room to dress.

Her father sank back discouraged. What ailed the girl? She simply would not take life seriously. She would not lift her hand to help. When they were so poor and the future so dour, how could she keep from earning a little money? Was she condemned to be altogether useless, shiftless, unprofitable? A weight about her father's neck till he could shift her to the neck of some unhappy husband?

He remembered the fable of the ant and the locust. Prue was the locust, frivoling away the summer. At the first cold blast she would be pleading with the industrious ant, Ollie, to take her in. In the fable the locust was turned

away to freeze, but you couldn't do that with a human locust. The ants just have to feed them. Poor Ollie!

Munching this quinine cud of thought he went up to bed. He was footsore from tramping the town for work. He had covered almost as much distance as Prue had danced. He was all in. She was just going out.

She kissed him good night, but he would not answer. She went to kiss her mother and Ollie and Horace. Ollie was practicing shorthand, and kissed Prue with sorrowing patience. Horace dodged the kiss, but called her attention to an article in the evening paper: "Say, Prue, if you want to get rich quick whyn't you charge for your tango advice? Says here that teachers are springing up all over Noo York and Chicawgo, and they get big immense prices."

"How much?" said Prue indifferently.

"Says here twenty-five dollars an hour. Some of 'em's earning a couple of thousand dollars a week."

This information went through the room like a projectile from a coast-defense gun. Serina listened with bated breath as Horace read the confirmation. She shook her head:

"It beats all the way vice pays in this world."

Horace read on. The article described how some of the most prominent women in metropolitan society were sponsoring the dances. A group of ladies, whose names were more familiar to Serina than the Christian martyrs, had rented a whole dwelling house for a dancing couple to disport in, so that the universal amusement could be practiced exclusively.

That settled Serina. Whatever Mrs. —— and Miss —— and the mother of the Duchess of —— did was better than right. It was swell.

Prue's frown now was the frown of meditation. "If they charge twenty-five dollars an hour in New York, what ought to be the price in Carthage?"

"About five cents a week," said Serina, who did not approve of Carthage. "Nobody in this town would pay anything for anything."

"We used to pay old Professor Durand to teach us to waltz and polka," said Horace, "in the good old days before pop got the bankruptcy habit."

That night Prue made an experiment. She danced exclusively with Ort Hippisley and Grant Beadle, the surest-footed bipeds in the town. When members of the awkward squad pleaded to cut in she danced away impishly, will-o'-the-wispishly. When the girls lifted their skirts and asked her to correct their footwork she referred them to the articles in the magazines.

She was chiefly pestered by Idalene Brearley, daughter of the clergyman, and his chief cross.

Finally Idalene Brearley tore Prue from the arms of Ort Hippisley, backed her into a corner, and said:

"Say, Prue, you've got to listen! I'm invited to visit the swellest home in Council Bluffs for a house party. They call it a week-end; that shows how swell they are. They're going to dance all the time. When it comes to these new dances I'm weak at both ends, head and feet." She laughed shamelessly at her own joke, as women do. "I don't want to go there like I'd never been any place, or like Carthage wasn't up to date. I'm just beginning to get the hang of the Maxixe and the Hesitation, and I thought if you could give me a couple of days' real hard work I wouldn't be such an awful gump. Could you? Do you suppose you could? Or could you?"

Prue looked such astonishment at this that Idalene hastened to say:

"O' course I'm not asking you to kill yourself for nothing. How much would you charge? Of course I haven't much saved up; but I thought if I took two lessons a day you could make me a special rate. How much would it be, d'you s'pose? Or what do you think?"

Prue wondered. This was a new and thrilling moment for her. A boy is excited enough over the first penny he earns, but he is brought up to earn money. To a girl, and a girl like Prue, the luxury was almost intolerably intense. She finally found voice to murmur:

"How much you gettin' for the lessons you give?"

Idalene had, for the sake of pin money, been giving a few alleged lessons in piano, voice, water colors, bridge whist, fancy stitching, brass hammering, and things like that. She answered Prue with reluctance:

"I get fifty cents an hour. But o' course I make a specialty of those things."

"I'm making a specialty of dancing," said Prue coldly.

Idalene was torn between the bitterly opposite emotions of getting and giving. Prue tried to speak with indifference, but she looked as greedy as the old miser in the Chimes of Normandy.

"Fifty cents suits me, seeing it's you."

Idalene gasped: "Well, o' course, two lessons a day would be a dollar. Could you make it six bits by wholesale?"

Prue didn't see how she could. Teaching would interfere so with her amusements. Finally Idalene sighed:

"Oh, well, all right! Call it fifty cents straight. When can I come over to your house?"

"To my house?" gasped Prue. "Papa doesn't approve of my dancing. I'll come to yours."

"Oh, no, you won't," gasped Idalene. "My father doesn't dream that I dance. I'm going to let him sleep as long as I can."

Here was a plight! Mrs. Judge Hippisley strolled up and demanded: "What's all this whispering about?"

They explained their predicament. Mrs. Hippisley thought it was a perfectly wonderful idea to take lessons. She would let Prue teach Idalene in her parlor if Prue would teach her at the same time for nothing.

"Unless you think I'm too old and stupid to learn," she added fishingly.

Prue put a catfish on her hook:

"Oh, Mrs. Hippisley, I've seen women much older and fatter and stupider than you dancing in Chicago."

While the hours of tuition were being discussed Bertha Appleby tiptoed up to eavesdrop, and pleaded to be accepted as a pupil. And she forced on the timorous Prue a quarter as her matriculation fee.

Orton Hippisley beau'd Prue home that night, and they paused in an arcade of maples to practice a new step she had been composing in the back of her head.

He was an apt pupil, and when they had resumed their homeward stroll she neglected to make him take his arm away. Encouraged, he tried to kiss her when they reached the gate. She cuffed him again, but this time her buffet was almost a caress. She sighed:

"I can't get very mad at you, you're such a quick student. I hope your mother will learn as fast."

"My mother!" he exclaimed.

"Yes. She wants me to teach her the one-step."

"Don't you dare!"

"And why not?" she asked with sultry calm.

"Do you think I'll let my mother carry on like that? Well, hardly!"

"Oh, so what I do isn't good enough for your mother!"

"I don't mean just that; but can't you see—wait a minute ——"

She slammed the gate on his outstretched fingers and he went home fondling his wound.

The next day he strolled by the parlor door at his own home, but Prue would not speak to him and his mother was too busy to invite him in. It amazed him to see how humble his haughty mother was before the hitherto neglected Prue.

Prue would have felt sorrier for him if she had not been so exalted over her earnings.

She had not let on at home about her class till she could lay the proof of her success on the supper table. When she stacked up the entire two dollars that she had earned by only a few miles of trotting, it looked like the loot the mercenaries captured in that old Carthage which the new Carthage had never heard of.

The family was aghast. It was twice as much as Ollie had earned that day. Ollie's money "came reg'lar," of course, and would total up more in the long run.

But for Prue to earn anything was a miracle. And in Carthage two dollars is two dollars, at the very least.

IX

THE news that Carthage had a tango teacher created a sensation rivaling the advent of its first street car. It gave the place a metropolitan flavor. If it only had a slums district now it would be a great and gloriously wicked city.

Prue was fairly besieged with applicants for lessons. Those who could dance a few steps wanted the new steps. Those who could not dance at all wanted to climb aboard the ark.

Mrs. Hippisley's drawing room did not long serve its purpose. On the third day the Judge stalked in. He came home with a chill. At the sight of his wife with one knee up, trying to paw like a horse, his chill changed to fever. His roar was heard for a block. He was so used to domineering that he was not even afraid of his wife when he was in the first flush of rage.

Prue and Idalene and Bertha he would have sentenced to deportation if he had had the jurisdiction. He could at least send them home. He threatened his wife with dire punishments if she ever took another step of the abominable dance. Prue was afraid of the Judge, but she was not afraid of her own father. She told William that she was going to use the parlor, and he told her that she wasn't. The next day he came home to find the class installed.

He pecked into the parlor and saw Bertha Appleby dancing with Idalene Brearley. Prue was in the arms of old "Tawm" Kinch, the town scoundrel, a bald and wealthy old bachelor who had lingered uncaught like a wise old trout in a pool, though generations of girls had tried every device, from whipping the stream to tickling his sides. He had refused every bait and lived more or less alone in the big old mansion he had inherited from his skinflint mother.

At the sight of Tawm Kinch in his parlor embracing his daughter and bungling an odious dance with her, William Pepperall saw red. He would throw the old brute out of his house. As he made his temper ready Mrs. Judge Hippisley hurried up the hall. She had walked round the block, crossed two back yards and climbed the kitchen steps to throw the Judge off the scent. William could hardly make a scene before these women. He could only protest by leaving the house.

He found that having let the outrage go unpunished once it was hard to work up steam to drive it out the second day. Also he remembered that he had asked Tawm Kinch for a position in his sash-and-blind factory and Tawm had said he would see about it. Attacking Tawm Kinch would be like assaulting his future bread and butter. He kept away from the house as much as he could, sulking like a punished boy. One evening as he went home to supper, purposely delaying as long as possible, he saw Tawm Kinch coming from the house. He ran down the steps like an urchin and seized William's hand as if he had not seen him for a long time.

"Take a walk with me, Bill," he said, and led William along an unfrequented side street. After much hemming and hawing he began:

"Bill, I got a proposition to make you. I find there's a possibility of a p'sition openin' up in the works and maybe I could fit you into it if you'd do something for me."

William tried not to betray his overweening joy.

"I'd always do anything for you, Tawm," he said. "I always liked you, always spoke well of you, which is more'n I can say of some of the other folks round here."

Tawm was flying too high to note the raw tactlessness of this; he went right on:

"Bill—or Mr. Pepperall, I'd better say—I'm simply dead gone on that girl of yours. She's the sweetest, smartest, gracefullest thing that ever struck this town, and when I—well, I'm afraid to ask her m'self, but I was thinkin' if you could arrange it."

"Arrange what?"

"I want to marry her. I know I'm no kid, but she could have the big house, and I can be as foolish as anybody about spending money when I've a mind to. Prue could have most anything she wanted and I could give you a good job. And then ever'body would be happy."

"What in Heaven's Name are You and Poppa Up To?"

X

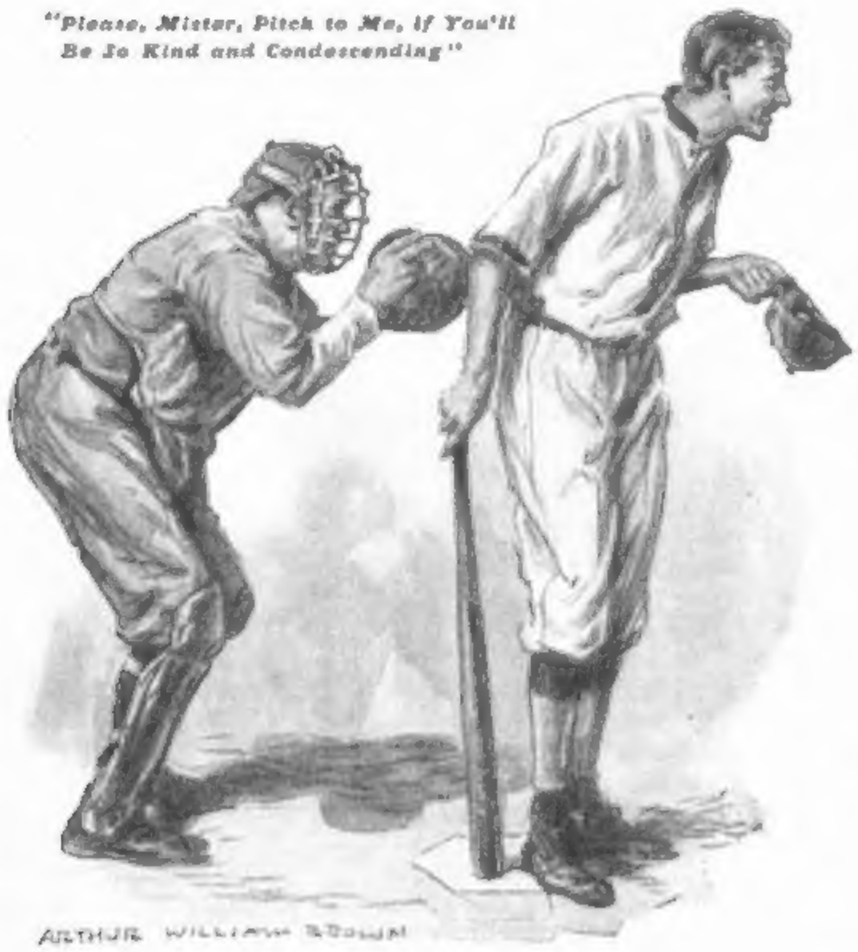
PAPA did his best to be dignified and not turn a handspring or shout for joy. He was like a boy trying to look sad when he learns that the school-teacher is sick.

(Continued on Page 56)

THE BONE DOCTOR

Jones Day in Verbena—By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



"Please, Mister, Pitch to Me, if You'll Be So Kind and Condescending"

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

CHRISTY MATHEWSON can afford to be modest, whether he feels like it or not, because it's a cinch that he'll get plenty of credit and public recognition anyway; but the party who makes me tired is the swelled-up bush pitcher who hasn't done anything yet and ain't sure that he can, but is proud of it just the same. It has been my experience that the bigger a man is, the less he thinks about his own importance and the less liable he is to get the swelled head. It's the little fellow who is likely to run away with the notion that he is there with a million, as we say. This goes for a lot of things besides baseball too.

It ain't any trouble for me to be modest. I know my strong points and I know my weak ones, too, even if I don't admit 'em in the clubhouse after we lose a tight game. Some shortstops are better than I am and a lot more are worse. I never broke up any leagues with my hitting or stole the shoes off Jimmy Archer's feet, but the boss keeps on mailing me my contract every year—and he ought to know.

I don't make any claim for myself, except that I'm always trying. I go after everything that comes down my side of the diamond, whether I think I can handle it or not. You'd be surprised to see how many of those tough chances I get away with, as the fellow said who tried to kiss every pretty girl he met.

But about Jones: he got in bad with me from the jump. Big leaguers know pretty much what is going on in the International, the American Association and the Coast League, because it is only a step from those organizations to the majors; but the bird with the Class D League reputation has no license to break into fast company wearing his tail in the air. A minor-league record is a poor thing to pull on real ball players. They have to be shown, and sometimes they don't believe it even then.

The first time I got a look at Jones was down in Texas, where we do our spring training. I was sitting on a bench outside the hotel with old Murphy. Murph used to be the best catcher in the National League, but he's so fat now that all he can do is waddle, and he coaches the young pitchers. None of Murph's fat is above his shoulders, though, and he can get more out of a kid pitcher than anybody would think was there. Whenever the boss gets chased off the field for climbing an umpire's family tree Murph takes charge of the team, and he can think faster than any fat man I ever saw.

The regulars had just got into town and we hadn't done any real work yet or seen any of the new stock. While we were sitting there, talking scandal and chewing over the winter's news, along came a big, good-looking chap dressed in a gambler's plaid that you could play checkers on, and carrying a cane. He was all diked up with a lot of cheap jewelry, and he looked like a cross between a small-time vaudeville actor and a hick hotel clerk. You could tell right away that he'd never sit up nights hating himself.

"Hello, leaf lard!" says he to Murph, and passed on.

"Who's the fresh party?" says I.

"Oh, him?" says Murph, kind of laughing. "That's a recruit pitcher. He'll stiffen up our heaving staff quite a considerable."

"Huh! Who says so?"

"Why, he does. His name is Jones and he hails from some little town in Ohio. He tells me he was a curly wolf in the K. K. B. League last season."

I said what I thought about Jones and the K. K. B. League; and I didn't put the soft pedal on, either. There are people who rub me the wrong way on sight and Jones is one of 'em.

"Ye-es," says Murph; "he's all of that and then some. You stick here a minute, Jim, and I'll go get him. He'll hand you a-many a laugh."

"Oh, yes," says Jones, nodding kind of careless when he was introduced. "Jim Garrett, hey? Garrett? Seems to me I've heard the name. Let's see; you're an outfielder, ain't you?"

I've seen bushers licked for a lot less than that; and I would have gone back at Jones strong, only I couldn't think of anything to say. I'm not very handy with that quick repartee stuff.

"Jones, here," says Murph, helping the play along, "had a pretty good season last year."

"Oh, I don't know's I'd say good," says Jones, shooting his cuffs down over his fingers. "I worked in forty games and they beat me five times; but the team laid down behind me. Pitcher can't do it all, you know."

"Of course not," says Murph, stepping on my toe.

"With decent support," says Jones, "I should have gone through the season with a clean record."

"Tough luck!" says I, meaning to be sarcastic.

"Yeh," says Jones, not getting me at all. "Oh, I suppose I oughtn't to kick. It might have been worse. I got the season's strike-out record—eighteen men in nine innings—pitched one no-hit game, was lucked out of another by a scratch single, and put over nine shut-outs. With a regular team behind me I might have hung up something for 'em to shoot at for years to come."

"Uh-huh," I says—"in the Class D Leagues."

Even that didn't fetch him.

"Oh, I don't know," says Jones. "Baseball's the same wherever you find it—the same situations; the same plays. There ain't such an awful difference between the major leagues and the minors. Little more speed—that's about all."

"Yes," I says, "a little more speed, a little more brains, and a few other things like that."

"They play brainy ball in the K. K. B.," says he. "They pull all that inside stuff that you read about in the magazines. When it comes down to hitting there's mighty little difference. I don't know but what we had more .300 batters last season than there was in the National."

"But look what they was hitting against!" I thought that one would set him back on his heels, but it didn't. He went right along.

"Batters are pretty much the same anywhere you find 'em," says he. "They either hit you or they don't. You let me get one of 'em in the hole and I don't care how good he is. He should worry, not me! A whole lot is in having confidence."

"Yes—confidence, control, a change of pace, and a few more trifles," says I.

"I'm there with all that stuff—ain't I, Murph?" asks Jones.

"Well," says the old boy, cautiouslike, "you're certainly there with the confidence!"

"That's half the battle. Lots of ball teams may be able to lick me, but you bet none of 'em are going to scare me. Well, I'll see you later. I got a date to play Kelly pool with the newspaper boys. I'm giving 'em some good stuff. Glad I met you, Garrett. So long!" He went inside the hotel, whistling.

"What do you think of him, Jim?" asks Murph.

I guess I was explicit enough. I may have overlooked a little language here and there, but I don't believe I did. Murph grinned.

"The joke of it is," says he, "that this bird has really got something in him besides conceit. He's got an arm there like braided rawhide and he's the makings of a swell pitcher."

"Don't swell him up no more than he is now," says I, "or he'll bust on your hands."

"Well," says Murph, "we've got to get him over that. We've got to cure him. I'm hoping that the regulars will be able to take him down a peg or two."

"Leave it to us," I says. "I'm going to pass the word to the gang."

II

IT WASN'T any time at all before everybody at the camp had Jonesy's number. Some people are puffed up in a quiet sort of way and take it out in thinking about how good they are. The soft pedal was left out of Jones' make-up entirely. He made more noise about himself than a minstrel band. The boys were pretty rough with him in a conversational way, and some of the cracks they made at Jones would have knocked the paint off a cigar-store Indian; but, bless you, the fellow had a rind like a rhinoceros! Shooting at him with anything less than a sixteen-inch gun was simply wasting ammunition. He was armor-plated with conceit from end to end.

Jones had chances to make himself popular with the gang, but he booted every one of 'em. He wasn't satisfied with doing a good thing and leaving it there for folks to look at and admire; he had to turn the spotlight on it and start a ballyhoo. He wouldn't wait for people to give him credit—he took it.

For instance, one night we got to talking about fights and fighters, and Jones horned into the discussion. He was in every gab-fest that started, right up to the ears. Jones began three-cheering himself as a fighter. To hear him tell it, he was the White Hope of the diamond—nothing less.

Joe Duffy was sitting there, with his hat pulled down over his eyes, taking it all in. Joe is our prize scrapper. He's licked nearly all the fighters in the league. When he was a kid he started out to be the middleweight champion, but something delayed him. If his war record is ever compiled there will be a string of knockouts on it from here to Timbuktu, mostly cab drivers and all-night waiters. The ball players have got so they won't fight with Joe any more. He hits too hard.

"Well," says Jones, "this big lumberjack came at me with his head down, roaring like a bull and swinging both hands. I can always take care of a slugger. I feinted a couple of times, straightened him up and then nailed him on the chin with a right cross. They thought he never was going to come to again."

There was considerable silence after that and then Joe Duffy took the cigar out of his mouth.

"Where do you bury your dead?" says he.

It wasn't so much what he said as the way he said it. A man who couldn't understand English would have caught the insult in every word. Jones looked at Duffy and grinned.

"The same place you bury yours, old top," says he.

"Huh!" sneers Joe. "You're a great fighter—with your mouth."

"Um—well," says Jones, "maybe I can fight some with my hands too. It's no trouble to show goods."

He'd said enough. The preliminaries were arranged on the spot. Duffy had some five-ounce gloves in his trunk, and the word was quietly passed round for the gang to meet in the big bare sample room on the third floor of the hotel. Jones picked me and Murph to go in his corner and second him. He didn't seem the least bit worried while he was taking off his things and getting ready.

"Can this fellow fight some?" he asks.

Well, we told him about Duffy.

"You want to look out for that right hand," says Murph. "Joe hits like the kick of a mule."

"So do I," says Jones.

Stackpole, the outfielder, volunteered to act as referee and the hotel clerk held the stop watch.

"You won't need that," says Duffy when he saw the watch. "This won't last a full round."

Jones was prancing round the room on his toes, shadow boxing a little. He heard what Duffy said.

"You never can tell," says Jones. "Any of you gentlemen want to bet on Duffy?"

"Cheese!" whispers Murph. "Don't be foolish!"

"All the same," says Jones, "I've got two hundred beans down in the hotel safe. You can get aboard at even money as long as the bank roll lasts."

"I'll take fifty of it," says Duffy.

The two hundred lasted less than a minute. Everybody wanted a piece of it. I would have taken some myself—only, being in Jones' corner, it would have looked bad.

"Time!" says Stackpole.

"You can always take care of a slugger, can you?" says Joe. "Well, look out for yourself!"

He came in with a rush, timing a right swing for the jaw, and the fight would have been over but for one thing—Jones' jaw wasn't there. He jerked his head backward without moving his feet, which is a trick that mighty few boxers ever learn. Joe whirled round like a top and before he could get set again Jones jabbed him all the way across the room with a straight left. Duffy snorted and rushed and Jones clinched and blocked.

"Leggo and fight!" grunts Duffy.

"Take your time," says Jones, "and save your wind. You're going to need it."

All through the first round Duffy rushed and swung his right, but he couldn't land it. Jones never stopped popping him with a straight left.

"What do you think you're doing—sparring for points?" That was what Joe said when he went to his corner at the end of the first round. "Why don't you come on and fight?"

Jones only laughed at him.

"That's a neat left you've got there," says Murph to Jones; "but you can't any more than smear him up a little with it. Don't you ever use your right at all, son?"

"I'm saving that as a surprise," says Jones.

The second round was pretty much like the first. Joe was beginning to grunt when he missed his crazy haymakers, and Jones' straight left was plunging in and out like a piston, landing clean every time, but not doing much damage.

"Ten seconds more!" says the hotel clerk.

"Oh, well, if that's the case ——" says Jones; and he quit jabbing and began to feint. Duffy dropped his left shoulder and Jones cut loose with a right cross for the jaw, the first he'd used in the fight. It came so fast that Duffy never had a chance to duck and he hit the floor with a bump that cracked the plastering below.

"Time!" says the clerk.

I'll never forget the expression on Duffy's face as he sat in his chair and looked at Jones. He wasn't hurt so much as he was dazed. A knockdown was a novelty to him.

"Keno!" says Jones to us. "I've got him loaded on my little wagon. No use in boxing with this bird any more. From now on I'll trade wallops with him."

And that is what he did—only it wasn't really a trade, because Jones was landing and Duffy was missing. Before the third round was half over even the men who had bet on Duffy were yelling at Stackpole to stop the slaughter. Jones was simply tearing him to pieces with a right cross.

"Be reasonable, old horse," says Jones to Duffy when Duffy was on the floor for the sixth time. "You're licked. Why don't you quit?"

But Joe only cussed him and climbed up again.

"I like your spirit," says Jones, "but your judgment is sort of mildewed. Well, of course, if you will have it—there!"

The seventh time Duffy didn't get up. It was a clean knockout. He never so much as wiggled an ear until after he'd been carried to his corner and propped up in a chair. Jones went over and patted him on the back and complimented him on his gameness, but Duffy didn't know what it was all about. He was still groggy and couldn't do anything but mumble. It was the first time he'd ever been knocked out. He told me afterward that he had an idea that somebody sneaked up behind him and lammed him with a ball bat.

You can imagine how surprised everybody was. We had expected to see some of the conceit knocked out of Jones; but instead of that he had made a monkey out of the toughest fighter in the league and put up a fight that would have been a credit to a cracking good professional. We all got round him and told him that he was a bear and a curly wolf with long claws.

That was the time when modesty would have helped him a lot with the boys, but the chump puffed up like a pouter pigeon. He not only admitted that all we said was true, but he called our attention to a few good points about his fighting we had overlooked.

"Kid McCoy used to slip a punch with his head," says he, "and Joe Gans could do it too. It sort of comes natural to me."

Well, what can you do with a fool like that? We went away and left him, still talking loudly about himself.

"He sure is a fighter," says Stackpole; "but the dickens of it is that he knows it better than we do."

It was old Murph who sized up the situation to a whisper.

"Paying Jones a compliment to his face," says he, "is just like carrying a poor little faded wild flower into a conservatory!"

III

WELL, it didn't take us long to find out that Jones wasn't going to be a temporary inconvenience, but a permanent pest. No matter what we thought of him personally, we had to admit that as a pitcher he was almost as good as he thought he was, and that meant he'd be with us for the season.

Usually a bush pitcher who is trying to get a toehold on a big league pay roll is sort of scared and humble, and willing to take advice from anybody, from the bat boy up to the manager. "How did I look in there to-day?" is what they always ask.

Jones was different. He told us how good he looked in there; he called the manager by his first name; and he took it for granted that he'd be with us when the season opened. By the middle of March he was talking about the high old times he'd have at Coney Island when the club was playing in New York.

"I wouldn't worry about Coney Island if I was you," says Pete Bogan, our star left-hander. "Coney doesn't open until the summer and by that time you may be in Shreveport or Great Falls, or some other whistling station."

"Think so?" says Jones. "At any rate, I haven't got to the point where I'm experimenting with a spitter. I'm still satisfied with what I've got."

Well, that was one for Bogan right over the middle. Pete's speed isn't what it used to be and he had been trying to get control of a spitter to use in emergencies.

On the way North, playing exhibition games every day, Jones laid it on thick. He was in his element, and Solomon in all his glory couldn't have carried his uniform roll for him.

He Made More Noise About Himself Than a Minstrel Band

You can imagine how it is in the little towns. The sports and the loafers are always anxious to catch a glimpse of the real big leaguers, and they meet the train at the depot and hang round the hotel afterward. Jonesy was the boy who knew what they expected and he gave 'em a treat. He never failed to be the first man off the Pullman. He ordered porters round, shoved the yokels out of the way, and hung round hotel lobbies, with his thumbs in the armholes of his vest. To see him walk across a bush-league diamond and turn up his nose at the ramshackle grandstand you'd have thought he had never seen one before and was used to nothing but steel and concrete.

Then the season opened and everything that had gone before wasn't a marker to the way Jones bloated up when he won his first game. To be perfectly fair it was a hard battle and Jones showed considerable class; but he raved about it as though nobody had ever licked a first-division club before. He patronized the veteran pitchers, he lorded it over the recruits, and he talked back to the manager and called him Jerry.

"I guess I didn't make suckers of those birds to-day!" says Jones under the shower bath. "I had 'em reaching into the next county for that slow hook and jumping back from my fast one. If you fellows had been alive behind me they wouldn't have had but two scratch singles."

We make it a rule never to quarrel with a winning pitcher, so we let Jones alone. It was a waste of breath to compliment him or to knock him either. There was only one opinion that counted with Jones, and that was his own. After he had won his third game Murph had a conference with a few of us, sitting round the hotel lobby in St. Louis.

"Far be it from me to discourage talent," says Murph; "but something has got to be done or Mrs. Jones' little boy will explode one of these days. Yesterday he was giving me the low-down on what ails our catching staff, and he thinks we ought to ship all our veteran pitchers to the Old Soldiers' Home. And he says we could spare a couple of infielders too."

I knew what Murph was driving at. In Jones' last game I went away over back of third base and got two fingers on a line drive that no shortstop in the league could have handled.

"It stands to reason," says Murph, "that this terrible swelling of the bean will be fatal unless we reduce it in some way. What is the sense of the gathering, boys? How shall we apply the treatment?"

Well, we argued it, but we couldn't come to a conclusion of any sort. Talking to Jones wouldn't help matters in the least. We had tried that. Arthur Powers, the first-string catcher, suggested that it might be a good thing to heave in a few runs behind him the next time he pitched; but that was out of

"Huh! You're a Great Fighter—With Your Mouth"

the question. We figured to have a burglar's chance to break into the first division that season and we couldn't toss any games away. Joe Duffy said that a licking might do him good, but nobody seemed anxious to take the contract. In the middle of the discussion along came Freddy Bullard, our club secretary, with a letter in his hand.

"Ah, noble athletes!" says he. "Here's some good news for you. The Chamber of Commerce of Verbena, Ohio, invites us to come over there and play an exhibition game. That fills the open date a week from next Tuesday."

Of course there was a general roar from all hands. We get enough baseball in the playing season without barnstorming round the country on our open dates. Asking a lot of big leaguers to play an exhibition game is like inviting street-car conductors to go for a trolley ride.

"But listen!" says Freddy. "Verbena is Jones' home town."

"That doesn't boost it any with me!" says Mit Shields, the pitcher.

"Yes; but they say they'll close all the stores and declare it a holiday," says Bullard. "They want to see Jones pitch against their home team. They want to give us a banquet. I suppose they'll present Jones with a gold watch or a diamond ring. They'll guarantee us a thousand bucks! It ought to be worth while."

"I'm agin' it!" says Bug Bellows, the first baseman. "Jones can't hardly keep his hat on his head now. After these rubes hand him that Verbena's-favorite-son stuff, there won't be any living with him!"

"Right you are!" says Joe Duffy.

All of a sudden Murph began to laugh. He laughed until the tears ran down his face.

"What's the matter with you?" says I.

"Oh, nothing," says Murph. "I think I'll hunt up the boss and have a little chat with him, that's all."

He went away, still laughing, and he was laughing when he came back.

"Every little thing is all right, boys," says Murph. "The boss is going to spare me enough ball players to make a mess and we'll fill that Verbena date."

"It strikes me," says Arthur Powers, the catcher, "that you've got an awful gall ribbing up exhibition games for this team! Don't we work hard enough to suit you?"

"Calm yourself, my boy; calm yourself," says Murph. "If you'll promise to be good I'll let you go along and see the fun, but you won't do any work. The battery will be Jones and Murphy."

"Why, you old tub of lard," says Powers, "you haven't caught a game since Hughey Jennings played short!"

"Even so," says Murph, "I may be good enough for Verbena!"

Just then Jones came strolling across the lobby, a cane under his arm, and pulling on his gloves like the villain in a melodrama.

"Did you hear the news, Jonesy?" asks Murph. "We're going to play an exhibition game in your home town a week from Tuesday."

"I've had a letter from the Chamber of Commerce," says Jones. "I suppose they won't be satisfied unless I pitch, eh?"

Then he went out into the street, switching his cane. Old Murph looked after him with a grin.

"An exhibition game," says he, "does not count in the season's averages." He rolled his eye round the circle, looking at every one of us while he let that remark sink in. "It's just possible," says Murph, "that our friend Jones has overlooked that point, eh?"

"I don't know what you've got up your sleeve," says Joe Duffy, "but I'm going to Verbena, Ohio, if I have to pay my own carfare!"

IV

JONES pretended to be bored at the idea of visiting Verbena, but his stall didn't fool anybody. We could all see that he was tickled to death at the chance of showing off before his old friends and neighbors. While we were in Chicago he touched Freddy Bullard for forty bucks and blew himself to a full-dress suit—hand-me-downs, of course—and one of those wrinkly, soft-boiled shirts that the head waiters are wearing this season. In Cincinnati he got up nerve enough to give the suit a work-out and wore it into the dining room at the hotel. As he passed our table, all swelled up and not knowing whether to notice us or not, we began to snap our fingers and yell:

"Garsong! Oh, garsong!"

"Waiter, where's that soup?"

"A little service here, Emil!"

Jones never turned his head, but his ears went pink and stayed pink for the rest of the evening.

Mit Shields, who roomed with him on the road, said that Jones had been sitting up nights, writing a speech to deliver at the Verbena banquet.

"Honest Injun, fellows," says Mit, "I emptied the waste-basket and it was full of pages beginning like this: 'Mr. Toastmaster, ladies and gentlemen: Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking ——' And right there he broke down every time!"

We went over to Verbena on the morning accommodation train, about fifteen of us. The boss passed it up and that left Murph in charge. The last ten miles Jones couldn't sit still in his seat. He was all over the car—looking out the windows, asking the conductor whether the train was on time, and generally behaving himself like a kid on a holiday.

There was an awful mob at the depot, which was decorated with flags and bunting, and we tumbled down into the hands of the Reception Committee—a flock of rubes wearing white satin badges with gold letters on 'em—Jones Day. The crowd began to yell:

"Where is he? Where's Jones? Fetch him out!"

Well, that was Jonesy's cue. He didn't have any idea of getting off with the crowd; he was going to wait until there wasn't anybody in the spotlight but him. Jones let 'em yell for a while and then he hopped down on the platform, with his hat in his hand, bowing first to one side and then to the other. An actor couldn't have done it any better. The brass band busted loose, the crowd cheered, and the women waved their handkerchiefs. Jones handed his suitcase to a member of the Reception Committee and away we went for the carriages.

It was only three blocks to the hotel, but those Verbena folks did the job up in style. First went the brass band, whanging away for dear life; and behind it was an open-faced hack drawn by four black horses, with pink ribbons in their tails. In the hack, leaning back like the lord of all creation, was Jonesy, smoking a cigar with the president of the Verbena Chamber of Commerce and pretending not to notice the common people on the sidewalks.

The rest of us piled into the hacks any old way. Just before the procession started, a lanky, freckle-faced young fellow eased himself into the carriage with Murph, Joe Duffy and me.

"My name's Cassidy," says he, "Mike Cassidy. I'm the manager, first baseman and team captain of the Verbena Stars. I guess I know who you are from the pictures in the Guide. Murphy and Garrett and Joe Duffy, eh? Oh, I keep posted on the big leaguers, you bet!"

"What kind of a ball club have you got?" asks Murph after shaking hands with Cassidy.

"It ain't so rotten," says Cassidy. "The boys may not have all the fine points, but they're fence-busters from away back. We'll give you a battle! Don't worry!"

"You're giving Jones a grand blowout," says I.

"Huh!" says Cassidy. "I'm the man that taught him all he knows. You ought to seen how raw he was when I first got hold of him! He used to telegraph his fast ball with his foot, and he couldn't hold a runner on the bag to save his life! It took me the best part of one whole season; but I stayed with him morning, noon and night until I made a pitcher out of him. Jones! Huh!"

"You did a good job," says Murph.

"I don't know whether I did or not," says Cassidy. "Look at him up there in the front hack, pulling the conquering-hero stuff on old man Sherwood, that never knew Jones was on earth when he used to live here!"

"Well," says Murph, "a fine reception like this is liable to swell anybody." And he winked at the rest of us.

"It oughtn't to make a man forget his old friends," says Cassidy. "And who's he got to thank for this whole business? Nobody but me! Who was it looked up the schedule and found that open date? Me! Who tipped it to the Chamber of Commerce to invite the club over to Verbena? Me! I'm responsible for the entire shooting match; and now what gets my goat is that Jonesy don't hardly know me any more. When he was climbing into the hack I busted through the crowd to shake hands, and what does he do but nod his head at me kind of careless and go right on chinning with that old mummy of a banker! Never even said 'Hello, Mike!' On the level, he passed me up like a white chip, in front of all the crowd too!"

"You don't say!"

"If I had been trying to borrow money from him he couldn't have slipped it to me any stronger. I suppose he thinks that because I run a poolroom I ain't good enough for him. I always knew Jones was a swelled-up pup, but I didn't think he'd have the nerve to pull that high-and-mighty stuff on me!"

"He ought to be ashamed," says Murph; "and I'm ashamed of him. By the way, Cassidy, you'll have lunch with me, won't you?"

"I'd be proud to," says Cassidy.

"All right. Bring along some of those fence-busters of yours. I'd like to meet 'em."

Well, it made me sick to see the way Jones acted round the hotel! He didn't have a minute to spare for any one but the bigbugs of the town; and when the local ball players began to drift in he gave 'em the fishy handshake and the frozen eye. They got together and held an indignation meeting over in a corner, and what they said about Jones was surely plenty.

"And we're the suckers," says Cassidy, "that went round town collecting money to buy him a gold watch! Old Sherwood is going to present it to him to-night at the banquet. I chipped in two bucks. Say, what do you think of that guy anyway? Ain't he a fright?"

We dressed at the hotel; and, just before we left to go to the park, Murph got the bunch together and gave us a little talk. Jones wasn't there. He had a party of doctors and lawyers and bankers up in his room, telling 'em all about the Great White Way and life in the big league. I heard him through the transom and he was surely laying it on thick.

"Now, boys," says Murph, "the time to jab a hole in a balloon is when it's so swelled up that a little more air will bust it. It's the only chance to save the balloon. Do you get me?"

"We got you two weeks ago, in St. Louis," says Bug Bellows; "but what I want to know is, how we're going to throw this game without the crowd getting wise? If we make a flock of errors everybody will be on in a minute. And suppose these farmers can't hit Jones! How are they going to get their runs?"

Murph shook his head kind of sorrowful.

"Bug," says he, "you are a grand ball player from the neck down! Your arms and legs are all right. What do you suppose I persuaded the boss to let us play this date for? I'm going to be in there catching, ain't I? Well!"

"Huh! What's that got to do with it?" says Bug. "It's the pitching that these yaps have got to hit—not the catching! We can keep from making runs without much trouble, but how are we going to force 'em on these farmers?"

Old Murph can be sarcastic when he tries.

"Mister Bellows," says he, "I don't think we'll make many errors to-day. I've got a little plan of my own—an arrangement between myself and me— that ought to do the work. I feel as though I'd like to try it. It ought to help these Verbena fence-busters quite a considerable. It's just possible that it may make Mrs. Jones' little boy look like an awful bad pitcher. I designed it with that notion in view. I'll try it out; the rest of you go ahead and play ball. If it doesn't get results I'll confer with the rest of you strategists and we'll switch the system.

"I would give you all the details, Bug, only I left my brace, bit and cold chisel at home. Nothing softer than steel will ever drive an idea into reënforced concrete. We will now adjourn to the ball yard, and while I try my little bone-shrinking experiment I want the rest of you to play the game. Understand?"

"Well," says Bug, "I don't see how you are going to pull it single-handed."

For that matter, neither did I.

V

MAYBE a few bedridden people missed that ball game, but the rest of Verbena and the surrounding country was on hand. Talk about your big-league baseball fans! If you want to meet the real red-hot article pick a town of about three thousand inhabitants, where everybody knows everybody else, and a baseball game is a personal matter. When it comes to rooting for the home boys the small-town fans can trim a big-league crowd to a hoarse whisper.

(Continued on Page 32)

A Stranger Would Have Got the Idea That Jones Was Mathewson, Ty Cobb, Theodore Roosevelt and Napoleon Bonaparte Rolled Into One

THE PRINCESS FREDEGONDA

By RICHARD MARSH

ILLUSTRATED BY Z. P. NIKOLAKI

I WAS absolutely penniless—that is my excuse. When I got out of the train on to the platform at Waterloo station I had not so much as a copper coin in my pocket and my pocket was my bank. So when I saw what looked to me like a suitcase, an excellent example of its kind, on the platform at my feet—unattended—I do not know what induced me to do it, but I picked it up and walked off with it carelessly toward the barrier at the end.

I walked right through the barrier to the cab rank, hailed a taxi, put the suitcase inside—that suitcase would have to produce somehow the wherewithal with which to pay my fare—got in after it, and was about to tell the driver, who was standing at the door, where to take me, when some one touched him on the sleeve. He moved away, and a lady got into my cab. She placed herself on the seat next to me and said to the driver, who was again at the door:

"Babbidge's Hotel!"

The driver closed the door, got on his seat, and off we went. The lady sat in one corner, I in another; we both looked at the suitcase I had found on the platform. She pointed at it with a gloved hand and said:

"Mine!"

Of course the situation was awkward for me. I have reason to know she was twenty-three years of age; but had she been a centenarian she could not have made me feel younger—and I am more than twenty-three. I did try to explain. It was absurd to suppose that I would sit still in my own cab—because it was my cab, even though I had not the money to pay for it—and allow a strange woman to instruct the driver, my driver, to take me to an address that was not mine; so I opened my mouth to start an explanation. And the moment I got it open she said:

"Do not speak to me!"

I did not speak to her; I just closed my mouth and suffered that cab to take me to Babbidge's Hotel. Babbidge's Hotel, as every one knows, is the place where royal princes and people of that kind are quartered when it is inconvenient, for one reason or another, to put them in our own royal palaces—at least so I have been given to understand.

As the taxi stopped and the porter was about to open the door a personage, who might have been a dignitary of the church or of goodness knows what, came out of the hotel, motioned the porter aside and opened the door of our—that is, my—cab. The lady descended and I descended. I had had a hazy idea of putting her down and going on to where I wanted to go, but there was something in her manner which suggested that that would not have suited her; so, as I have already remarked, I also descended.

She said to me: "Come!" And she said to the personage: "See that he comes!" And somehow that personage saw that I came. There was something about him that made it difficult to explain. He was well over six feet high and he glanced in my direction in a manner that I was confident brooked no contradiction. So we all three went into the hotel—the lady first, I second, the personage third. I felt that his glance was penetrating my spinal cord as with a gimlet; and, anyhow, why I was entering a hotel in which I had never been before, and did not want to go then, beat me altogether. A porter was bearing the suitcase, which I wished I had left unnoticed on the platform.

We entered a lift, the three of us and the hotel porters. We were raised to the first floor; then we got out, the personage opened a door, the lady passed through, I followed—though I had not the faintest desire to do anything of the kind. And presently I found myself following the lady into a fair-sized room, which apparently formed one of a considerable suite of apartments—even in that moment of agitation I caught myself wondering how much they charged for a suite like that at Babbidge's Hotel. The door of the room was closed by the personage and I found myself alone with the lady.

I am a man who has always been content to be alone with a lady—I think I may say that without fear of contradiction—but I was not content to be alone with that lady. The position was peculiar. She said to me directly we were alone together:

"Stand up straight! Do not slouch. What you want is a drill sergeant."

Now I am not accustomed to be addressed like that by a lady. I believe my family is as good as any family in England, and—well, she practically admitted as much.

"Your clothes are all right; your boots are good; your face is not bad. You appear to be a gentleman." She saw that in a glance. Then she added: "Yet you are a thief!"

What Did She Say When She Found Herself Back Again in Her Imperial Father's Palace?

"Pardon me!" I began.

It seemed to me that the moment for explanation had arrived; but she would not have it. She repeated what seemed to me to be her previous offensive observation.

"Do not speak to me; I will do all the speaking. Do not open your mouth unless I tell you." She placed herself in an armchair, crossing her legs so that I could not help seeing how excellently she was shod; but when I turned to a chair with the object of sitting down also she stopped me. "Do not dare to sit down uninvited."

Had an ordinary young woman of twenty-three spoken to me like that I should have been ready with an answer; but in this case I was not. I simply continued to stand.

"You stole my bag!" she observed. I tried to assure her I had done nothing of the kind, but she would not let me. "I do not wish to know that you are a liar as well as a thief!" That was how she put it; she had a disagreeable way of speaking. "Continue to stand where you are and say nothing!"

She spoke to me as though I were a sort of—I do not know what sort of thing she thought I was. She let me stand there, mumchance, in the center of the room, with my hat in one hand and my stick in the other while she got up, went to a writing table, sat down, turned her back to me, started writing, and continued writing while she flung a remark at me over her shoulder.

"Do you think I am writing to a policeman?" I admit that some such idea had occurred to me. Still the remark was tactless; as also, I may observe, was the one that followed. "Perhaps I am; we shall learn. In any case I have but to touch a button and there is the policeman."

Quite what she meant I did not understand, but then I did not know what the whole thing meant. She scribbled two notes; then she did touch a button—the ivory push-piece of what I presume was an electric bell, because no sooner had she touched it than the door opened and the personage came in. Without a word she gave him the two notes she had written; without a word he took them, and also without a word he bowed himself out. Then she asked:

"What is your name?"

Being allowed for the first time to speak, I told her that my name was Savile, Jack Savile; and I was going on to give her a few particulars about my family and the distressing circumstances that had placed me in such a momentarily unfortunate position, but she would not have it. She stopped me.

"When I ask you a question, answer it—no more! I am not interested in your affairs; I do not like the sound of your voice. It is enough for me that you are a thief; if I touch a button a policeman will come and lock you up. How old are you?"

I told her I was twenty-five. It was no use going on to explain that I sometimes felt like fifty, because she looked at me and I stopped. It was perhaps as well that I did stop—at least I saved my breath, and I wanted all the breath I had, because the next remark she made took it all away.

"Mr. Jack Savile, you are to understand that I am going to marry you!"

She said she was going to marry me, not that I was going to marry her. It was perhaps not a material matter, but her way of putting it was suggestive. Of course I thought she was joking, though where the humor of the joke came in was a little difficult to see. I continued to think that she was joking when she went on:

"I am going to be Mrs. Jack Savile."

It may seem absurd, but she said it in a way that sent a cold shiver down my back, even though I still thought she was joking. It was not only the thing she said, or her way of saying it, it was the smile that accompanied her words. I could fancy a cannibal smiling like that when remarking he was going to have you roasted for dinner—with cranberry sauce. She had an extraordinarily keen perception; I do not know what in my appearance gave me away—her next words showed that she saw through me.

"You suppose that I jest. You are a fool! You will presently see. Are you married already?" I stammered out that I was not. Her comment amazed me: "Not that it would make any difference if you were, I should still marry you. It is either that or a policeman; either you will marry me, say, in an hour, perhaps a little more or a little less—that we will leave for the moment—or I will have you punished as a thief deserves to be punished."

I managed to explain, she suffered me so far, that I did not see how she or any one else could marry me, even in two hours; in England we do not move quite so rapidly as that. I had seen from the very first moment, when she got into the cab, that she was a foreigner; but she had a considerable acquaintance with our manners and customs and our laws. She was not civil, though she was frank.

"You are again a fool, and you know nothing about your own country. I have sent to Doctors' Commons for a license. In ten minutes it will be here. In less than an hour a priest—what you call a clergyman—will be in attendance at the church round the corner. He will marry me to you."

It was news to me to learn that a marriage license could be procured at Doctors' Commons, except by one of the principals in person; but before I could say so the personage returned. He handed her a blue paper. She opened it, glanced at it, then glanced at me; and again she smiled—the smile that I disliked. She spoke to him in a language with which I was unacquainted; he replied, I presume, in the same tongue; it sounded like jargon to me. Then he withdrew. She held out the blue paper.

"This," she observed, "is the license of which I told you—to permit the marriage of Jack Savile, bachelor, to Letitia Robinson, spinster. I am Letitia Robinson. Do I not look—do I not sound as though I were Letitia Robinson? What a name! Nikol has gone to arrange about the priest; in an hour I shall be married to you, unless ——" Some one tapped at the door. She had absolutely the loveliest eyes I have ever seen. The way she used them to look at me when there came that tapping at the door! The tone in which she spoke! "Perhaps this is the 'unless.' Come in!"

The personage opened the door. There entered a shortish, stoutish individual, red-faced, gray-haired, with great bushy eyebrows that stuck straight out. I could see at a glance that he was some one. He came into the room with an air which, in a man of his build, I thought comical—his agitation was as obvious as his desire to conceal it. He made a sort of salaam to the lady, bending himself double. Then he glanced at me; he had seen me the instant he came into the room, and for some reason I felt sure that he did not like the looks of me. He did not grow fonder as he subjected me to a most impertinent scrutiny. The lady motioned toward me with the blue paper.

"This," she remarked, "is Mr. Jack Savile, whom I am about to marry."

I thought he would have exploded! Her words caused him to distend like an airball. When he could speak he

said something in a harsh voice in the same dissonant jargon. She interrupted, addressing him in the same unceremonious fashion in which she addressed me:

"Speak English, if you please. I wish the man I am going to marry to understand all that is said."

Her remark seemed to generate in him some noxious kind of gas, by the fumes of which he was so overcome as to be rendered incapable of speech. He could only splutter:

"Madame— madame—madame jests!"

When she talked to him as she had done to me I began to understand it was owing to no special disqualifications of my own that she had treated me as though I had been the dirt under her feet.

"My poor Dolgouruki, you're a fool!" She had called me a fool; it was some satisfaction to know that in her judgment I was not the only creature of the kind. He did not like it. "I will try to drive into your thick head the situation." That is how she continued. "You have had the presumption to stop my supplies, idiot that you are! You have done something or said something to the bank; they will give me no money. I must have money."

"I have explained to madame ——"

"Imbecile! Will you be still? Who asked you to explain? I will explain. I am the only one to explain. I tell you I must have money; to get it I am going to marry—this individual here, Mr. Jack Savile."

The idea of any one getting money by marrying me! My sensations were surprising as I listened to that remarkable conversation. Dolgouruki spoke next.

"Is this person a millionaire?"

"He is a thief. It is only that I may not hand him over to a policeman that he marries me."

I should like to have had the assistance of a camera to give something like a faint idea of the expression on Dolgouruki's face as the lady made this remarkable statement.

"You propose, then, to marry a thief?" He contrived to gasp that out.

"It is not a question of proposing. I am going to marry a thief—Mr. Jack Savile. Perhaps already a priest is waiting for us at the church. This is the marriage license. In England these things are easily procured."

Dolgouruki broke into what sounded to me like a torrent of bad language in his native tongue. She just smiled. Perhaps she liked to listen to that kind of language—she struck me as being the sort of woman who would. When she had perhaps had enough of it she said:

"Did I not ask you to speak in English? I tell you I am going to become Mrs. Jack Savile in a very few minutes, unless ——"

"Unless what?" he thundered.

"Unless you bring here to me in this room, before I start for the church, ten thousand pounds in English gold."

"So that is the idea?"

"That is precisely the idea! You stop my supplies! I have no money. I want money. Unless you let me have money I will marry a thief!—very quickly."

"Your imperial father sends this morning a message ——"

"Tell my imperial father to stand on his head!"

I protest and declare that those are the very words she used; possibly because she was a foreigner she did not realize their enormity. Yet I doubt it, because when Dolgouruki continued, "Your imperial father sends this morning a message that his heart is beginning to break ——" she interrupted him without showing the least sign of filial emotion—or indeed any emotion.

"Let it continue to break!" she callously said. It was dreadful that so pretty a young woman could be so callous! "His heart will go crack when he hears that I have married a thief! It will teach my imperial father a lesson—and also others."

He replied to her in his own language—I fancy he was more fluent in that. Also, I have no doubt he realized that it was difficult to deliver himself of what he wished to say with me standing there with my ears wide open. This time she answered in the same tongue. For some minutes they were at it hammer and tongs. When you hear a man talking in a strange tongue it sounds so awful that you are apt to think he is using language he ought not to use.

I dare say they were not swearing at each other all the time; but if they were not then I wonder what it would have sounded like if they had been. After a while the discussion seemed to wax less warm. Apparently she had never once asked that elderly man—he was old enough to be her grandfather—to take a seat. She kept him standing as she had done me. Presently Dolgouruki moved himself backward toward the door and got himself somehow out of the room.

She touched the ivory button—in came the personage; she gave him what I judged to be an order; he withdrew and almost instantly reappeared with a decanter and a glass on a tray. He placed the tray on a table by her side, filled the glass and went out. Then she had a drink.

I think that was the most trying moment I ever had. My longing for liquid refreshment had reached a point at which it became intolerable; and to see her sip at that glass and then swallow the lot, refill it and place it again at her side, without even suggesting so much as a moistener to me, was almost more than I could bear! I told myself: This is what the modern woman is coming to—women must drink and men must die of thirst! Then she took a cigarette out of a great gold box, lit it—again without so much as a suggestion to me; and while she enjoyed it she asked:

"Would you not like to marry me?"

I do not wish to be vulgar, but coming at that moment the question was a crowner. I was dead tired of standing, but I not only did not dare to sit down, I scarcely dared to move.

My tongue was dry, my throat was parched, my whole system was weak for want of some stimulant; and there was a decanter full of a comfortable-looking fluid, and all I was suffered to do was to watch her drink.

The only possible alternative, which might have served to soothe my very real sufferings, was a cigarette; and clearly the only person who was going to be allowed to enjoy a cigarette was that young woman; and, mind you, I never have been quite clear in my mind that I approve of women smoking. And while she was inflicting on me all these tortures—that is what they amounted to—she chose that moment to inquire whether I thought I should like to marry her! I was not so plain as I should have liked to be. I had to be diplomatic.

"I sometimes do not think that I'm a marrying kind of man."

"You are a fool!" She used the epithet of which she seemed to be fond. "I am a woman worth having; do you not think it?"

I did not know what to answer. If I said "Yes" I did not know what suggestion might follow; I dared not say "No"; so I was more diplomatic still. I do not see, even now, what else I could have been.

"I am not a man who is in a position to think at all of a woman who is so lovely as you."

She might have suspected me of sarcasm; she might have thrown something at my head. I am sure she would not have hesitated had the idea occurred to her; but so mysterious is woman that she actually swallowed what I said as if it were meant.

"Sometimes a woman does not ask who a man is—if he is a man." It might have been true enough, but the sentiment was an odd one coming from her. She went on: "I am of a most romantic nature. This is the kind of situation that appeals to every fiber of my being."

"What a Beauty! I Believe She Knew You"

Then we differed, that was all I could say; if it did appeal to me it was certainly not in the sense she meant. She tucked her cigarette in the corner of her mouth, looked at me in a way that set me tingling, and asked, all mischief:

"Do you not know me?" I did not know her, I could not honestly say that I wanted to know her; but all the same she told me all about herself. She began with an untruth: "I am Miss Letitia Robinson here is my photograph; it may interest you." She took a sheet of paper out of a drawer in the table at which she was sitting. "Come and fetch it!" she said.

I went and fetched it. It was a page torn out of an illustrated paper. On it was the portrait of a young woman. Though she was attired in some strange and, as it seemed to me, barbaric fashion, I recognized the likeness on the instant. Underneath were some lines of type in which the portrait was described: "The Princess Fredegonda. The only child of the Emperor of all the"—well, we will say "all the Balkans." I do not wish to get myself into trouble. Then the letterpress went on to say: "The princess, who, when her turn comes, will be ruler of the greatest empire in the world, is a young and very beautiful woman of twenty-three. She is to marry her cousin, the Grand Duke Michaelovitch, whose portrait is also given on this page."

As I glanced from the paper to the lady on the chair I knew I was in the presence of the Princess Fredegonda—possibly the most famous and, in a sense, the greatest woman in the world—who called herself Miss Letitia Robinson and who apparently was presently about to marry me. Small wonder I was inclined to doubt whether I was standing on my head or my heels. Picking up that suitcase off the platform had served as a sort of magic carpet to transport me to the land of marvels and mysteries.

"You think it is like me?" she asked.

"It does not do you justice," I told her. I managed to retain some of my wits. She did not take my remark in quite the spirit in which it was meant.

"I know that I am better looking, of course. To a woman of my rank no portrait can do justice." What she meant she knew better than I did. "My father wished the world to become familiar with my face; so my portrait was sent to all the papers in all the countries—and, of course, they were all of them only too glad to put it in."

She lighted another cigarette with the tip of the first one.

"It was insolence on the part of my father to send my cousin's portrait with mine. It was to that I objected. On the subject of marriage I have my own ideas. My cousin is a presumptuous fool. He thinks he is the only man I can possibly marry; so he takes liberties. He spoke to me as though he were already my husband; as though, in my case anyhow, a husband was anything at all! It is I who will be the empress; he will merely be my husband. So I had him arrested—and then I ran away."

She took another sip at her glass. I had to moisten my lips with my tongue as I watched her.

"My father is a man of violent temper; in my family we all have violent tempers. I knew that when he learned I had had my cousin arrested he would probably have me arrested; so I escaped to the coast and went by a little steamboat to Constantinople, where I found a steamer

I Was Absolutely Penniless—That is My Excuse

intended for tourists. There happened to be a vacant cabin; I took it and came to London. Had I traveled by one of the usual routes I should have been traced and taken back as though I were a criminal. Traveling in that hole-and-corner way, calling myself Miss Robinson, no one suspected who I was until I came to London. The morning after my arrival at this hotel Dolgouruki came to call. He told me he would have called the night before if I had not arrived so late. Dolgouruki is our ambassador."

I recognized the name when she mentioned it in that connection.

"Dolgouruki was a fool; I had to tell him so. He talked as though we were in my father's palace and I was at my father's mercy. I explained to him that I was in London. Then there was a scene. Dolgouruki was doubly a fool! Nikol had to put him by force out of my apartments. He has behaved like a fool ever since. He has stopped my supplies of money; he would not let the bank give me a five-pound note. I have been here now five days. I find that to be without money is inconvenient.

"Seeing you steal my bag gave me an inspiration—perhaps it was because you were like one of my father's servants whom I liked. I said to myself, I will use him to put the screws on Dolgouruki. Oh, I know all about your English slang! I had a maid who was the sister of an English jockey she taught me everything. She was a hot lot. I married her to one of my household, who cut his throat six months after he had married. I was not surprised; that way he was better off."

After this slight divergence she returned to her former theme.

"I knew that Dolgouruki would not dare to have my name associated with a man's. My father would talk to him. You will find he will give me the ten thousand pounds—though, also, my father will talk to him for that."

For the first time she got up from her chair and crossed to the fireplace. I thought to myself: What a dainty figure she has! It was even better than her face. I think it was the fashion she had of bearing herself that made it so impossible to contradict her. As the American phrase has it, What she said went!

"It is good to have a place in the world like London. My father gnashes his teeth, but here he cannot touch me. He does not wish to have it known that I am here. He realizes that he will be in a difficult position if it does become known. To say no more, it will amuse the European chancelleries to learn that I have run away; their amusement will not amuse my father. He has ordered me to return; but here in London I snap my fingers at his orders. He has begged me to return; I let him beg. I believe he has told my cousin that I am confined to my apartments by a slight cold. My cousin has to pretend to believe it, even if he does not; the whole court has to pretend. I am sick of courts and of my cousin—also, of my father.

"Now that I am here I should like to have a real high time, to paint the town red, as my maid used to say; but I do not know how to begin. I am all alone—except for Nikol; I cannot paint the town red all by myself. One thing I do know—that I cannot begin without money. In my own country I never have money; I have but to ask for a thing and I get it. I suppose some one pays; but I don't. Here when I go into a shop to buy something that is in the window they ask for cash or a reference. So far, I have had neither. I will certainly marry you, thief though you are, if Dolgouruki does not bring my ten thousand pounds."

"If your royal highness will permit me to explain I do assure your royal highness that I am not a thief." I managed to get that out before she could stop me.

"No? To me it does not matter; I care nothing what you are. You are but a piece with which I can play against my father."

There was a cold-blooded immorality about this that affected me, as so much about her did, quite unpleasantly. I did not relish the fashion in which she persisted in treating me—as though I were either a counter or a worm!

"The chief thing I fear is that I shall be kidnaped; they will put something into my food, make me unconscious, and in that way take me back to my father. The thing has been often done. I have done it myself. There was some one who came to London threatening to tell tales about me. At a theater he went into the refreshment room to get something to drink; a person standing by him, pretending to reach forward for a match, dropped something into his glass.

"That night, knowing nothing of what was happening, he was put on one of my father's ships that was in the Thames; and he fell into the sea on the way home. They will not let me fall into the sea—they dare not! As for you"—she glanced in my direction—"if they get a chance they will send you to the mines; there you will stop until you're dead—that also often happens. No one will make inquiries about you. It will be quite simple; you are only a thief; what does it matter?"

I am no more of a coward than the next man, but when she talked like that I felt as though I was going at the knees. I happened to know something about her father's country and was conscious that that was the sort of thing which might quite easily occur. One of her father's subjects had been an acquaintance of mine. He had left his native land in rather a hurry; they wanted him back rather urgently—he told me so himself. I knew it without his telling me.

So conscious was he of his peril—his offense was not extraditable—that he went to the authorities, told his story, and threw himself on the protection of the English police. They promised him their protection; they told him that in London he was perfectly safe, that any attempt to take him out of it against his will would be a breach of international law.

A breach was made in international law. I missed him. I learned in a roundabout way that he was one of a gang, in a particularly chilly part of the world, who worked in what was supposed to be a mine, and never saw daylight. For all I knew, he was there still.

"Would You Not Like to Marry Me?"

I wished most heartily, when Princess Fredegonda made that remark and glanced at me out of her beautiful eyes, that I had never noticed that lonely suitcase.

"In England you know nothing of lese majesty; in my country it is an offense that is punished with death. To be associated with a princess of the blood royal in an affair of this kind"—she waved the blue paper she had said was a marriage license—"is lese majesty in the highest degree. That the suggestion was mine is of no consequence. They will not punish me—I am above punishment; they will punish you for both of us. You are a marked man; that is perhaps the more to be regretted since you are young and—not ill-looking."

She lit another cigarette—like most women she smoked too quickly—and again she smiled. Some one tapped at the door; not at the one by which we had entered, but at another, which was in the corner by the writing table.

"It is Stephanie," observed the princess when the tapping had been thrice repeated. "I like to keep her waiting; it enrages her. Situated as I am, it is necessary that people should be kept in their places. Enter!"

There entered the most absolutely ravishing specimen of the feminine sex I ever beheld. I do not wish to exaggerate—to say that is to speak with moderation. And when she saw me, and our eyes met, something passed from her to me and from me to her—well, her cheeks flushed and I was tingling.

'A message, madame, for Miss Robinson from a milliner. She spoke with that slight foreign accent which is so becoming to a pretty woman.

"From a milliner? So! For Miss Letitia Robinson? Good! I do not want her message. Tell the milliner to hang herself. Go! Stop!"

The girl started to go with a precipitance that was eloquent; then just as suddenly she stopped.

"This is Mr. Jack Savile. Look at him!"

The princess motioned toward me with her cigarette as she might have done toward a tailor's dummy outside a shop door. The girl looked at me—making me burn.

"Are you married, Stephanie?"

"No, madame; not yet."

"How would you like to marry Mr. Jack Savile?"

"I do not know."

Of course she did not know; how could she know? She spoke in a whisper, which was so low that it was scarcely audible. The wonder was that she could speak at all, having such a question hurled at her without a moment's notice. The princess seemed to be reflecting as she smiled. How I did dislike that smile of hers—it was so cattish!

"There is something in that. It is necessary, perhaps, that you should know him five or six minutes before you can make up your mind on such a subject as marriage." She looked at me. "Perhaps your brain moves quicker; I imagine that a thief has to be quick-witted. Would you like to marry Stephanie?"

"There is nothing I would like better."

I was looking at Stephanie as I said that. I just let myself go; when I looked at her I had to let myself go. I spoke hastily, without thought, but also out of the fullness of my heart—or, at least, what seemed to me to be that just then. Stephanie went pink and red. I was ashamed of myself. She was visibly trembling. I could have banged my head against the wall. The princess said, this time without a smile:

"You are too rapid in making up your mind, Mr. Jack Savile. Stephanie, go!"

She added something in her own tongue, I could not even guess what; but it brought to the girl's face the sort of look which comes to a dog who knows that he is about to receive a whipping, and Stephanie slunk from the room. When she had gone the princess eyed me in a fashion I never dreamed a woman could have used. She moved toward me; I moved back.

"Stand still!" she said.

So I stood still. She came close up to me; she took her cigarette from between her lips and pressed its red-hot tip against my cheek. Before I could get out of reach, with her other hand she struck me a violent blow on the ear.

"Thief!" she said. "So there is nothing you would desire better than to marry Stephanie? Idiot!"

I was at a loss what to do. She looked at me as though she were on the verge of attacking me tooth and nail, like some East End virago. The cigarette had burnt me; my ear smarted; I felt half stunned. Luckily, before she bestowed any more of her attentions on me there came a tapping at the other door. The personage opened it, Dolgouruki came in, salaaming as before. The personage, placing a square metal box on the table, withdrew. Dolgouruki looked at the lady and at me; whether he guessed he had come at a delicate moment I cannot say—he said nothing. Perhaps it was etiquette not to speak before the lady.

Presently she observed: "So you have come?" with an addition in her own tongue that I was convinced did not convey a compliment. Clearly she could say unpleasant things in more languages than one. I was beginning to feel that her father was well rid of her.

Obviously Dolgouruki did not like the remark she had made to him in a sort of postscript, which he understood better than I did. He replied in the same language; she returned to English.

"If you had been another minute I should have been married to him." She turned to me. "I am not sure that I will not marry you even now. Why should I not marry you?"

(Continued on Page 53)

THE FLOATING LABORER

The Need for Teamwork—By Will Irwin

TO BELIEVE that we can get entirely rid of unemployment in the present stage of society is to believe a folly. Progress does not go evenly. Not only in America but all over the world periods of prosperity alternate with periods of hard times.

The fluctuations are more violent in America, it is true; but conservative England, methodical Germany, and even frugal, canny France, know in a lesser degree the instability of industry. Only Germany and England long ago set about to study the problem of unemployment, and attempted to stop, through a scientific system of regulation, the human waste and deterioration caused by involuntary idleness.

We, who have in some respects the greatest need of all, can show less work in coördinating the labor market than even Russia. We scarcely know that the problem exists—except for the individual most concerned. When hard times come, when a hundred thousand idle laborers settle down on the city of New York to eat the bread of public or private charity, we regard them simply as the temporarily unfortunate members of society.

Between Stations in a Side-Door Pullman

We are not aware that most of these hundred thousand, owing to the break in the working habit, the degradation of soul caused by accepting charity, and the reduction of vitality brought on by starvation, will in the future be almost a total loss to industry. We do not understand that in the Bowery of New York and the South Side of Chicago we are sowing seeds which, in older England, have borne such Dead Sea fruit as the Whitechapel district; but Germany knows and England is beginning to know.

A certain great American engineer, of international experience, once discussed with me the question of national efficiency. He has had experience with labor in the mass on all of the five continents except one.

"I may honestly declare," he said, "that the American, as an individual, is the most efficient man in the world. There is no great cause for racial pride in that. Our living conditions are responsible. Having room and plenty, we have kept our vitality; furthermore, we have had to break ground in a new country, and that has developed originality in us. On the scale of efficiency I should mark the average American ten, the average Englishman or German eight or nine, and the average Oriental four or five.

"Nevertheless, the Germans are abreast of us in production. Were it not for compulsory military service, which takes three years from the productive life of every man, they'd have beaten us long ago. It's all a matter of teamwork. The Germans understand it. We don't. But conditions are tightening up in America, and we must learn teamwork in the next generation or be hopelessly beaten."

Labor Problems in England

IN SEVERAL directions we have made a beginning of this teamwork; but we have done practically nothing at all, as yet, to stop the most woeful waste of industry—the loss of working-days. Indeed, England has only lately set to work on scientific lines. Having made the late start, and having the benefit of experiments in other countries, the English have investigated the question even more thoroughly than the Germans.

To boil down many a heavy volume into a few paragraphs, here is the gist of the unemployment problem as the English Liberals see it:

Nowhere is all the capital of the world in use and nowhere is all the labor in use. The skilled trades, with their unions and their strict limitation of apprentices, report, even in the most prosperous years, a certain proportion of unemployed members. The demand for labor fluctuates with the general condition of industry. As things go at present, there must be a reserve of labor, to be called into action when times are booming, when all industry is running at full blast. In other times this reserve must sink back into the army of the unemployed.

The employing class, of course, experiences those same periods of depression and provides for them. The employer with any brains or foresight keeps a reserve fund to support him when his factory is not making money. So, of course, does the professional man; and so, in theory, should the workingman. And, in fact, the better-paid workingman, the possessor of a skilled trade, characteristically does this. If he does not he has his union to help him over the hard period.

Finally, we come to unorganized common labor—the man who reaps our fields, lays our tracks, unloads our freight and cuts down our forests. The fluctuations of prosperity and adversity affect him most of all. Even in times of prosperity he has his idle periods. Common labor is mainly outdoor work, and as such open-season work—but little of it can be done in winter. From the first snowfall to the last thaw the market for common labor is glutted. Those industries which proceed only in winter absorb a little of the surplus, but not nearly enough.

Now the common laborer, one would say, should proceed like the employer and the trade-union man—he should lay by for his season of unemployment; but one larger economic consideration makes this all but impossible. In every land the wage for unorganized common labor tends to fall to the lowest point at which living at the ordinary standard can be maintained; but this calculation seems to take no account of those loafing periods.

To be more concrete: Suppose a dollar and a half a day is the lowest wage on which an average man, with average luck, can feed an average appetite and bring to sound maturity an average family. The wages for common labor will drop, then, toward a dollar and a half a day. But this rule, though it makes allowance for the average amount of time lost through sickness, presupposes steady work. It makes no allowance for periods of idleness brought about by fluctuations in the labor market. A great part of the common labor of Europe, a still greater part of the common labor of the United States, must pass through these periods. Living as he does without a margin, every period of this kind takes something from the vitality and capacity of the casual laborer.

So in the end we have a vitiated first generation and a degenerate second generation—in the first generation those snow shovelers of New York who, after the blizzard, had to drop out of their gangs because they could not keep up with the work; and in the second those shuffling creatures of dead eyes who inhabit the alleys of Whitechapel.

The Germans attacked the problem many years ago, and they began right. The English trifled with it all through the nineteenth century. With characteristic British tenacity and muddle-headedness they struggled for two generations with poor-laws and relief works before, in this century, they copied Germany. The Germans started with a basic reform in the machinery for buying and selling labor; and the English, after they struck the right track, imitated them; for the reform of the employment bureau seems to be the first necessary step.

The employment agent is usually the only middleman between the employer and the common laborer. Those among our states that have passed no laws regulating employment bureaus illustrate how this business proceeds when it is unchecked. Virtually the casual laborer has no means for preventing the bureaus from working on him continual injustices. There are no unions among casual laborers. An employment agency dealing unfairly with skilled workmen, or with any class of men who have something like a permanent local habitation, would soon die from lack of patronage; but the casual laborer, drifting from town to town, has no way of knowing whether the reputation of any individual agency be good or bad, which to apply to, which to avoid.

As a consequence, these bureaus have dealt with the men about as they pleased. Having an order for a gang of ten men, say, they will send fifty, in order that the employer may select the pick of the lot. If they do not collect fees in advance from the rejected forty, they at least deprive them of one or two working days. They will keep men loafing in the offices on the promise of jobs that do not exist—this in the vague hope that unexpected orders for laborers may come in.

They adopt even more unfair tactics. If an employment bureau gets a man a steady job it collects only one fee from him. If it gets him many short-time jobs it collects many fees. It serves the interest of the employment bureau, therefore, to give impermanent rather than permanent employment. They have been known to combine with grafting bosses on such large contracts as railroad construction to whipsaw labor by hiring and firing in such a manner as to keep business brisk.

Work and Worker Out of Touch

A PERIOD of strikes is a period of harvest for the uncontrolled employment agency. It is these concerns that usually furnish the strike breakers. Not in one case out of ten do they advertise the fact that they are sending out for gangs to break a strike. The men go unwittingly to employment which may mean death or disgrace with their fellows and which almost always turns out to be impermanent, for when the strike is settled the old hands usually go back.

Various of our states have set about to regulate the private employment agencies, with a view to eliminating these evils. They have succeeded only imperfectly. No industrial law seems to work unless the people for whose benefit it is passed have some check over it. The employers, with their solidarity and capital, have a check. The humble, unorganized common laborers have none.

However, allowing that the private employment agencies were all run squarely and in the interests of employers and employed alike, there would still remain a terrible failure of coördination. A bureau located in Chicago has small interest in the labor movements of Tennessee. At a time when men are looking for work in Chicago, work may be looking for men in Tennessee; but the laborer in Chicago may not know it.

There is at present no machinery for disseminating accurate information about labor. The man out of a job has no source of news but the daily newspapers, the reports of which may be and often are extremely inaccurate in this regard. William Leiserson, of the Wisconsin Industrial Commission, cites an example:

A certain Western city was going through a period of industrial depression. A reporter attending a Chamber of Commerce meeting heard an employer say that he saw no signs of unemployment: he had been trying to get men that morning and had failed. Now it happened that this man was a manufacturer of a peculiar product. He needed men trained in his line of manufacturing; no others would do. At that very moment there were fifteen thousand or twenty thousand unemployed men in the city.

Nevertheless, the reporter, trusting to this information and liking to say pleasant things about his city, printed the news that there was work for all. This news reached

Chicago and brought about a small stampede of labor into a town where the market was already glutted. Such stampedes occur continually. Each one takes its toll of vitality from the laboring class of America and, therefore, from the stamina of this and the next generation in America. No one is interested to gather and give accurate information about the demand for labor—the employment agencies least of all.

The Germans, as early as the seventies of the last century, set about regulating and coördinating this business of acting as middlemen between employer and employed. They began with municipal agencies. Now a system of municipal employment agencies covers the whole empire. Though the cities maintain them and pay their expenses, the imperial government regulates them.

Private agencies are permitted only in those cities and towns that have not yet established a municipal agency; and these private agencies are under the strict control of the government.

Most important of all, the government issues regular bulletins on the demand for labor in various parts of the empire—a thing as comprehensive and accurate as the regular official stock-market report. The man out of a job can at any time get from these bulletins the exact chance of finding employment in any part of Germany. As a consequence of this system Germany has less trouble with floating and casual labor—has probably a smaller percentage of unemployment—than any other industrial nation in the world.

The English, as I have said, muddled along for nearly a century with old and unscientific philanthropic schemes to regulate the labor market and provide work in times of industrial stress. In one period of unemployment they granted relief from an imperial fund, a charity that merely increased pauperism. At another period the government bought farms and set the unemployed to work. This artificial plan had almost the same effect as direct charity. The men who accepted such relief took it as beggars, not as honest workers.

It was only in 1909, under the Liberal government, that the empire copied Germany. The need for some scientific measure had by this time grown very acute in England. Though the British Isles are not subject to such sudden industrial fluctuations as the United States, the gradual absorption of the land by the aristocracy and the use of that land for unproductive purposes have given such industrial centers as London, Liverpool and Manchester a large body of casual laborers who, because England is more closely occupied than America, are miserable beyond any class of laborers we know.

England's Government Labor Bureaus

THE Liberal government realized, as the English aristocracy will never realize until its downfall, that this miserable, half-pauperized class was a powder mine which might take fire at any time and blow up the Empire. Hence the law of 1909, which practically abolished the private employment-bureau system in Great Britain and put the whole distribution of labor into the hands of the state.

The British Government had already a little machinery to work with. In the hard times of 1905 distress committees had been appointed in all cities of fifty thousand or more persons. These committees established the first public labor exchanges, which proved a success. The Royal Commission, appointed afterward to study the subject, recommended four changes so radical that the Tories called them socialistic.

The first step, they thought, should be to establish labor exchanges that should be under government control; the second, a system of industrial education; the third, the regulation of employment by the scientific distribution of government work; and the fourth, unemployment government insurance.

The government did not, at the time, venture on anything but the first measure. They immediately took over the distress-committee exchanges, organized them into divisions, started new exchanges in the smaller centers, and put the system on its way. Theoretically it is a perfect piece of machinery

There are ten divisions, each headed by an officer who has control of all the exchanges in his division. Each exchange sends, three times a day, a list of the places it has been unable to fill. It is the business of the division officer to hurry men from the other exchanges to fill these places. Daily the district officer prints a bulletin, circulated among all his exchanges, giving accurate information about the movement of the labor market. All the divisions publish and exchange information in the same manner weekly.

The law authorizes the exchanges to advance railroad fare in cases where the applicant has no money. The applicant or his employer, as the agreement may be, is forced by law to reimburse the exchange for this advance. The law provides that this advance cannot be given in the case of a strike-breaking job or in a case where the wages offered are lower than the prevailing rates in the community. The exchanges are not forbidden to fill strike-breaking places, but they must tell all applicants the exact state of affairs.

This matter of labor movement is the most complex thing in the world. Comparative statistics are of absolutely no use in trying to prove whether or not such a system as the English or German has been a success. It is, however, the opinion of most dispassionate observers that the English system has already reduced unemployment and industrial misery.

Having perfected the first measure the British proceeded with the third. The system of labor exchanges, though it can regulate unemployment in normal times, cannot create jobs in hard times. The Germans had already adopted the plan of saving public work throughout the empire for just such emergencies. In that, also, the British have followed. During the last session of Parliament the Opposition reproached the Roads Office with neglecting the highways. They were piling up a surplus of funds in the treasury at a time when the roads of Great Britain were fast deteriorating under the tires of automobiles.

"That is perfectly true," said the Roads Office in effect; "but it is a matter of policy deliberately adopted. We have good times now in Great Britain. There are comparatively few unemployed. We are waiting for the next period of hard times. When that comes we shall begin at once to spend our surplus on the roads."

The British municipalities, under the advice and counsel of the government, are coöperating. Water systems, municipal lighting systems and street paving await the time when labor shall need the work.

Industrial education, the second measure in the British program, is a little aside from the present discussion. England has, as yet, done little in that direction. The Germans have done much. They try to give some technical training even in the humblest of occupations. Industrial education, however, affects very little the class of labor engaged in the primitive occupations; and that class is our present concern.

In unemployment insurance England has just made a beginning. That is a radical departure from our present ideas on industry, but it will probably come in the end. In varying degree it has already come in Belgium, France, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Italy and in a few German states. A bill is now before the Reichstag to extend it over the whole German Empire.

To inaugurate in the United States a general system of labor exchanges would, under our form of government, be infinitely hard. England and practically Germany are governed as a whole. We have our state system. Labor legislation is supposed not to be in the province of the National Government, but of the states. It is one case where even the most hidebound Bourbon Democrat should admit that the state-rights system stands in the way of progress. Yet there is something to be said for the state-rights view.

Germany and England are settled. Their institutions and industries are permanent. Compared with the United States, the various districts present few industrial differences. In America industrial conditions differ widely among the states. You cannot apply exactly the same laws to such a new, building country as Arizona and to such an old, settled country as Massachusetts. We have to tackle the problem for ourselves and to work it out with our own machinery. A general Federal system of labor exchanges might be the most satisfactory plan; but to wish for it just now is like crying for the moon.

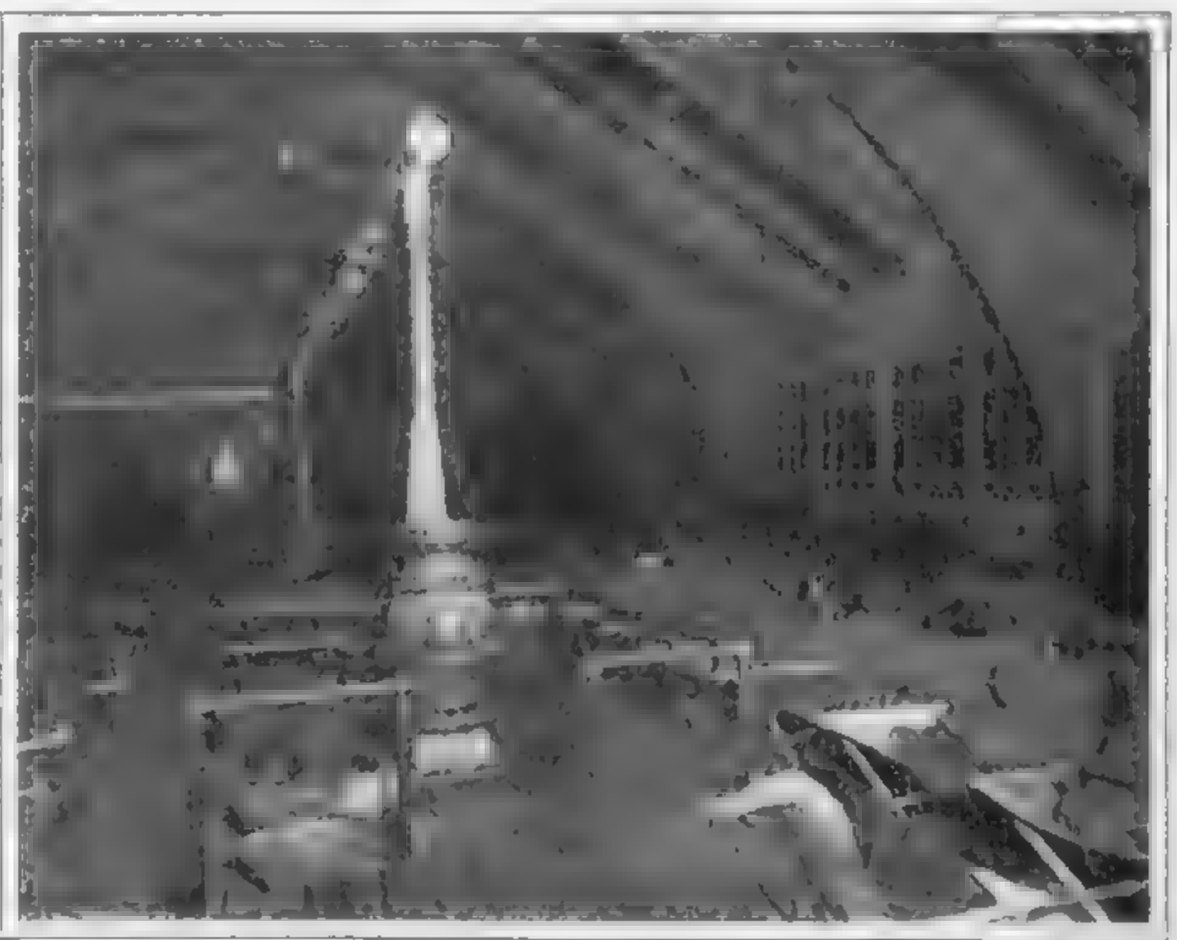
The Labor Bureau in Massachusetts

THE states, however, have made a start. Massachusetts, our oldest and most settled commonwealth, has for ten years been running a free employment bureau modeled roughly on the German system. It handles all classes of labor impartially. It tries, so far as its appropriation allows, to give accurate information in regard to the demand for labor; though refusing to discriminate in favor of the labor unions, it tells all applicants frankly whether or not it is sending them to strike-breaking jobs. No bureau of this kind can be thoroughly effective except as one wheel in a great nation-wide machine. It is like a teaspoonful of ink dropped into forty-eight teaspoonfuls of water. It can only help color the whole mixture. Not until we have forty-eight teaspoonfuls of ink can we get the color we want.

And here again we run across the unreliability of statistics in the matter of unemployment. It is impossible to say just how much the state labor bureau has reduced unemployment in Massachusetts; but, as in Germany and England, impartial observers believe that it has helped.

Other states have followed. The efficiency of their bureaus has varied. In some the appropriation has been ridiculously insufficient. In others the system is tied up tight with machine politics. Men who do such necessary and delicate work should be as far removed from the machine as Supreme Court judges. The Massachusetts bureau is under civil-service and no public labor bureau can succeed without some such provision to set it apart from politics. *(Continued on Page 45)*

Ferryboat Used as Annex to Municipal Lodging House



River Pier Converted Into Midwinter Sleeping Quarters

The Gay and Festive Claverhouse

By Anne Warner

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

VII

WOULDN'T it be better to wake Mr. Claverhouse?" the butler suggested to the valet between serving the salad and the ice.

"I wouldn't dare," said Conrad, shaking his head. "It's as much as his life is worth. But we must manage to get something in there to poor Mrs. Watson. The trouble is it's so hot inside that it lets in the cold terribly to open up things. Sucks it straight in, you see."

The house boy who did the brass and coals volunteered to creep in under the draperies and convey sustenance to the nurse.

"She can't thank you, because he'd wake easy now," explained Conrad, when the boy returned empty-plated; "but she's grateful."

Throughout the long evening that followed Lady Wythe and her daughter sat in the drawing room wondering when Claverhouse would wake. At half after ten the butler appeared with a tray of bedtime preparations.

"The gentleman—I mean Mr. Claverhouse—is still asleep, my lady," he said with a cough.

My lady felt at a loss what to say.

"His man thinks that for him there'd better be a bed made up in the front hall, your ladyship. Then he'll be on the spot if needed."

"By all means, Parkins. But that poor—that poor woman out in the car?"

"We've managed to get some pillows in to her, my lady, and a woolly for her head and a hot stone bottle."

"Thank you, Parkins."

"I'll make up a cot in the servants' hall for myself, your ladyship, so that if I'm wanted ——"

Lady Wythe simply bowed her head in acquiescence.

After they were alone Madeleine arose and went to the window, leaning her forehead against the moist pane and looking down on the strange black mass below. A little later she and her mother went upstairs. In the hall Parkins, Conrad and one of the maids were busy making up a bed. The two ladies passed quickly by and sought their rooms. The mother said nothing and the daughter said nothing either.

Conrad and the butler followed up their labors in the entrance hall by going through the house and making up the latter's bed in the servants' hall. Then Conrad returned and retired. Parkins put out such lights as should be put out and also retired. Peace reigned and reigned profoundly until about one A. M. Then with a wild screech of fright the nurse burst out of the motor, and likewise out of the screens, which fell tumultuous and tangled behind her.

"He's gone! He's gone!" Her cries awoke the echoes.

She was now on the steps in the moonlight, frantically trying to find the push-button amid the gloom thrown by the portico roof.

Before she had ended the second cry Conrad was out of his bed in the hall and had the door open wide.

"Oh, Mrs. Watson!" he demanded. "What is it?"

"He's gone!"

"Gone!" The valet echoed the word in a sort of grim dismay. In a flash he had switched on the hall and portico lights. Then:

"He's under the car!" he cried, running down the steps.

The crash of the falling screens and the nurse's shrieks had awakened both Lady Wythe and Madeleine, who ran to the upper windows.

Parkins, who had hurried to the front hall and on seeing Conrad's bed empty and the door open had lost not a second in following the valet's course down the steps, now found both him and the nurse routing madly amidst the tangle of fallen screens and hangings.

Lady Wythe, by this time successful in opening a casement, cried out: "What has happened?"

"Mr. Claverhouse has gone, your ladyship," called back the butler.

Madeleine, unable to bear more suspense, burst into tears.

"We must go down," decided her mother, hurriedly seeking slippers and dressing gown. The daughter sought as well. In a few seconds both stood on the gravel beside the car.

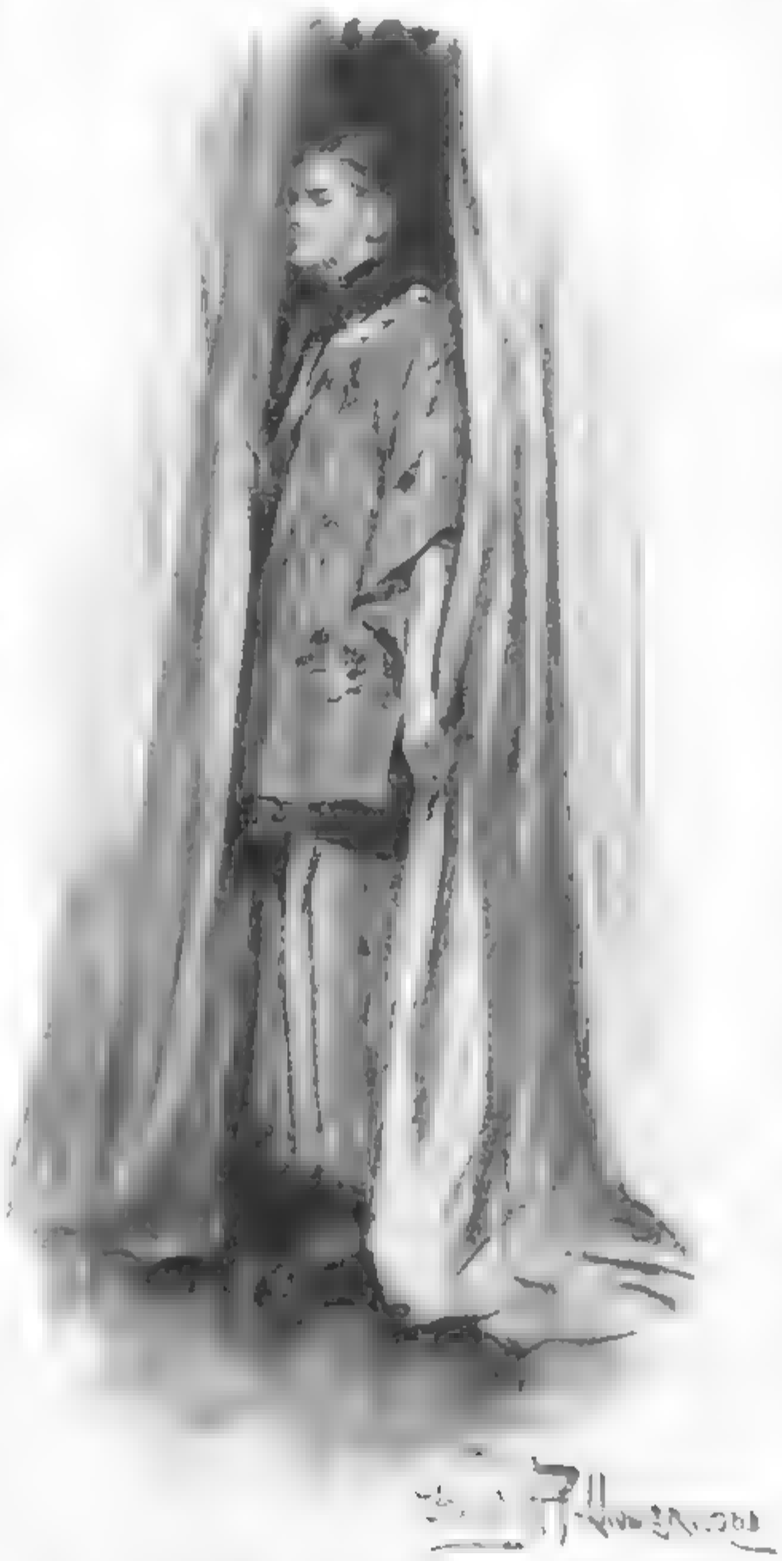
"He must have been gone a long time; his side of the seat is quite cold!" wailed poor Mrs. Watson.

"You ought to have pinned him to you like you had him in London," reproached Conrad.

"I did have him pinned to me. He must have undone two safety-pins. Oh, he is such a one!"

"The lodge gates are locked, my lady. Mr. Claverhouse must be in the grounds. I'll wake two of the men and we'll get lanterns and hunt," said Parkins, very pale. "Not actually crazy, is he?" he whispered to Conrad. And Conrad whispered back: "Not generally considered so; but you never can tell."

"Wake the stablemen, Parkins," said Lady Wythe, her teeth beginning to chatter; "and search thoroughly. Come, Madeleine, we'd better go inside."



"Hope You'll Pardon My Japanese Dinner Dress. But I've Just Had a Beastly Chill, You Know"

They went inside. The butler roused four men, instead of two; secured lights and scoured the grounds until daybreak. During all this time Madeleine sat by the open window, her ears strained to catch the slightest sound. She was almost ill with the racking, painful shock of it all. Sometimes her chest heaved nigh to bursting, and sometimes a tear rolled slowly down her cheek. Each instant she dreaded she knew not what. It was an awful experience. When day broke the searchers were able to declare positively that Claverhouse was not in the grounds.

"He must be in the house somewhere," Parkins—terribly scratched from feeling among blackberry hedges and much disheveled from trying to peer under foundations with a lantern—reported to Lady Wythe on the stairs. "He couldn't get over the wall."

"We'll have to go very softly in the house," said Conrad, "because if he's in the house he'll be in bed somewhere asleep. And he mustn't be disturbed."

This was an entirely novel view to the searchers; but no one disputed Conrad's superior understanding of his remarkable master's remarkable ways. And so boots were pulled off, and to the general amazement Claverhouse was promptly discovered. He was in the bed assigned him, where his inimitable valet had put out his night things ten hours before. And he was fast asleep.

"I'm afraid it will wake him if she tries to go to bed in the room meant for her," Conrad said to Parkins, who stared open-mouthed and limp at the bedroom door. "So can't you fix up some other place for poor Mrs. Watson?"

The long-suffering butler went mechanically to work and soon made Mrs. Watson comfortable in another room. Then Conrad moved his own cot across the doorway of Claverhouse's suite, and the household again grew quiet for what was left of the night.

Lady Wythe and Madeleine had been informed of the outcome of events at once; but were too unnerved and too tired to feel any emotion except relief. In fact they exchanged no word concerning the affair, but went wearily back to bed. It was full dawn, then, and it seemed no time at all elapsed before the early cups of tea were brought.

"Oh, why didn't I say I'd ring?" moaned the mother. And then her blood froze suddenly at Parkins' voice outside the door.

"My lady must know. She'll want to know at once."

"My lady's just having her tea," expostulated the maid.

"She'll have to be told," Parkins proclaimed sternly.

"Oh, what is it?" the poor woman demanded loudly from her bed.

The door was opened and the butler stood there.

"He's gone again, my lady!" Claverhouse had now become "he" to everybody.

Lady Wythe sank back among her pillows. "Gone! Gone where?"

"We can't make head or tail of it, my lady. Conrad slept across the door of his rooms. He must have got out the window."

"Parkins!" It was a sharp cry of two syllables.

The butler advanced into the room. "We're hunting in the grounds and everywhere, my lady. He may be on the roof and come down anywhere. I thought that your ladyship ought to know. One can never tell anything about an old house like this."

"I'll dress at once and see what can be done."

"I thought you ought to know, my lady."

"You were quite right, Parkins."

VIII

THE intense absurdity of having again to set all one's servants to hunting one's guest annoyed Lady Wythe to the last degree. There are situations in life that find their most trying aspect in the fact that they have never been tried on any one else. Madeleine's mother disliked Claverhouse, as has already been indicated, and was glad to see that his behavior was not such as would tend to a deepening of her daughter's infatuation. But still she would have chosen that the disenchantment had proceeded along less eccentric lines.

"There's the leads, my lady," Parkins had reported ten minutes later. "They're all stone-walled, with the holes between for dropping things through in ancient times; and the head gardener says he can put up the ladder he uses to clean the leaves out and make sure Mr. Claverhouse isn't up there. One of the grooms will go with him, and they'll go about in opposite directions so he won't slip in again when no one sees."

Claverhouse's hostess bade assent.

"And, if you please, my lady, there's the old cellar and the new cellar. Forbes will go down with a lantern and make sure he isn't there. Mrs. Watson says he's all dressed to his scarfpin, wherever he is; and so we'll just have a look about the grounds again too."

Lady Wythe bowed.

"Mr. Claverhouse's man and me will go through the house ourselves." Parkins paused and coughed. "We can't make out what he does it for. It's most unusual."

"Mr. Claverhouse is ill," murmured Lady Wythe, too used up to resent her butler's criticism of her guest, but still speaking in a tone that ended the matter.

The butler went out and the mother sought the daughter. Madeleine was sleeping soundly, thoroughly exhausted from the night's experience, and her mother decided not to disturb her.

She slept until ten o'clock, up to which hour no sign of Claverhouse had developed. It was very mystifying. The house had been thoroughly ransacked inside and out and the gardens and stables as well.

"He couldn't climb the wall," said the head groom to Conrad. "It's broken glass or spikes the whole way."

Conrad shook his head. He didn't seem exactly worried, but still he shook his head.

At half past ten Mrs. Bawle-Derry, the rector's wife, and her daughter came to call; and Lady Wythe, not having rallied to sufficient realization of the exigencies of ordinary conventional possibilities to have instructed Parkins that she was "not at home," was discovered in the drawing room and forced suddenly to reënter the circle of ordinary life.

"We're very informal," said Mrs. Bawle-Derry; "but it's quite a walk, and we can so seldom get the pony."

Lady Wythe declared herself delighted and begged them to sit down.

And just at that moment a fearful shriek and the crash of broken glass resounded through the upper hall.

Parkins, who was placing chairs for the visitors, turned pale and hurried from the room. His mistress also turned pale, but managed to take a seat with its back to the light

and to say, though her heart beat madly: "It's very friendly of you, I'm sure." She hadn't the least idea what she was saying, because she knew that Claverhouse had been found. The next instant the added clatter of a suit of armor going over in the hall testified to the nearer presence of the gentleman; and five seconds later he appeared in the drawing room.

The first noise had been caused by a maid who, engaged in the innocent occupation of standing on the chimney-shelf to the end that she might wash the big mirror above, had, on perceiving the much-sought-after gentleman come strolling out of an adjoining corridor, promptly fallen forward and smashed the glass. Claverhouse, paying not the slightest attention to her or her catastrophe, had gone quietly by and on down the staircase. Parkins, hastening to learn what had happened above, had met the family guest at the lower landing, and had at once in his turn gaped and reeled. Thus he had fallen against a stand of armor gracing an adjacent corner, causing the helmet and greaves to come down bang in their turn. With no more heed to Parkins below than to the maid above, Claverhouse strolled pleasantly on until he came to the drawing-room door, which he opened.

Lady Wythe looked up, saw how fresh and rested and altogether debonair he appeared, and felt all presence of mind desert her. The visitors were quite forgotten. Only one question framed itself in her mind:

"Ernest, where have you been?"

Claverhouse began to laugh; and his laughter was so gay and so spontaneous that both Mrs. Bawle-Derry and her daughter fell instantly in love with him.

"Don't you wish you knew?" he asked blithely. And then, after having been presented, he drew a chair between the two callers and at once became the fascinating, delightful Claverhouse of enviable repute.

Lady Wythe felt her heart sink as she watched. For Madeleine had slept through all the later anguish and irritation and would presently be down to witness the same charming manners that had caused what her mother termed "all the trouble."

"Oh, Mr. Claverhouse," exclaimed Mrs. Bawle-Derry, "you must, you really must, come to us for tennis this afternoon. We drove over expressly to ask you all."

Claverhouse's beautiful eyes shaded heavily. "I'd love it," he said. "I'd love it of all things; but, you see, I'm an invalid."

"An invalid!" cried Miss Bawle-Derry. She was young and rather pretty, and quite outspoken for a clergyman's daughter.

"Yes," he nodded in a melancholy manner. "Too bad, isn't it? I fear I shall never play tennis again."

The eyes of both the rector's wife and her daughter swept him over at a glance.

"Impossible!" they burst forth together.

"No; it's true," said Claverhouse. "You ask Lady Wythe. As a matter of fact, the whole house was up with me most of the night. I'm very bad at times—very bad."

"We knew that there was trouble here last night," said Mrs. Bawle-Derry, calculating subtly that even ill he would still be eligible, and very likely keep a nurse and a valet too. For Claverhouse was one of those fortunate beings who look really rich. "We knew there was trouble here last night, for all the tradespeople passing through early saw the lights. And it was you who were ill? Dear me!"

"I was very bad," said Claverhouse impressively. "I am bad always; but last night I was very bad. No one could sleep. Could one?" appealing to his hostess.

Her ladyship just looked at him.

"I couldn't stay in bed," said the invalid. "I was everywhere, seeking relief. I was outdoors part of the time. Oh, it was all awful, wasn't it?" again to Lady Wythe.

Although Madeleine's mother felt absolutely outraged she knew not what to say.

"I'm so very sorry," Mrs. Bawle-Derry said sympathetically. "But perhaps you'd like to sit with us older ones and look on."

Claverhouse tipped his head about and seemed to consider.

"Do you think that I could risk it?" he queried of his hostess.

"You know best," she said, trying to speak quite evenly. Claverhouse at a rectory tennis-party was something utterly beyond her imagination.

"Well, I'll tell you," he proposed. "I'll leave it to Miss Bawle-Derry to see if she can persuade me. Do you want to try?" he asked of that blushing maiden.

Miss Bawle-Derry didn't know how to answer, having no notion what he could possibly expect that she should do. She looked at her mother for guidance. And just then Madeleine, extremely lovely in a red linen morning frock, came into the room.

"Mrs. Bawle-Derry has asked us for tennis this afternoon," said Lady Wythe, quite desperate.

"Do come out into the garden," Claverhouse urged the rector's daughter. "We can talk there."

Then he rose; and such was the force of his pleasant and persuasive personality that Miss Bawle-Derry, as if hypnotized, followed him out of the room. Her mother, Madeleine's mother and Madeleine remained behind, rather blank as to expression.

"Wh-what a charmingly eccentric young man!" the rector's wife said, the first to find her tongue.

"He seems—he seems ——" she hesitated.

Then she stopped.

"Yes, he is—very," said her hostess, quite gasping over the possibility of what might next befall under her roof, or rather in her garden.

Then they conversed on dull, commonplace topics until finally the visitor was obliged to say: "I wonder where my daughter is. We must be getting home."

Parkins was summoned and bidden to tell Miss Bawle-Derry and Mr. Claverhouse that Mrs. Bawle-Derry's trap was at the door.

Lady Wythe's agony of mind as the time passed after that may be better imagined than described. In fifteen minutes she rang again for Parkins. He appeared, looking unfeignedly frightened.

"Miss Bawle-Derry and Mr. Claverhouse can't be found, my lady."

Lady Wythe put her fingers to her temples. "The lodge?" she suggested faintly.

"They didn't pass the lodge, my lady."

"Have you—have you sent into the garden?"

"We have looked everywhere, my lady."

Mrs. Bawle-Derry was a picture of astonishment. "But where can they be?" she demanded.

"We can go into the garden too," suggested Lady Wythe, for the sake of saying something, since there was no suggestion that offered.

They fairly rushed into the garden. Mrs. Bawle-Derry walked about at first, but presently began to run madly here and there, screaming: "Hermione! Hermione!"

It was all of half an hour before Parkins came hurrying up to say that the rector's daughter and the earl's promising nephew were sitting in the drawing room.

"Quite quietly," gasped Parkins in conclusion.

It would be futile to attempt to give adequate expression to the feelings of the three ladies as they entered in haste the great oak-paneled salon and discovered Claverhouse and Miss Bawle-Derry calmly seated there. Suffice it to state that the English language is as yet designed to describe only what has hitherto happened in the world. It contains no glowing phrases in which to elucidate the new and hybrid emotions bred out of the old kind by a visit from Claverhouse.

He rose as they entered and Miss Hermione rose too. She was conventional enough to look red and confused; but her companion smiled as he asked: "Where have you all been? We've been waiting for so long."

Lady Wythe, commanding her self-control, managed to reply with comparative calm: "We have been having the whole place searched for you, Ernest. I wish to know where you have been."

"Searching for us?" exclaimed Claverhouse. "Why, we were in the garden first and then in the house."

Mrs. Bawle-Derry, still looking ineffably shocked, ventured: "I think we must go. It is very late. So glad to have found you in." She swept her eyes round to make the sentence as inclusive as possible.

Two minutes later her trap-wheels sounded departure on the gravel outside.

Claverhouse, returned from seeing the visitors off, proceeded to light a cigarette. During his absence but one remark had been made. Madeleine had said: "If I had married him!" and her mother had not answered a word.

The daughter was now sunk in a deep chair, her face covered by her hands. Lady Wythe stood by a window. Claverhouse, after a deep inhalation, turned about and said:

"Well! Is the game progressing well?"

"What game?" inquired her ladyship coldly.

He pointed to Madeleine. "I came on her account," he said.

"On my account?" The girl raised her head. "On my account? You came because you needed rest and quiet, and because perhaps we could nurse you back to health." She spoke bitterly, scornfully.

"Ah! Did I really?" queried Claverhouse.

"That's what you said"

The gay and festive Claverhouse was thoughtfully silent for a brief moment. "Memory going," he said at length. "That's it. Very bad symptom. Fancy my thinking I came here to make it jolly for you!"

There was another short silence in the room. Then Madeleine sprang from her chair and stood for an instant looking back and forth between her mother and their guest. Then with a little cry, inscrutable and perplexing, she fled from the apartment.

"M-M-Madeleine!" He Got Through Rattling Teeth. "Hold it S-s-for Me!"

IX

MRS. BAWLE-DERRY having failed to follow up her invitation for the tennis party by insisting on an acceptance before

leaving, Lady Wythe and Madeleine took it for granted that she understood they would not think of going without their guest. Even had they accepted, they would in their present mood have telephoned their regrets. For both were immeasurably upset by Claverhouse's performance. It was quite easy to see that the rector's wife and daughter had been shocked beyond words; and they trembled to think what would form the chief topic of gossip at the afternoon gathering. Ernest's behavior with Miss Bawle-Derry had been most unconventional, to say the least; and Madeleine, as well as her mother, was thoroughly mortified.

For the rest of the morning they kept to their own rooms. There each struggled to regain a semblance of composure; though it must be admitted that the struggle was constantly interrupted by conjectures as to what their guest might be doing now. Every moment, in fact, Lady Wythe was in trepidant expectation of a summons from Parkins to cope with some new and unusual situation.

But the morning wore itself away without further disturbing incident; and when luncheon was served the appearance of Conrad with the statement that his master was sleeping quietly and could not be disturbed caused both ladies to draw a long breath of relief.

During the early part of the meal, with Parkins present, the conversation between mother and daughter was limited to the barest commonplaces. When, however, the sweets had been served and the butler withdrew, their masks were removed and in a little while they were both speaking without constraint.

"Madeleine, you have been weeping." In this wise Lady Wythe began it. "Your lids are very unbecomingly swollen and they are hideously red."

Madeleine drew the silver compote dish toward her and viewed her reflection in its highly polished side. "I have been very miserable, mamma," she returned.

The Rector's Daughter and the Earl's Promising Nephew Were Sitting in the Drawing Room

"He is not worth crying over." Her ladyship spoke through compressed lips. "For me there is but one consolation in all that has occurred since he came to Yewstones. It may convince you that your affection for him is misplaced. You may realize that as a husband he is utterly impossible."

For a moment her daughter continued to gaze into the side of the compote dish without venturing a rejoinder.

"I am glad you are coming to my way of thinking," Lady Wythe continued. "As you observed in the drawing room this morning: 'What if you had married him?'"

At this the girl found voice. She pushed the improvised mirror from her, lifted her tear-swollen lids and announced:

"It is over that that I have been weeping, mamma."

"Why mourn over an escape?" The question was shot at her. For to Lady Wythe her daughter's observation was cryptic.

"But I don't wish to escape. I was very wicked to lose patience. Ernest is ill; and I should have every consideration for him. My tears were tears of regret that I should have let such an expression find voice."

Lady Wythe had been reared in the old school. With her it was no less than a heinous crime to exhibit even to her daughter the emotions that stirred within her. Otherwise she would have then and there expressed exasperation. But she only straightened a trifle in her carved, high-backed chair, while her cheeks paled and the vivid coloring seemed to run into her aquiline, aristocratic nose.

"Ernest is quite unworthy of such devotion," was her carefully guarded retort.

Madeleine thereupon dared to observe that she had already heard that many times from the same source. Adding: "It isn't my fault, mother, is it, that in spite of everything I can't help loving him?"

(Continued on Page 49)

THE FAKERS

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

XXIII

HICKS and Rollins spent the afternoon in consultation with the editor of the Chronicle. It was decided to continue the regular line of attack in the Chronicle on Sunday and Monday mornings, and to prepare a special edition of that paper for circulation on the streets immediately after Hicks had made his speech. Hicks insisted on this, although the Chronicle editor pleaded for permission to spread the story all over his paper on Sunday morning. Hicks pointed out that this would give Roscoe time to make a denial and a defense. Also, though he said nothing about that phase of it, it would deprive him of the privilege of making the exposure and getting the credit.

He went to his office on Sunday morning and wrote on his typewriter a long speech, in which he exposed the plot, branded Roscoe as a briber, upheld his own great honesty and sincerity of purpose in taking the money in order to convict Roscoe, and urged all citizens to repudiate at the polls this villain and traitor to the free suffrages of Rextown. This speech he gave to the editor of the Chronicle.

On Monday morning the Chronicle carried a page display advertisement of the Hicks Monday meeting, urging all citizens of Rextown to attend, as it was the most important meeting of the campaign. Hicks secluded himself until half-past eleven o'clock, for fear Roscoe might try to find him, and arrived at the vacant store used for a hall at a quarter of twelve. The place was jammed and hundreds of people were on the street trying to get in.

"This will never do," said Rollins. "Get them out on the street."

A loud-voiced young man shoved his way to the platform and announced that Mr. Hicks would talk from the balcony of the Metropolis Hotel so that all might hear. The people surged out and stood in the street in front of the hotel. Rollins and Hicks and a few others went up on the balcony. As Tommie stepped forward he felt that he had arrived. This was by far the greatest crowd he had ever spoken to. He was cheered enthusiastically when he appeared.

He began his speech with his usual references to the campaign for the rights of the people, and scored the octopus, dilating for ten minutes on the iniquities of that corporation and its management. He made his plea to the people to go to the polls and elect the fusion ticket on the day following. He referred to the various candidates eulogistically.

Then he raised both hands and said: "And now, my friends, I come to the most important portion of what I have to say. Not content with its control of the corrupt Paddy Ross organization, that in turn controls the corrupter Republican party in this city of Rextown, this venal organization that seeks to steal our streets and to impose its greedy monopolistic clutches on our people; this gang of financial pirates who have no thought other than to fill their own bloated purses with money wrung from the honest working man, knowing that it is beaten, knowing that the day of reckoning will come as surely as the sun rises to-morrow, knowing that it is at last to be brought to account and its special privileges taken from it and a proper levy laid on it, has plotted nefariously to defeat the will of the people.

"My friends, I stand before you as the humble instrument of an all-wise Providence for the defeat of this plot, this heinous conspiracy against the good people of Rextown. I discovered and I now announce to you that this plutocratic corporation that has squeezed the people of Rextown in its horrid toils, has stolen our streets, prostituted our elections, defied our authority and looted our treasury, conscious that it is to be called to account by the votes of the free men of Rextown, has plotted to disfranchise a great portion of our citizens, and especially those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows in our factories and mills. They have conspired to deprive those honest working men of their honest, God-fearing, anti-street-car-company votes."

Tommie paused. The people were vastly interested.

"Go on, Hicks!" they shouted. "Go on! What's up?"

"What's up?" repeated Hicks. "This, fellow-citizens, this: These arrogant, purse-proud robbers who own the street-car company have planned to have a fake accident in their powerhouse to-morrow afternoon just before closing time in the factories and mills, thus throwing all the crosstown cars out of commission and making it impossible for the hundreds of voters in the factories to get to the polling places in time to vote against them. It is the only way these men can win. They are beaten. They know they are beaten. But, thanks to the intervention of Providence I stand here and announce this plot to you, and steps can and will be taken to prevent its consummation. It cannot be carried out. You are all warned."

There was a roar of rage from the people.

"Let them try it!" they shouted. "Let them try it, and we'll tear down their powerhouse and burn their cars!"

"And," shouted Hicks, "more than that, my fellow-citizens of Rextown, when they learned I had become cognizant of their heinous undertaking to defeat the will of the people, they tried to bribe me—tried to bribe me, fellow-citizens!" His voice rose to a shrill scream.

He reached into his pocket and pulled out the money. He leaned over the balcony and shook the yellow bills in the faces of the indignant crowd.

"Here is the dirty, the rotten money they offered me to remain silent about this plot, this attempt to disfranchise our people; here it is—five thousand dollars that the corrupt Roscoe tried to force on me as the price of my honor and as a bribe for my betrayal of the people of this city. Here is the proof! Here are the identical bills Roscoe handed to me. But, my fellow-citizens, he now knows his mistake. He now knows that however dishonorable he may be, he cannot buy my honor for the paltry sum of five thousand dollars nor for any other sum. I shall hurl this money in his bloated face, now that I have shown it to you as further evidence of his corruption, his manner of retaining control of our streets and his lack of civic decency.

"Go to the polls to-morrow, my fellow-citizens, and vote to support the men who have made this fight for your rights and your streets and your comfort and your welfare and your treasury. Rebuke this corrupt corporation and its gang of corrupt politicians, and, more than all, rebuke this monster, Roscoe, who tried to bribe me to betray you—you the people for whom I am fighting and the people I love."

The Chronicle circulation manager released his newsboys just as Hicks finished. They swarmed up the street with copies of the special edition of that paper containing a full account of the plot, the attempted bribery, the display of the money by Hicks and his speech. There was great indignation and much threatening by the crowd.

Hicks took his congratulations with the air of a man who had done a great thing and knew it. There was a hurried conference of the street-car people, and the Globe and the Leader carried denials in big type of every charge Hicks made, signed by Roscoe, Jenkins, Paddy Ross and others. They said Hicks had faked up the whole story, and was merely trying to get a little cheap notoriety at the expense of a highly moral and public-spirited corporation.

"Why should the people of Rextown believe this man Hicks," the Republican papers screamed, "who doesn't own a dollar's worth of property in Rextown, who has been here only a year or two, who is a self-confessed bribetaker, if this money was a bribe, which it was not, for Mr. Roscoe never spoke a word with him in his life nor did any of the managers of the street-car company.

"Undoubtedly this money was supplied to Hicks by Perk Rollins for this scandalous exhibition. We trust, and have full confidence, that the sober second thought of the people of Rextown will rebuke at the polls to-morrow this upstart and braggart, who seeks thus to defame the character of one of our greatest and most public-spirited institutions, the Rextown Traction and Power Company."

Hicks discovered, during his triumphal progress down the street, and not a little to his chagrin, that the fact he had and displayed five thousand dollars in bills was held to be the clinching proof that an attempt at bribery had been made.

The money overweighed all of his statements. It was held that Rollins would not stoop to such a subterfuge, having a deserved reputation for honesty, and that Hicks could not have secured so much money except from Roscoe, against whom the people had been much incensed by the steady fight of the fusionists and the good work of the Chronicle.

Next morning the Chronicle had pages of specific statements about the incident, statements by Hicks and his speech, statements by Rollins that he did not supply the money, and all the details of the affair from the beginning supplied by Hicks with such omissions as he felt to be desirable. The Republican papers scoffed at it all, called Hicks a faker and a liar, and upheld the street-car company as an organization of God-fearing, man-loving patriots who would not stoop to such a trick. Roscoe was almost hysterical in his denials, and what Paddy Ross said to him at their meeting after the speech was a classic in profane denunciation for political idiocy based on arrant fear of defeat.

The factory owners, fearing trouble with their men, closed down half a day to allow all their employees to vote, and the fusion ticket carried the election by a close margin, winning in the Fourth, Ninth, Tenth and Sixteenth wards, and in enough of the downtown wards to give the fusionists a majority of one on the board of aldermen, besides getting the city ticket in by small pluralities. Hicks won by about a hundred in his ward.

He telegraphed the news to Senator Paxton, and received a congratulatory reply. Later he sent the senator all the newspapers, but heard nothing about them. Rollins was ecstatic in his delight. For the first time in many years he was on the winning side in a political fight. It grieved him to think he was winner with a fusion ticket; but Hicks and a few others were Democrats, and he interpreted it all to mean that the dawn of a better day was approaching.

XXIV

"MR. ROLLINS," said Hicks two days after election, "what shall I do with that money?"

"Where is it?" asked Rollins.

"Locked in my desk at the office."

"You must give it back to Roscoe, of course. It's his, not yours."

"Roscoe won't take it."

"If he doesn't it is the first time he ever refused money of any kind."

"But," persisted Hicks, "if he does take it that will be a confession that he tried to bribe me, and a repudiation of all his denials and statements."

"Try him," urged Rollins. "Go over and offer it to him, and if he refuses it leave it on his desk and go out. It isn't yours, and if you hold it much longer the people will think you took it with a view to keeping it. Get rid of it, I tell you, and get rid of it right away."

Hicks thought over what Rollins had said. He hated to give up the money, but he knew he must. More than he deprecated handing back the five thousand dollars to Roscoe he disliked the idea of handing it back without any publicity for himself because of the virtuous act. The plan Rollins proposed hadn't an advertising feature that appealed to Hicks. To be sure, he might notify the reporters of his intended visit, and get some space in the papers that way. But if he did, in all probability Roscoe would refuse to see him, and there was not much of the spectacular in going to the office of the president of the traction company and being told by a clerk that the president was not in.

Obviously, if Hicks was to secure further notoriety through his connection with the money, he must operate in full view of the public, not in the inner office of Roscoe. He went to Rollins late that afternoon.

"Mr. Rollins," he said, "your plan of offering that money to Roscoe isn't feasible."

"I don't see why. You don't intend to keep the money, do you?"

"No, but what's the use of trying to give it to Roscoe in private?"

'In private?" repeated Rollins. "You don't want to give it to him in public, do you?"

"Why not? We'd get some good advertising out of it, and make it stick in the minds of the people that Roscoe really did try to corrupt me."

"Well, didn't he?"

"Of course he did, but what's to be gained by going and throwing the money in his face? Let's make a sensation of it."

"A sensation!" exclaimed the surprised Rollins. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, let's do it out in the open. It's too good a chance to be lost."

"It seems to me," persisted Rollins, "that the quicker this thing is over and forgotten the better it will be for all concerned. What's the need of rubbing it in?"

"Look here, Rollins," said Hicks; "you will admit that that bribery episode was a big factor in helping us win the election, won't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, that was due to me, to my seizing of a situation and knowing how to act in it to our best advantage. Now here is another chance to do something, not only for the cause, but for myself, and I'm going to do it."

"Going to do what?"

"Going to realize on Mr. Roscoe and his fifty one-hundred-dollar bills once more."

"How?"

"Oh, I'll find a way."

"All right," consented Rollins. "Only be sure to get rid of the money."

Hicks called on La Fetra, the managing editor of the Chronicle, and outlined a plan he had in mind.

"You see," he explained to La Fetra, "there's no use of our taking Roscoe into the corner of a private office and saying to him: 'Please, Mr. Roscoe, here's your five thousand dollars. Kindly take it back and we'll say nothing more about the affair.'"

"That's so," assented La Fetra. "That wouldn't get us anywhere."

"Well, then, suppose I write a statement, to be printed in the Chronicle to-morrow morning, saying that this money, which has served its useful purpose of ridding the politics of Rextown of the control of this corrupt corporation, is and always has been the property of the company, and that we have no desire to contaminate ourselves by retaining it. Suppose we say the money will be at the office of the Chronicle to-morrow at noon, and that Mr. Hicks will be glad to hand it to Mr. Roscoe if Mr. Roscoe will call at that hour and give a receipt for it."

"Good!" exclaimed La Fetra, who saw the advertising possibilities of the plan. "We'll play it up all over the first page, and there'll be a crowd on hand. But," he added, "of course Roscoe won't come."

"Of course not, but that makes no difference. We can hold the offer open for a few days, and get a lot of publicity out of it; and then we can give the money to a hospital or some charity and pull off more deserved applause."

"Great!" said La Fetra. "Positively great! If Roscoe doesn't come in for the money we'll put it in the front window of the office with a placard saying this is the identical money with which he tried to bribe you, and it will make a big show. The people don't see fifty one-hundred-dollar bills very often. We can get four or five days of sensation out of that, and by that time we will decide how to divide it among the charities."

They arranged the details. Hicks wrote a statement, and La Fetra, much to the disgust of Hicks, toned that statement down considerably. As it was printed on the first page of the Chronicle next morning it had a good deal of Hicks in it, but not half so much as Hicks had hoped. However, it was reasonably personal to Hicks, and he wisely reflected that he had done the best he could.

In the statement Hicks and the Chronicle invited Roscoe to come to the countingroom of that paper that day at noon and receive his money. All Roscoe was required to do was to sign a receipt.

The crowd began gathering at ten o'clock and by noon there were several thousand people in front of the Chronicle building. Some policemen kept a lane open on the sidewalks. Hicks appeared at a quarter to twelve and was mildly applauded. He went into the countingroom, accompanied by Rollins, and took a position in the center of the room."

"Pshaw!" he said. "Not a tenth of those people can see us."

"Oh, well," comforted Rollins, "they all know you are here."

This didn't suit Hicks, but there was no place outside suitable for the handing over of five thousand tainted dollars to a representative of the octopus, so he made the best of it. At twelve o'clock he took out the money, held it up in his right hand, posing the while for a newspaper picture, and at twelve-one announced: "It is now one minute after twelve o'clock and Mr. Roscoe has not appeared. I shall give him fifteen minutes' grace."

The people pushed forward, trying to see what was going on, shouting derisively, "Where's Roscoe?" hooting, catcalling, and otherwise conducting themselves like a good-natured American crowd out to see something beyond the ordinary.

Roscoe had not appeared at a quarter past twelve, and Hicks, feeling he had a ready-made audience, ran to the editorial rooms on the second floor, pushed up a window and made a speech, waving the money about and denouncing Roscoe and the street-car company.

That afternoon the money was placed in a glass case and displayed in the big window of the Chronicle countingroom. The offer was repeated next day, and Hicks returned at noon. The crowd was smaller, and, of course, Roscoe did not come for the money. Instead, he printed in the other morning paper a most violent denunciation of Hicks as a faker and a liar, and again asserted on his honor as a business man who had spent his life in Rextown, and who had his fortune invested in property there, that he never at any time had spoken to Hicks, and that he had not given him this money, nor had any person connected with the street-car company.

On the third morning the Chronicle announced that as it was apparent Mr. Roscoe preferred to lose this sum rather than acknowledge his crime, the money would be divided among the various charities of Rextown by a committee consisting of Mr. Perkins G. Rollins, Mr. T. Marmaduke Hicks, Mr. George J. La Fetra and some others.

"Although this money is tainted money," the announcement said, "it can be applied to the sacred purposes of charity and do good, which it never would have done had it remained in the hands of the arch-corruptionist to whom it originally belonged. Indeed, the committee considers this as an almost providential aid for the noble men and women who are managing our charities."

Hicks took great interest in the distribution

"Acute Indigestion. I Almost Died. What Happened?"

of the money and had his name in the papers every day for a fortnight. He sent a big bunch of clippings to Senator Paxton and a week or so later received a note which said:

Dear Hicks: I have read the clippings with much interest. Long ago I knew you as an apt pupil in the study of practical politics, but I hardly expected you to jump from the freshman class to the last semester of your senior year. However, do not overlook the fact that the pastime of playing both ends against the middle depends for its continued success on the talent the player has for keeping the middle uninformed of his activities at the ends. Yours, PAXTON.

Chittlings said nothing to Hicks about the bribery incident or his share in it, but Hicks found his partner looking speculatively at him many times. Hicks went about his duties as alderman energetically, and he soon discovered that the workingmen considered him their special representative on the board. After that he played constantly to the workingmen's gallery. He addressed meetings from time to time, and developed a profitable end to his popularity. He encouraged the factory and mill men to bring him their personal-damage cases and their other employers'-liability claims, and before the end of the summer the firm of Chittlings & Hicks rented another room, hired Gudger away from Johnson, Jacobs & Jones, and put him in charge of these cases. Occasionally Hicks went out into the county and talked to the farmers, and he helped organize a Monday Evening Club that met once a week and discussed the causes whereby the rich were constantly getting richer and the poor poorer. The club sought for means to ameliorate the condition, not only of the workingmen, but of the submerged tenth, there being a rather hard-to-find but submerged fraction of Rextown society; not exactly a tenth, perhaps, for the city was prosperous and busy, but a fraction of the always-idle sort.

Hicks had developed into quite an orator. He had all the catch phrases of the real lover of the people at his tongue's end and he never missed an opportunity to talk.

Every time he had an address to make he dictated his speech, or what he considered the most striking portions of it, to the stenographer, had the notes neatly typewritten and sent copies to the city editors of the Rextown papers with pleasant letters asking that some use be made of the inclosed. Often, especially on dull days, he was gratified to see a few paragraphs of his productions in the papers. He always wrote his own introductions to the speeches, speaking of himself as a brilliant young orator and of the address as a "masterly effort." He didn't expect much of this would get by the editors, but he always supplied the introductions in the hope that his self-praise might slip through. Sometimes, to his gratification, portions of it did.

He made it a point to write congratulatory letters to everybody he by any possibility could claim even as a speaking acquaintance, and was particularly strong on felicitations over domestic events that offered him a possible excuse for sending a flowery note to a lady. If a man was promoted, or did a good stroke of business, or announced some new undertaking, Hicks was first to wish him well. He invested in a few shares in some new enterprises and was placed on a directorate or two. When the pastor of another church than the one he attended preached an especially strong sermon, Hicks wrote him a note, praising him for the splendid work he was doing in spreading the light. He kept his own pastor in a sort of ecstatic haze by his unceasing and skillful flattery.

If one of the local authors wrote a book or one of the local poets produced a poem, Hicks looked over a copy of the book at a bookstore and then wrote a letter, praising the work extravagantly and telling the author how delighted he was to make this valuable work of genius a permanent addition to his library. He always asked the poet when he or she intended to confer a great boon on literature by putting his or her poems in book form. When Charley Corbett, a reporter on the Leader, sold a New York magazine a short story, Hicks made Corbett his friend for life by writing him about the story and telling him it had touches that reminded him of Bret Harte—of whose work Hicks never had read a line. Also he congratulated the reporters on their good work from time to time, and constantly wrote letters to the editors of the papers commending them in extravagant terms for their stands on local and national questions. The editors, being human, promptly printed these letters, which was why Hicks wrote them.

The personal damage and liability suits were a great asset. Chittlings said nothing about terminating the contract at the nine-month period, and Hicks broached the subject himself.

"Chittlings," he said, "our partnership agreement expires pretty soon."

Dawson Shook Hands Limply and Hicks Left the Room

"So it does," answered Chittlings, who had been fighting shy of this interview. "I'll have a new one drawn up."

"On what basis?"

"Why, same as the present one, of course," Chittlings answered, as if surprised Hicks should think of any other form of arrangement.

"Oh, no," said Hicks calmly. "That won't do."

"What won't do?" blustered Chittlings.

"That thirty per cent stipulation."

Chittlings gave a fine imitation of an amazed and indignant man. "Do you mean to say you want more than that?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I like your nerve! Here I grab you and make something out of you, and now you swell up and ask for an increase in the division. What do you think your services are worth?"

"Fifty per cent," said Hicks; "half and half. And I won't make that arrangement for more than two years either, for by that time I shall probably not need you on that basis."

"Great jumping Jehoshaphat!" exploded Chittlings. "Do you mean to sit there and spin stuff like that to me with the idea you can get away with it? Let's quit now. I fancy I can worry along without you."

"As you please," Hicks answered, rising to leave the room.

"Hold on," said Chittlings. "Listen to reason, can't you? How'd forty per cent strike you?"

"Fifty per cent or nothing—share and share alike."

Chittlings protested he never would give that much, but ended by having a new agreement, running for two years, drawn up, and both signed it. Chittlings didn't want to lose Hicks. He saw possibilities in that young man that, he had an idea, Hicks, even with his inordinate egotism, did not suspect. But he was wrong. Hicks knew as much about himself as Chittlings did, and more, for Chittlings, keen as he was, merely surmised Hicks' greediness for applause and for power.

XXV

OCCASIONALLY Hicks found himself thinking of Mrs. Lester. He wondered where she was, whether he ever would see her again and what was her condition in life. When he married, he said to himself, he would marry a woman of Mrs. Lester's kind, for she appealed to him as the right sort of a Mrs. T. Marmaduke Hicks—striking in appearance, fashionable in attire, bright, vivacious, cultured, a woman who would win admiration for him because she was his, because she was Mrs. Hicks, his wife. Once he wrote to Mrs. Lake, asking about some books he thought he had left at her house, and saying at the end of this letter, which was written for that purpose, as he had left no books at the boarding house: "By the way, I was reminded of Mrs. Lester by a very beautiful woman I saw on the street the other day. Is she still with you?"

Mrs. Lake, being an astute woman, understood the object of Hicks' letter. She dismissed the matter of the books with a line, but devoted a page to Mrs. Lester, telling Hicks that that lady was in Europe, but would be home in a few months. She was the guest of some very fashionable people in Trouville, Mrs. Lake said.

Moreover, Mrs. Lake did more than that, for in her next letter to Mrs. Lester she said: "Do you remember Mr. Hicks? I had a letter from him the other day, and he inquired about you. Evidently you made an impression on him."

Mrs. Lester had to go somewhere each summer, and she was well aware that it was cheaper to go to Europe, as she went, than to visit American resorts of the class she would visit. She lived at a *pension* in Paris, but each afternoon she took tea at the most fashionable places. She wrote her letters on her own embossed stationery, and told of the people she was meeting at the big hotels and in the great restaurants. All this helped her to keep up appearances at home.

She smiled when she read Mrs. Lake's letter. "Hicks," she said. "Egotistical Tommie! Why I must send him a card." And she did—a picture of Napoleon's tomb with a few words of casual greeting on it. Hicks was pleased with the card, and thought of writing to her, but as she had given no address he couldn't.

Mrs. Lester's dearest ambition was to marry some one with a title; but her opportunities for meeting titled persons, except in her conversation, were limited. She was of necessity put to it to make an elaborate personal showing on a small income, and although she constantly watched for opportunities, she knew in her heart that her trips abroad were of most value in a matrimonial way because of the opportunities they gave her for impressive talk at home. Also she could live cheaply in Paris and elsewhere and so could replenish her wardrobe to a greater advantage abroad than in the United States.

She met a Russian woman who was much taken by her vivacity and her stylish appearance, and who invited her to come to St. Petersburg to be her guest. Mrs. Lester went to stay a month and stayed six, thereby deriving much information and local color for her future references to her close association with the high personages of Russia. She maintained her figure fairly well, and was assiduous in the conservation and cultivation of her other physical excellences. She made a constant appraisement of all the eligible men she met, but never found exactly the right one. However, she enjoyed herself immensely, although she often considered herself carefully in her mirror, and realized that she must be making haste if she was to fulfill her ambitions through the medium of her charms.

Totally devoid of sentiment, her whole attitude toward men was to use them for her personal entertainment and for what she could get out of them in the way of attention, gifts, social advantages and company for her idle hours. Within she was cold and calculating; but she could assume an ingenuous air that was of a certain value with the other sex. She was always bright and vivacious, with an endless supply of small talk and a knowledge of international social affairs that she kept fresh by assiduous reading of all society publications. When the time came she was confident she could play at being in love with sufficient fervor to answer whatever the requirements were; but the idea of really falling in love never crossed her mind. That was outside of her plans and purposes.

She gravitated between Washington and Europe for the next five years. She was not without ardent admirers, but none of these men, with whom she flirted as much or as little as the circumstances seemed to her to warrant, had enough position or enough money to suit her demands. When she was in Washington she went to every big social function she could. Her acquaintance with the statesmen living with Mrs. Lake generally secured her cards for the White House receptions and for other affairs of a general kind. Two or three impressionable young men had offered her their hands and hearts; but they had nothing in their hands and she ignored what they said they had in their hearts. She kept her pose as the years went on, but each year found the keeping of it a little more laborious. This increased her desire for a marriage that would give her position and money, or, if not so much money, at least position, and she was relentless on the trail. But the quarry remained elusive.

She heard of Hicks occasionally through Mrs. Lake, for Hicks always went to Mrs. Lake's when he visited in Washington. Two or three times he had sent her papers containing reports of his speeches, and she had acknowledged these in short, almost impersonal notes that gave Hicks no chance for replies, even if he had wanted to open a correspondence. He thought little about her and she thought less about him, but she was much interested when Mrs. Lake told her Hicks was getting on in Rextown and was almost sure to make a name for himself in politics.

Hicks was busy during those five years and busier during the two or three that followed. He grew to be an accomplished protagonist of the rights of the people and had taken part in state campaigns. He never lost his hold on the workingmen and he never ceased trying to establish himself with the farmers. He did not attempt to mix in the fashionable society of the city, although he had a fixed idea that if he should determine to become a social light he would soon be received at the best houses among the socially elect. He felt that one day he would be sure enough in his position to take his rightful place in the select society of Rextown, and had firm faith that he possessed all the attributes that would make him the courted and fêted favorite should he really devote his energies toward that phase of endeavor. He read the society news in the papers avidly and watched the comings and goings of the personages. He was obsequious to any social leader he chanced to meet, and at heart would have been extremely gratified to be mentioned in the social news as "among those present" at the great functions.

For business and political reasons he scorned the frivolities of the day, and frequently deplored in public addresses the tendencies of the times, which, he said, were leading the young people far away from the ideals of their fathers. He preached prohibition, but refused to identify himself with the political aspect of that movement, holding that it was a social reform; and, in order to keep himself right with his workingmen constituents, he emphasized the fact that men should have a reasonable measure of personal liberty. He came out emphatically for woman suffrage, was for the full extension of the popular government and indorsed all anti-vice crusades.

Rollins continued to believe in Hicks, scoffed at stories that came to him about the lack of conviction and the self-seekingness of his friend, and considered him a brilliant young man who was willing to sacrifice self for the sake of his principles. He made a combination whereby Hicks was nominated for the state senate, which gave Hicks another opportunity to go out and pose among the people as the people's friend. When Hicks was thirty-three and again when he was thirty-five Rollins procured for him the empty honors of nominations for Congress in the Rextown district. The Rextown district had been represented by a Republican since the Civil War, and there appeared to be no chance of any but a Republican ever representing it. But Hicks had long before learned the value of claiming kinship in politics, and he traced out for himself several advantageous lineages which he used discreetly.

Senator Paxton, who was speaking in the state, heard Hicks claim a grandfather from Kerry and a grandmother from the Rhine.

"Tommie," he said, "you seem to have an unusually variegated set of ancestors."

"Isn't it so?" Hicks replied. "I have tied up with Ireland, Germany, England, Wales and Holland; but when I first got down in the mining district I thought I was lost. I hadn't provided myself with any Polish blood!"

"What did you do?"

"Oh, I said a few kind words for Kosciuszko, and that helped a lot."

"It's lucky for you you're not running up in the Northwest," laughed Paxton. "You'd be put to it to organize a Scandinavian ancestry."

"I don't know as I would, when it comes to that," Hicks replied. "The Hickses are a great people and have lived in many lands."

"You'll lose this time, of course."

"Yes, but not many times more. There's a change coming, senator, sure as you are standing there."

Paxton became serious. "I wouldn't be surprised if you are right," he said. "It's sort of in the air."

Hicks was right. Although he was beaten, he had more votes the second time he ran for Congress than the first time. He claimed the nomination for the third time, and Rollins gave it to him. Hicks made an earnest campaign, and cut down his Republican competitor's majority by more than a thousand votes.

Political sentiment was changing throughout the country. Several states had passed laws for direct primaries and one or two had adopted the initiative and the referendum. The oligarchy that controlled the government in Washington, where Congress was Republican in both branches and the President was a Republican, had paid no heed to the growing discontent in the country. It had gone along, defiantly and arrogantly repudiating pledges made and party platforms for the purpose of catching votes, and was legislating for the special interests, utterly indifferent to the claims of the people. The spirit of revolt was fostered by skillful agitators as well as by men who were in no sense agitators but were opposed on principle to the continued domination of a great party by a few selfish individuals. Rollins and others of the Democratic leaders throughout the state felt certain a Democratic governor and state ticket could be elected at the next general election, which was to be held in the following November, and began the work of organization and preparation. Rollins contributed liberally to the funds. He took Hicks to a state committee meeting with him and to various conferences between leading Democrats in cities here and there.

Candidates for governor began to appear. Rollins and a strong combination in the state committee favored the nomination of Enos G. Mulford, a Democrat from the western tier of counties, who was a man of high standing, absolute integrity, some wealth, and who was held in sincere regard by the people. Another combination was made for Peter R. Dawson, of Yorkville, one of the larger cities, who had been active in maintaining the Democratic organization through the lean years. Dawson was a lawyer, the leader in his territory, a shrewd politician, and an able though somewhat unscrupulous man. In addition several favorite sons of various localities were in the running, but Mulford and Dawson were easily in the lead.

As they were returning to Rextown one day after a conference of the Mulford men, Hicks said to Rollins: "Not enough delegates in sight yet to make Mulford's nomination certain."

"Oh, I guess we can get them," replied Rollins easily.

"I'm not so sure of that; Dawson has a lot of strength. It looks to me as if there would be a deadlock, for there are half a dozen others who will have votes in the convention."

"Well, we'll win," Rollins asserted confidently.

"But," continued Hicks, "we don't want to win after a big fight, with a deadlock and all the soreness that will ensue. It will hurt us to win in that manner. What we want is a harmonious convention that shall name a man who can compose the differences between all factions. It seems a shame to throw away this opportunity by squabbling over a candidate for governor."

Rollins made no comment.

"It is especially a shame," Hicks went on, "when there is a solution to the difficulty—a man who can harmonize all difficulties and who would sweep the state."

"Who?" asked Rollins with mild interest.

"Myself."

"You?" Rollins was incredulous. "Do you mean yourself, Hicks?"

"I mean myself—T. Marmaduke Hicks. I have more strength than any candidate yet proposed. I am known from one end of the state to the other and I have greater qualifications than either Mulford or Dawson. I am closer to the plain people, whose rights we must conserve."

"I'm sorry," said Rollins, "but it can't be done. We are for Mulford, first, last and all the time."

"Why can't it be done?" asked Hicks passionately. "Here I have sacrificed myself for years and years on the altar of Democracy. I have taken the thankless tasks. I have borne the heat and burden of the fight. I have given the best that is in me. I have held the standard aloft. I have kept the faith. Why can't it be done? It can be done if you will step in behind me, step in behind the man who has supported you loyally all these years. Why can't it be done?"

"Because," answered Rollins slowly and quietly, "because we have passed our word to Mulford; because you are young and can afford to wait; because we have pledged ourselves and our delegates to another man; because political honesty and political decency and political obligations all forbid it. That's why it can't be done, Hicks, and there's no need to talk about it further."

"I fail to see it in that light," urged Hicks. "You want to win. I am the strongest man. I deserve the nomination—or your help to get it. How would it be a violation of pledges if I announced myself? We could explain that we went to Mulford before I decided to become a candidate, and that my coming in changes the entire situation. I could have the delegates from our district by right, as that is where I live. You can make the combination for me, and," he continued eagerly, "you can promise anything you like in my behalf and I'll carry out every promise you make."

"No," Rollins replied firmly; "it's no use talking, Hicks. You must wait. We've got to go through for Mulford. Possibly I can get you on for attorney-general, if you like."

"Not for me!" protested Hicks. "I deserve the nomination for governor and you know it. That or nothing."

"Then it will be nothing," asserted Rollins, with more force than Hicks ever had seen him display. "You can't have that nomination for governor. It's absurd! You are going as delegate for Mulford and that's settled. Don't be foolish now; get in line."

(Continued on Page 36)

Mrs. Lester's Dearest Ambition Was to Marry Some One With a Title

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1914

The Cipher in Government

WE HAVE lately seen the Senate maundering for weeks on end over Panama Canal tolls; and we have lately seen the House, almost without debate and without division, adopt a set of very important trust measures that were inspired and largely shaped outside its walls. The tariff and banking bills were expeditiously cracked through the House on a prearranged schedule.

An examination of the Congressional Record for the last two years fairly justifies the statement that there is no measure within the limits of a rational political imagination which the President could not put through the House at will, and that no measure could get through the House if he opposed it. To put it in another way, the House is now a cipher in the Government. Its highest function at present is to register political opinion at the fall elections.

Virtually deliberation in lawmaking is relegated to the Senate; and that body has developed a quantity and quality of deliberateness which shockingly impairs its efficiency. The drift seems to be toward a practically unicameral legislature—with the House perfunctorily accepting whatever measures a popular President proposes and having no real weight in the governmental scheme, except when its majority is of a different political complexion from the White House.

Senators being elected by popular vote, this situation would be quite acceptable—only, to discharge its rôle satisfactorily under such a condition the Senate must become a more efficient body.

A Legislative Curiosity

THE demands of organized labor are generously recognized at Washington. An ambiguous amendment agreed to by the House either exempts labor unions altogether from the antitrust laws, which would otherwise apply to them as well as to other combinations in restraint of competition, or else the amendment is a cheap piece of politico-verbal jugglery. If it means anything it means exemption. If it means nothing it is a low trick.

A further amendment agreed to by the House legalized boycotting as a weapon in labor disputes. No injunction shall issue, it says, prohibiting strikers from ceasing to patronize any party to such dispute, "or from recommending, advising or persuading others by peaceful means so to do." It adds: "Nor shall any act specified in this paragraph"—including the persuading of others to cease patronizing, and so on—"be construed or held unlawful."

This reverses the present law on the subject. Possibly there was no sound reason why boycotting should ever have been held unlawful. The Fathers of this country, in their pre-Revolutionary struggle with England, used the boycott with great vigor and effect. More recent examples show that, judiciously used, it may be an exceedingly powerful weapon. Restoring it to labor constitutes a signal victory for the unions.

We have no objection to the labor victory. Labor organizations should not be prohibited or menaced by any antitrust law. They should be entitled to designate their enemies by the spoken and printed word. What we object to is making fish of one set of citizens and flesh of another set. The same legislation that encourages and facilitates restraints of competition by labor heaps new prohibitions and denunciations on every sort of restraint of competition in business.

If the new measures pass the Senate substantially as agreed to by the House our antitrust laws will constitute the most astonishing legislative curiosity on record. Our most important business—railroading—is already by tacit consent exempt from the antitrust law. Ever since the Sherman Law was passed—and before—railroads have made and maintained rates by agreement.

Now labor and agriculture are to be specifically exempt. So we shall have a set of laws that operate with great ferocity on the northeast corner, but are paralyzed at all other points of the compass.

Russia's Quandary

THE Russian Government has quite a little problem on its hands. Some time ago it piously decided that Jews and Jewish capital must be eliminated from commerce and finance in the empire. The elimination proceeded flourishingly until the government made the shocking discovery that business was suffering from paralysis.

A hundred and fifty million dollars of foreign capital, recently subscribed for the development of various Russian industries, had been withdrawn. Some three hundred new industrial undertakings of importance had come to a standstill. Practically all sorts of investment had ceased and the bourse was panic-stricken.

The government called a conference of financiers and subscribed a hundred million rubles to prevent complete collapse; and it is now scratching its shaggy head in bewilderment over the strange fact that Jewish capital will not fly away at the Czar's command without taking other capital with it.

The predicament is all the more annoying because recently the Minister of Finance informed the Duma that the government must have three billion seven hundred million dollars within the next five years to strengthen the army and navy.

Probably, much against its inclination, the government will give up the attempt to exclude Jews from business and confine its antisemitism to the familiar form of organizing pogroms for the elimination of Jewish inhabitants—an enterprise for which its intelligence is just about adequate.

Debate Without Buncombe

AN ACUTE student of constitutional history has pointed out that we lose something from the strict secrecy which surrounded the framing of the Constitution—and gain something too. Not only did the convention sit behind locked doors but members were forbidden to make any public report of the proceedings within. Thus, for a generation, almost nothing was known of what went on in the convention. The Constitution was handed down complete out of an impenetrable cloud—from which we lose something.

On the other hand, we gain because the debate, being strictly secret, was strictly frank. Probably Madison's scant and tardily published notes tell us more as to what members really thought than we should have learned if the debate had been taken down by stenographers under the eager eyes of a press gallery.

We know that the men who framed the Constitution were animated by a profound distrust of democracy; that their chief anxiety, next to framing a central government, was to keep the mob from having any effectual share in the government. Franklin was almost alone in venturing an opinion, very mildly expressed, that some trust might be reposed in the public. With the doors open, we should have had a far more copious but perhaps much less informing report.

How fascinating congressional debates might be—to the next generation—if they were secret and members frankly expressed their views and motives! Imagine, for example, what the debate on a pork-barrel Rivers and Harbors Bill would be under such circumstances!

The New Barometer

IRON used to be the barometer of trade, and it is still a valuable commercial weather vane. Bank clearings and railroad earnings are important signs of the business drift, but of all indicators of the state of trade the most interesting, to our thinking, are the immigration figures.

In the first half of this year the number of immigrants arriving in this country was smaller by about a hundred and fifty thousand than during the corresponding period of 1913; and the number departing was greater by some fifty thousand. The net increase of alien hands, therefore, was less by about two hundred thousand; in fact, the income exceeded the outgo by less than a hundred thousand.

This vast ebb and flow of raw labor from Europe to the United States and back again is a new thing in the history of the world. For nearly ten years you may trace the economic condition of the United States by it. In a flush time the raw labor pours in. In hard times as after the panic of 1907—it pours out. In a dullish time like the present the in-movement declines, the out-movement rises.

Every ebb and flow of the tide helps to wipe out some bigotry and superstition concerning a national boundary.

Hatching New Thoughts

WE FANCY that no Fourth of July orator ever paid impassioned tribute to Pelatiah Webster and no political platform ever dragged him in to sanction its view on some question that arose half a century after his death. Yet a learned historian argues that Pelatiah was really the Father of the Fathers.

Four years before the Constitutional Convention met he published a little tract containing in outline the framework of our Government. That Hamilton, Madison and Pinckney, at least, were indebted to this tract is plausibly maintained.

On the other hand, there is powerful evidence that Pelatiah Webster did not originate any of the ideas which were later embodied in the Constitution—or any other ideas, for that matter. This evidence lies in the fact that he was a rather well-known writer in his day; and no well-known writer ever possibly presents an original idea. If he did present original ideas he would not be well known. Time out of mind the staple occupation of critics has consisted in discovering where all great "original" writers got their ideas. This is always a comparatively easy task, and hardly anything is more certain than that no man who presented an actually original idea was ever known to fame. If any man ever did present an original idea he was necessarily obscure, because nobody could understand him; but probably no single head ever did or ever can incubate a new thought. The new thought hatches some way in the stew and sweat of the mass. When it has attained good broiling size some gentleman with a superior gift of expression appropriates it.

The Wealth of the World

A DISTINGUISHED English economist calculates that in 1814 the wealth of the United Kingdom was twelve billion dollars and is now eighty-five billions, the income of the British people meantime having risen from about a billion and a half to twelve billions; that the wealth of France in a hundred years has risen from ten billion dollars to fifty billions and the income of her people from a billion and a quarter to six billions.

The territory embraced in the German Empire was probably less wealthy than France a hundred years ago. Its present wealth is put down as about eighty billion dollars and the income of its inhabitants at ten billions; while, since 1814, the wealth of the United States has risen from two billion dollars to a hundred and fifty billions, and the income from less than half a billion to about thirty-five billions.

Roughly, wealth has multiplied by ten, income by fourteen, and population by less than three. Ideally all the inhabitants of the four countries should have about five times the command of the necessaries and of the reasonable pleasures of life they had a hundred years ago. Probably half of them have little if any greater command of necessaries and pleasures than they had when Napoleon was marching to Waterloo.

The total wealth of the four richest countries, however, as thus roughly estimated, amounts to only fifteen hundred dollars a head of the combined population, and the total income to only two hundred and fifty dollars a year a head.

Of course wealth and income are divided with gross inequality; but there is hardly enough even if they were equally divided.

Little Banks and Big Banking

WE MENTIONED recently that in bank resources the United States far exceeds every other country; but, measured by the amount of deposits held, the biggest bank in this country comes seventeenth in the list of the world's big banks.

Omitting government institutions like the Bank of England, twelve commercial banks in other countries hold more deposits than our biggest one. And, with the exception of that one biggest concern, twenty-six foreign banks exceed, in amount of deposits held, any bank in the United States.

In other words, our second biggest bank is the twenty-eighth on the world's list—Austria, Argentina, China, Spain and Russia being represented ahead of it.

In short, we have the biggest banking system and the smallest banks in the world. Though our bank deposits exceed those of every other country, they are more widely scattered.

Concentration in big institutions is far less advanced here than elsewhere. Even after the new system goes into effect, with its twelve reserve institutions, we shall still be a country of big banking and small banks.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

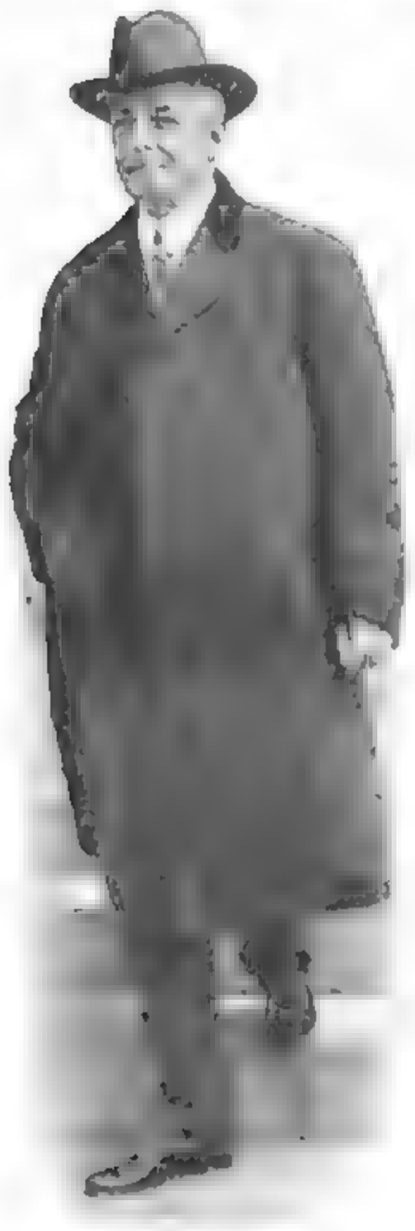

PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.
The Acting Secretary of State During the Lecture Season

THERE are numerous methods by which one can become a diplomatist, and the method chosen by Robert Lansing, of Watertown, New York, is probably as pleasant as any. Mr. Lansing is a diplomatist by marriage.

It is quite likely there will be a loud chorus of sneering comment over this mild statement, due to the widespread opinion, based on facts that are individual and yet are general also, that every man who is married is necessarily a diplomatist or inevitably becomes a dub, and that consequently Mr. Lansing holds no age whatsoever over a very large proportion of our conjugal and conjugated citizenry.

These sneers shall pass unnoticed—shall be treated with that amused contempt they deserve; for they will be but the outcome of that lack of appreciation of the finer shades of meaning of words, terms and phrases—the nuances of expression—that prevails in this present Administration. We play on words and their shades of meaning in Washington, at the moment and officially, as we would play on a piccolo—tweedle-eedle-eedle meaning one thing, and toodle-oodle-oodle another, as interpreted; whereas to the untrained mind and ear both the tweedle and the toodle mean and sound about alike.

Hence I say Mr. Lansing is a diplomatist by marriage—and not a diplomat, though he may be that too. A diplomatist, you understand, is a person who is officially a diplomat, while a diplomat is a person who is either congenitally or by circumstance a practitioner of diplomacy. You gather, I trust,

where the married men come in under the definition.

What I had in mind to observe was that Mr. Robert Lansing is the son-in-law of John W. Foster, sometime Secretary of State, and then, as perhaps now, the proud possessor of some very fine side whiskers, which he found most useful in diplomacy. When, for example, Mr. Foster engaged in a pourparler he invariably twisted the whiskers on the right side; but when it was a plenipotentiary communication as regards a cessation of interest he twisted those on the left side.

However, Mr. Robert Lansing is his son-in-law, and is likewise the present counselor of the State Department, who, as the regulations say, "becomes Acting Secretary of State in the absence of the Secretary"; which, as it stands, is sufficient to identify the person who will be Acting Secretary of State for considerable periods during the lecture season, and so on.

Mr. Lansing succeeded that eminent author, Mr. John Bassett Moore, who retired to emit from his system a little work on some phase of international relations in not more than ten volumes, one or two of them indexical, and with notes and glossary. In an authorial sense the selection of Mr. Lansing cannot be construed other than as a distinct rebuff to the profession of letters; for, though Mr. Moore has devoted his life to producing several tons of books, Mr. Lansing is author of but one volume, and only part author of that, for we read that he labored jointly with Gary M. Jones in the bringing forth for the occupation of the most remote recesses of our libraries the tome entitled, Government—Its Origin, Growth and Form in the United States.

Inasmuch as this work was published in 1902 it contains nothing concerning the present Government of the United States, and therefore Mr. Lansing may be said to be admirably fitted for the place he occupies.

When the Dove of Peace Was Pindling

HE IS, of course, of note as a student of the subject of international law, editing a journal for the promulgation of theories about that theoretical subject. Mr. Moore, after a manner of speaking, left the Administration flat on its back just before the Mexican crisis culminated; and the hurried injection of Mr. Lansing into the void was warranted by the situation, which demanded an international lawyer on the job forthwith—albeit, after said injection, as before, there was some slight disposition on the part of the injector, Mr. Woodrow Wilson, to attend to the details of the business himself.

Still, no State Department can be held as complete and rounded without a counselor, and to this end a counselor was secured; but, as the same lends ornament and dignity to the position, he will not be overworked.

Until certain unfortunate and untoward circumstances of recent date—such as the sending of soldiers, sailors, marines, battleships and other instruments of warfare to Mexico, and various occurrences at Vera Cruz and elsewhere—the shibboleth of the State Department was Peace, which it still remains, albeit there were moments when it looked as though the Dove had the pip.

Still, it must be admitted that the immission of Mr. Lansing into the placid confines of the Department in no whit disturbed the Bryanesque placidity thereof; for Mr. Lansing himself is a most peaceful man, irenic in all his tendencies—not that his predecessor, Mr. Moore, was warlike, but that Mr. Lansing is amicable.

Mr. Lansing's sphere of activity since he left college has been in conjunction with the settlement by arbitration of difficulties arising between this and other nations, principally Great Britain. It has seemed for some years—a good many years, in fact—that the statesmen of Great Britain are obsessed with the idea that when we acquired our northernmost territory we acquired nothing much but the sky, and they are in some doubt about that.

The consequence has been a long series of arbitrations of claims made by that claimful nation appertaining to furs, seals, fisheries, land, boundaries and about everything else except the snow, which Great Britain has not envied or sought as yet.

In consequence of these matters there have been numerous commissions, tribunals, courts, missions, meetings, discussions and congresses, resolving themselves round disputes as to what is in the water, on the water, at the edge of the water and on the land, and in all other positions on the earth and ocean—our earth and ocean, mostly, but earth and ocean desired by our friends, relatives and neighbors on the other side of the world.

These various enterprises, and the defense or offense of them, have been excellent for one feature, at all events: they have given profitable employment to such of our international lawyers—or such of our national lawyers as by the purchase of Mr. Wharton's work and Mr. Moore's work have conformed themselves into international lawyers—as have had enough political pull to get the jobs. Perhaps it is not seemly to call employment at international law a job—to represent this country, let us say, in a legal capacity.

Thus, not long after Mr. Lansing had become an international lawyer he became an assistant counsel for the United States in the Bering Sea arbitration. This was in 1892 and 1893, when his father-in-law was Secretary of State; and it was a good job—an excellent cause, I should say. Later he continued in his international lawing by appearing as counsel for the United States Bering Sea Claims Commission, and was further employed as solicitor for the United States Alaskan Boundary Tribunal—all dignified and long-enduring tribunals and tribunes.

He was at The Hague in 1909 and 1910 as counsel for the Atlantic Coast Fisheries Arbitration; and, that work completed and arbitrated and the fish justly accredited to their various flags, he passed on to Washington, where he took over the representation of this country in the British-American Claims Arbitration, now proceeding in a leisurely manner in that capital.

From all this it will be observed how peaceful a man he is. He is no jingo, to shriek for war when a boundary dispute or a fisheries imbroglio, or any other similar dispute, arises. Rather for him the peaceful processes of arbitration, which are not only less abrupt—by numerous years—than the settlements of war, but supply adequate employment for international lawyers, who, of course, do not amount to a hill of beans apiece unless there are international matters to law about. It is plain to be seen that no international lawyer could mix in a national case, which

is the chief reason for arbitration tribunals.

Dragged as he was from the quiet and calm of placid hours spent in arguing whether England or the United States shall pay for sixteen tons of hay consumed by Germany, let us say, into the rapid events preceding the landing at Vera Cruz, he wrote voluminous statements, which must have pleased the President immensely, inasmuch as he kept them strictly to himself. But war passes; diplomacy endures. Hence the time undoubtedly will come when Mr. Lansing shall set forth for us, with authority, the principles governing the relations of such nations as need treatment at his hands.

Besides, if this Mexican thing is settled he will undoubtedly have several chances to be Acting Secretary.

Safety First!

AN AMERICAN VANDAL

Be it Ever So Humble—By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

Nearer and Nearer Drawn That Blessed Dark-Blue Strip

WHEREVER we went in Europe I was constantly on the lookout for a kind of tourist who had been described to me frequently and at great length by more-seasoned travelers—the kind who wore his country's flag as a buttonhole emblem or a shirt-front decoration, and regarded every gathering and every halting place as providing suitable opportunities to state, for the benefit of all who might be concerned, how immensely and overpoweringly superior in all particulars was the land from which he hailed, as compared with all other lands under the sun. I desired most earnestly to overhaul a typical example of this species, my intention then being to decoy him off to some quiet and secluded spot and there destroy him, in the hope of cutting down the breed.

At length, along toward the fag-end of our zigzagging course across the Continent, I caught up with him—but stayed my hand and slew not; for some countries, you understand, are so finicky in the matter of protecting their citizens that they would protect even such a one as this. I was fearful lest, by exterminating the object of my homicidal desires, I should bring on international complications with a friendly Power, no matter how public-spirited and high-minded my intentions might be.

It was in Vienna, in a café, and the hour was late. We were just leaving, after having listened for some hours to a Hungarian band playing waltz tunes and an assemblage of natives drinking beer, when the sounds of a dispute at the booth where wraps were checked turned our faces in that direction. In a thick and plushy voice a short, square person of highly vulgar aspect was arguing with the young woman who had charge of the check room. Judging by his tones you would have said that the nap on his tongue was at least a quarter of an inch long; and he punctuated his remarks with hiccups. It seemed that his excitement had to do with the disappearance of a neck muffler. From argument he progressed rapidly to threats, pounding a fist on the counter.

American Varmints Loose on the Continent

DRAWING nigh I observed that he wore a very high hat and a very short sack coat; that his waistcoat was of a combustible plaid pattern, with gaiters to match; that he had taken his fingers many times to the jeweler, but not once to the manicure; that he was beautifully jingled and alcoholically boastful of his native land; and that—a crowning touch—he wore, flaring from an upper pocket of his coat, a silk handkerchief woven in the design and colors of his country's flag. But—praises be!—'twas not our flag he wore thus. It was the Union Jack. As we passed out into the damp Viennese midnight he was loudly proclaiming that he "Was'h Bri'sh subjesch!" And that, unless something were done mighty quickly, he would complain to "'Is Majeshy's rep—hic—shen'ativ' firsch thing 'n morn'!"

So, though I was sorry he was a cousin, I was selfishly and unfeignedly glad he was not a brother. Since, in the mysterious and unfathomable scheme of creation, it seemed necessary that he should be born somewhere, still he had not been born in America—and that thought was very pleasing to me.

There was another variety of the tourist breed whose trail I most sincerely desired to cross. I refer to the creature who must be closely watched to prevent him—or her—from carrying off valuable relics as souvenirs, and defacing monuments and statues and disfiguring holy places with an inconsequential signature. In the flesh—and such a person must be all flesh and no soul—I never caught up with him, but more than once I found his fresh spoor.

In Venice our guide took us to see the nether prisons of the Palace of the Doges. From the level of the Bridge of Sighs we tramped down flights of stone stairs, one flight after another, until we had passed the hole through which the bodies of state prisoners, secretly killed at night, were shoved out into waiting gondolas, and had passed also the room where pincers and thumbscrew once did their hideous work, until we came to a row of innermost, deepermost cells, fashioned out of the solid rock and stretching along a corridor that was almost as dark as the cells themselves.

Here, so we were told, countless wretched beings, awaiting the tardy pleasure of the torturer or the headsman, had moldered in damp and filth and pitchy blackness, knowing day from night only by the fact that once in the twenty-four hours food would be slipped through a hole in the wall by unseen hands; lying here until oftentimes death or the cruel mercy of madness came on them before the overworked executioner found time to rack their limbs or lop off their heads.

Also we were told that two of these cells had been preserved exactly as they were in the days of the Doges, with no alteration except that lights had been swung from the ceilings. We could well accept this statement as the truth, too, for when the guide led us through a low doorway and flashed on an electric bulb we saw that the place where we stood was round like a jug and bare as an empty jug, with smooth stone walls and rough stone floor; and that it contained for furniture just two things—a stone bench, on which the captive might lie or sit, and, let into the wall, a great iron ring to which his chains were made fast, so that he moved always to their grating accompaniment, and the guard listening outside might know by the telltale clanking whether the entombed man still lived.

There was one other decoration in this hole—a thing more incongruous even than the modern lighting fixtures—and this stood out in bold black letterings on the low-sloped ceiling. A pair of vandals, man and wife—no doubt with infinite pains—had smuggled in brush and marking pot, and somehow or other—I suspect by bribing guides and guards—had found the coveted opportunity of inscribing their names here in the Doges' black dungeon. With their names they had written their address, too, which was a small town in the Northwest, and after it the legend: "Send us a postal card."

I imagine that then this couple, having accomplished this feat, regarded their trip to Europe as being rounded out and complete, and went home satisfied and rejoicing. Send them a postal card? Somebody should send them a deep-dish poison pie!

Looking on this desecration, my companion and I grew vocal. We agreed that our national lawgivers, who were even then framing an immigration law with a view to keeping certain people out of this country, might better be engaged in framing one with a view to keeping certain people in. Our guide hearkened with a quiet little smile on his face to what we said.

"It cannot have been here long—that writing on the ceiling," he explained for our benefit. "Presently it will be scraped away. But"—and how he shrugged his eloquent Italian shoulders and outspread his hands fan-fashion—"but what is the use? Others like them will come and do as they have done. See here and here and here, if you please!"

He aimed a darting forefinger this way and that, and looking where he pointed we saw now how the walls were scarred with the scribbled names of many visitors. I regret exceedingly to have to report that a majority of these names had an American sound to them. Indeed, many of the signatures were coupled with the names of towns and states of the Union. There were quite a few from Canada too. What, I ask you, is the wisdom of taking steps for discouraging the cutworm and abating the gipsy moth when our Government permits these two-legged varmints to go abroad freely and pollute shrines and wonder places with their scratchings, and give the nations over there a perverted notion of what the real human beings on this continent are like?

For the tourist who has wearied of picture galleries and battlegrounds and ruins and abbeys, studying other tourists provides a pleasant way of passing many an otherwise tedious hour. Certain of the European countries furnish some interesting types—notably Britain, which produces a male biped of a lachrymose and cheerless exterior, who plods solemnly across the Continent wrapped in the plaid mantle of his own dignity, never speaking an unnecessary word to any person whatsoever. And Germany: From Germany comes a stolid gentleman who usually is shaped like a pickle mounted on legs, and is so extensively and convexedly eyeglassed as to give him the appearance of something that is about to be served *sous cloche*.

The Gentleman of the Celluloid Cuffs

CAPARISONED in strange garments, he stalks through France or Italy with an umbrella under his arm, his nose being buried so deeply in his guidebook that he has no time to waste on the scenery or the people; whilst, some ten paces in the rear, his wife staggers along in his wake, her skirts dragging in the dust and her arms pulled half out of their sockets by the weight of the heavy bundles and bags she is bearing. This person, when traveling, always takes his wife and much baggage with him—or, rather, he takes his wife and she takes the baggage; the same by Continental standards being regarded as an equal division of burdens.

However, for variety and individual peculiarity our own land offers the largest assortment in the tourist line, this perhaps being due to the fact that Americans do more traveling than any other race. I think that in our rambling we must have encountered pretty nearly all the known species of tourists—ranging from sane and sensible persons, who had come to Europe to see and to learn and to study, clear on down through various ramifications to those who had left their homes and firesides to be uncomfortable and unhappy in far lands, merely because somebody once told them they should travel abroad. They were in Europe for the reason that people run to a fire—not because they care for a fire, but because so many others are running to it.

I remember, with especially vivid distinctness, two individuals, one an elderly gentleman from somewhere in the Middle West, and the other an old lady who plainly hailed from the South. We met the old gentleman in Paris and the old lady some weeks later in Naples. Though the weather was moderately warm in Paris that week, he wore red woolen wristlets down over his hands; and he wore, also, celluloid cuffs, which rattled musically, with very large moss-agate buttons in them; and for ornamentation his watch chain bore a flat watch key, a secret-order badge big enough to serve as a hitching weight, and a peach stone carved to look like a fruit basket.

Everything about him suggested chewing tobacco and fried mush for breakfast. His whiskers were cut after a pattern I had not seen in years and years; in my mind such whiskers were associated with those happy and long-distant days of childhood when we yelled Supe! at a stage-hand and cherished Old Cap Collier as a model of what—if we had any luck—we would be when we grew up. By rights he belonged in the second act of a rural Indiana play of a generation or two ago; but here he was, wandering disconsolately through the Louvre. He had come over to spend four months, he told us, with a saddened heave of the breath, and he still had two months of it unspent; and he did not know how he was going to live through it.

The old lady was in the great National Museum at Naples, fluttering about like a distracted little brown hen. She was looking for the Farnese Bull. It seemed that her niece in Knoxville had told her the Farnese Bull was the finest thing in the statuary line to be found in all Italy, and until she had seen that she was not going to see anything else. She had got herself separated from the rest of her party and she was wandering about alone, seeking information regarding the whereabouts of the Farnese Bull from smiling but uncomprehending custodians and doorkeepers.

Those persons she would address at the top of her voice. Plainly she suffered from a delusion, which is very common among our people, that if a foreigner does not understand you when addressed in an ordinary tone he will surely get your meaning if you screech at him. When we had gone some distance farther and were in another gallery, we could still catch the calliope-like notes of the little old lady as she besought some one to lead her to the Farnese Bull.

That she came right out and spoke of the Farnese Bull as a bull, instead of referring to him as a gentleman cow, was evidence of the extent to which travel had enlarged her vision, for with half an eye any one could tell she belonged to that period of our social development when certain honest and innocent words were supposed to be indelicate—that she had been reared in a society in which the ideal of a perfect lady was one who could say limb without thinking leg!

I hope she found her bull; but I imagine she was disappointed when she did find it. I know I was. The sculpturing may be of a very high order—the authorities agree that it is—but I judge the two artists to whom the group is attributed carved the bull last and ran out of material, and so skimped him a bit. The unfortunate Dirce, who is about to be bound to his horns by the sons of Antiope, the latter standing by to see that the boys make a good, thorough job of it, is larger really than the bull. You can picture the lady carrying off the bull, but not the bull carrying off the lady.

The Domestic Relations of Apollo Belvedere

NUMEROUSLY encountered are the tourists who are doing Europe under a time limit as exact as the schedule of a limited train. They go through a country on a dead run, being intent on seeing it all, and therefore seeing none of it. They cover ten countries in the space of time a sane person gives to one; after which they return home exhausted, but triumphant. I think it must be months before some of them quit panting, and certainly their poor, misused feet can never again be the feet they were.

With them adherence to the time card is everything. If a look at the calendar shows the day to be Monday they know they are in Munich, and as they lope along they get out their guidebooks and study the chapters devoted to Munich; but if it be Tuesday, then it is Dresden, and they give their attention to literature dealing with Dresden, seeing Dresden after the fashion of one sitting before a runaway moving-picture film.

Then they pack up and depart, galloping for Prague with their tongues hanging out, for Wednesday is Prague and Prague is Wednesday—the two terms are synonymous and interchangeable. Surely to such as these the places they have visited must mean as much to them afterward as the labels upon their trunks mean to the trunks—just flimsy names pasted on, all confused and overlapping, and certain to be scraped off in time, leaving nothing but faint marks on an indurated surface.

There is yet another type, always of the female gender and generally middle-aged and very school-teacherish in aspect, who, in company with a group of kindred spirits, is viewing Europe under a contract arrangement by which a worn and wearied-looking gentleman, a retired clergyman usually, acts as escort and mentor for a given price. I do not know how much he gets a head for this job; but whatever it is he earns it ninety-and-nine times over. This lady tourist is much given to missing trains and getting lost and having disputes with natives, wearing rubber overshoes and asking strange questions—but let me illustrate with a story I heard.

The man from Cook's had convoyed his party through the Vatican until he brought them to the Apollo Belvedere. As they ranged themselves wearily about the statue he rattled off his regular patter, without pause or punctuation:

"Here we have the far-famed Apollo Belvedere, found in the fifteenth century at Frascati, purchased by Pope Julius the Second, restored by the great Michelangelo, taken away by the French in 1797 but returned in 1815, made of Carrara marble, holding in his hand a portion of the bow with which he slew the Python. Observe, please, the beauty of the pose, the realistic attitude of the limbs, the noble and exalted expression of the face of Apollo Belvedere; being known also as Phœbus, the god of oracles, the god of music and medicine, the son of Leto and Jupiter ——"

Here he ran out of breath and stopped. For a moment no one spoke. Then from a flat-chested little spinster came this query in tired yet interested tones:

"Was he—was he married?"

He who is intent on studying the effect of foreign climes on the American temperament should by no means overlook the colonies of resident Americans in the larger European cities, particularly the colonies in such cities as Paris, Rome and Florence. In Berlin the American colony is largely made up of music students, and in Vienna of physicians; but in the other places many folks of many minds and many callings constitute the groups.

Some few have left their country for their country's good, and some have expatriated themselves because, as they explain in bursts of confidence, living is cheaper in France than it is in America. I suppose it is, too, if one can only become reconciled to doing without most of the comforts that make life worth while in America, or anywhere else. Included among this class are many rather unhappy-looking old ladies, who somehow impress you as having been shunted off to foreign parts because there were no places for them in the homes of their children and grandchildren. So now they are spending their last years among strangers, trying with desperate eagerness to be interested in people and things for which they really care not a fig, with no home except a cheerless *pension*.

It Must be Months Before Some of Them Quit Panting

Kind Inquiries for Uncle Champ Root

ALSO, there are certain folks—products, in the main, of the Eastern seaboard—who, from having originally lived in America and spent most of their time abroad, have now progressed to the point where they live mostly abroad and visit America fleetingly once in a blue moon. As a rule these persons know a good deal about Europe and very little about the country that gave them birth. The stock talk of European literature is at their tongue's tip. They speak of Ibsen in the tone of one mourning the passing of a near, dear, personal friend; and as for Zola—ah, how they miss the influence of his compelling personality! But, for the moment, they cannot recall whether Richard K. Fox ran the Police Gazette or wrote The Trail of the Lonesome Pine.

They are up on the history of the Old World. From memory they trace the Bourbon dynasty from the first copper-distilled Charles to the last sour-mashed Louis; but, as regards our own Revolution, they are not really sure whether it was started by the Boston Tea Party or Mrs. O'Leary's Cow. Languidly they inquire whether that quaint Iowa character, Uncle Champ Root, is still speaker of the House? And so the present Vice-President is named Elihu Underwood? Or isn't he? Anyway, American politics is such a bore! But they stand ready, at a moment's notice, to furnish you with the names, dates and details of all the marriages that have taken place during the last twenty years in the Royal House of Denmark.

Some day we shall learn a lesson from Europe. Some fair day we shall begin to exploit our own historical associations. We shall make shrines of the spots where Washington crossed the ice to help end one war and where Eliza did the same thing to help start another. We shall erect stone markers showing where Charley Ross was last seen and Carrie Nation was first sighted. We shall pile up tall monuments to Sitting Bull, Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, and the man who invented the spit ball. Perhaps then these truant Americans will come back from Paris and Florence and stay with us longer. Meantime, though, they will continue to abide on the other side. And, on second thought, possibly it is just as well for the rest of us that they do.

In Europe I met two persons, born in America, who were openly distressed over that shameful circumstance and could never forgive their thoughtless and inconsiderate parents for it. One was living in England and the other was living in France. One was a man and the other was a woman; and both of them were avowedly regretful that they had not been born elsewhere, which, I should say, ought to make the sentiment unanimous.

I also heard—at second hand—of a young woman whose father served this country in an ambassadorial capacity at one of the principal

Studying Other Tourists Provides a Pleasant Way of Passing Many a Tedious Hour

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And the results of his work are contained in a detailed report which represents unquestionably the most accurate and exhaustive information along these lines ever produced. It is full of meat and money-saving for every man who operates a package or passenger business, whether with horses or trucks.

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The illustration shows a Federal now operated by J. W. West between Idaho Springs and Alice, Colorado.

The road is a rough, mountainous trail, used principally by pack-horses. The rise from Idaho Springs to Alice is 2,700 feet in a distance of eleven miles, the maximum altitude being 10,500 feet.

The truck carries seven passengers, and about 2,700 pounds of express and mail. It is the standard Federal, having been driven right off the floor of our Denver dealer. And it actually paid for itself from its earnings in less than nine months.

Incidentally, Mr. West was advised by many truck dealers that no motor-vehicle could handle the work; and he purchased the Federal on our direct recommendation.

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Continental courts until the Administration at Washington had a lucid interval and endeared itself to the hearts of practically all Americans residing in that country by throwing a net over him and yanking him back home; and this same young woman was so fearful lest some one might think she cherished some affection for her native land that once, when a legation secretary manifested a desire to learn the score of the deciding game of a World's Series between the Giants and the Athletics, she spoke up in the presence of witnesses and said:

"Ah, baseball! How can any sane person be excited over that American game? Tell me—some one, please—how is it played?"

Yet she was born and reared in a town that for a great many years has held a membership in the National League. Let us pass on to a more pleasant topic.

Let us pass on to those well-meaning but temporarily misguided persons who think they are going to be satisfied with staying on indefinitely in Europe. They profess to be amply pleased with the present arrangement; for, no matter how patriotic one may be, one must concede—mustn't one?—that for true culture one must look to Europe. After all, America is a bit crude—isn't it? Of course, some time—say in two or three years from now—they will run across to the States again; but it will be for a short visit only. After Europe, one can never be entirely happy elsewhere for any considerable period of time! And so on, and so forth.

As you mention in an offhand way the fact that Cedar Bluff has a modern fire station now, or that Tulsanooga is going to have a Great White Way of its own, there are eyes that light up with a wistful light. And when you state casually that Polkdale is planning a civic center, with the new county jail at one end and the Carnegie Library at the other, lips begin to quiver under the weight of sentimental emotion. And a month or so later, when you take the ship that is to bear you home, you find those native sons of Polkdale and Tulsanooga on board too.

Returning, a chastened spirit pervades the traveler. He is not quite so much inclined to be gay and blithesome as he was when going. The holiday is over; the sightseeing is done; the letter of credit is worn and emaciated. He has been broadened by travel, but his pocketbook has been flattened. He would not take anything for this trip, and as he feels at the present moment he would not take it again for anything!

Time for Casting Up

It is a time for casting up and readjusting. Likewise it is a good time for going over, in the calm, reflective light of second judgment, the purchases he has made for personal use and gift-making purposes. These things seemed highly attractive when he bought them, and when displayed against a background of home surroundings will no doubt be equally impressive; but just now they appear as rather a sad collection of junk. His English box coat does not fit him any better than any other box would. His French waistcoats develop an unexpected garishness on being displayed away from their native habitat, and the writing outfit he picked up in Vienna turns out to be faulty and treacherous and inkily tearful. How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a fountain pen—that weeps! And why, when a fountain pen makes up its mind to cry a spell, does it crawl clear across a steamer trunk and bury its sobbing countenance in the bosom of a dress shirt?

The picture of the Colosseum, bathed in the Italian moonlight, will ever abide in his mind; but he would give a good deal for a large double airloin suffocated, Samuel J. Tilden style, with fried onions. Beefsteak! Ah, what sweet images come thronging at the very mention of the word! The sea vanishes magically and before his entranced vision he sees The One Town, full of regular fellows and real people!

Somebody is going to have fried ham for supper—five thousand miles away he sniffs the delectable perfume of that fried ham as it seeps through a crack in the kitchen window and wafts out into the street—and the word passes round that there is going to be a social session down at the lodge to-night, followed, mayhap, by a small sociable game of quarter-limit upstairs over Gilbert's drug store.

At this point our traveler rummages his Elks button out of his trunk and gives it an affectionate polishing with a silk handkerchief. And oh, how he does long for a look at a home newspaper—packed with

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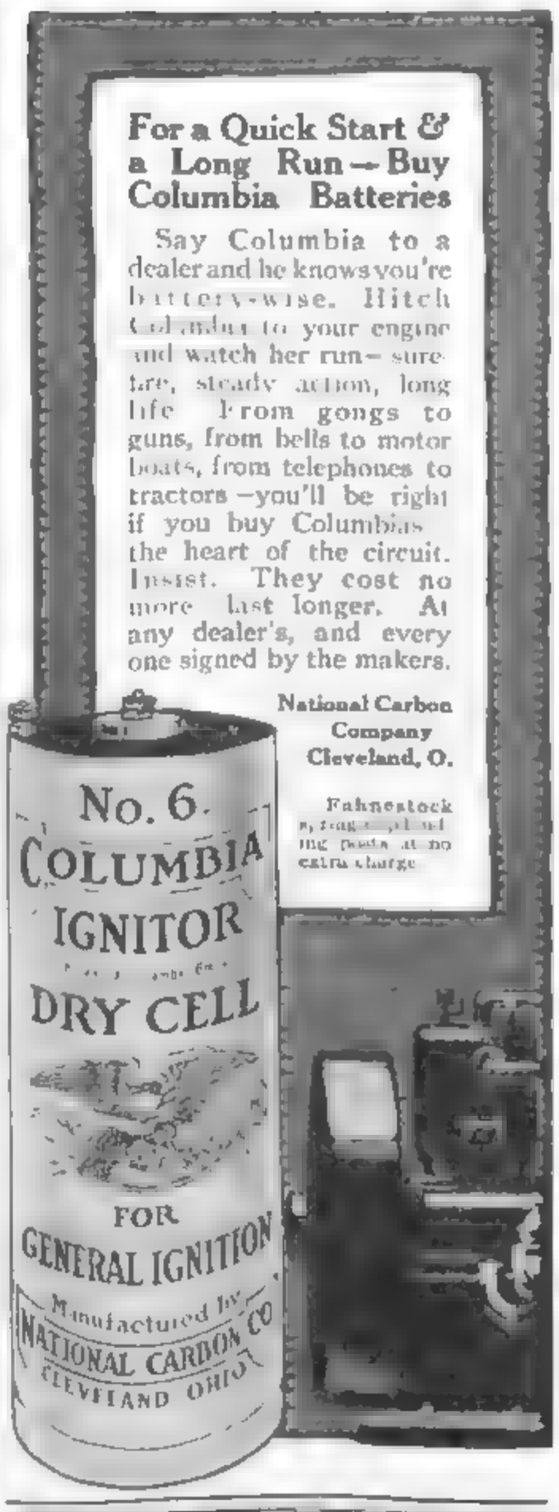
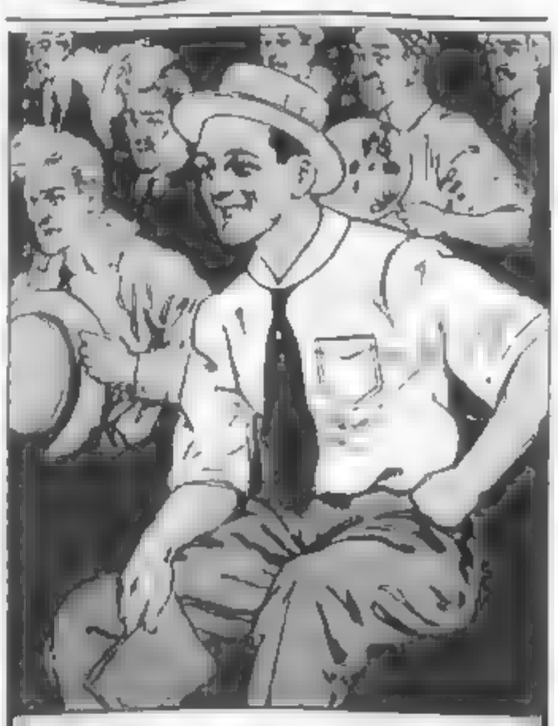
Fahnestock [illegible] at no extra charge





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We pay particular attention to the manufacture of soft summer shirts. The [illegible] assortment includes a large variety of styles and patterns. Some have flat collars, others have collars to match. [illegible] They are cut with special regard to style, comfort and service and finished with painstaking care

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The Safety [illegible]

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Don't take "any oil"—look for the Wolf's Head

To many, oil is just oil; otherwise no man would, knowingly, use poor oils (which cost as much as the best) and lower the resale value of his car perhaps several hundred dollars in a year. That is why the use of

WOLF'S-HEAD OIL

is really motor insurance. It is free from the carbon that scores cylinders, ruins valves, soots spark plugs and reduces a motor's value. It burns away without residue and maintains its lubricating body at high temperatures.

Does not the reputation of these manufacturers, who have tested and endorsed Wolf's-Head Oil, satisfy you of its superiority?

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Locomobile
[illegible] Truck
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Co.
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Sterling Engine Co.
Continental Motor Co
[illegible] of engines for over a dozen American Motor vehicles
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If you are interested in prolonging your motor's life and enjoying immunity from engine troubles, you will

Send for our Book on Lubrication

in which are also included letters from the above concerns.

Wolf's-Head Oil is made in bodies to suit every motor.

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Branches: **Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Utica Pittsburgh, Detroit, Washington, Jacksonville**

Distributors

W. P. Fuller & Co., San Francisco, Cal.
For [illegible], Australia and New Zealand
Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co., Limited, Montreal, and branches
Buhl Sons Co., Detroit, Mich.
James Morgan Hook & [illegible], Minneapolis, Minn.
[illegible] Hose & Rubber Co., Denver, Colo.
[illegible] & Supply Co., Ogden, Utah
[illegible] & Supply Co., Omaha, Neb.
The Equipment [illegible], Salt Lake City, Utah
Oshkosh Belting Supply Co., Memphis, Tenn.
[illegible] Co., Augusta, Ga.
Southern Hardware & Woodstock Co.
New Orleans, La.

wrecks and police news and municipal scandals, and items about the persons one knows, and chatty mention concerning congressmen and gunmen and tango teachers and other public characters!

Thinking it all over in the quiet and privacy of the empty sea, he realizes that his evening paper is the thing he has missed most. To the American understanding, foreign papers seem fearfully and wonderfully made. For instance, German newspapers are much addicted to printing their more important news stories in cipher form. The German treatment of a suspected crime, for which no arrests have yet been made, reminds one of the jokes that used to appear a few years ago in the back part of Harper's Magazine, where a good story was always being related of Bishop X, residing in the town of Y, who, calling one afternoon on Judge Z, said to Master Egbert, the pet of the household, aged four, and so on. A German newspaper will daringly state that Banker ——, president of the Bank of ——, at ——, who is suspected of sequestering the funds of that institution for his own uses, is reported to have departed by stealth for the city of ——, taking with him the wife of Herr ——.

And such is the high personal honor of the average Parisian news gatherer that one Paris morning paper, which specializes in actual news as contradistinguished from other Paris papers which rely on political screeds to fill their columns, locks its doors and disconnects its telephones at eight o'clock in the evening, so that reporters coming in after that hour must stay in until press time, lest some of them—such is the fear—will peddle the more exclusive stories off to less enterprising contemporaries.

Things the English Understand

Of course, when all is said and done, the returning tourist, if he be at all fair-minded, is bound to confess to himself that, no matter where his steps or his round-trip ticket may have carried him, he has seen in every country institutions and customs his countrymen might copy to their benefit, immediate or ultimate. Having beheld these things with his own eyes, he knows that from the Germans we might learn some much-needed lessons about municipal control and conservation of resources; from the French and the Austrians about rational observance of days of rest, and rational enjoyment of simple outdoor pleasures, and respect for great traditions and great memories; from the Italians about the blessed faculty of keeping in a good humor; and from the English about minding one's own business, the sane rearing of children, obedience to the law, and the suppression of unnecessary noises.

Whenever I think of this last God-given attribute of the British race I shall recall a Sunday we spent at Brighton, the favorite seaside resort of middle-class London. Brighton was fairly bulging with excursionists that day. A good many of them were bucolic visitors, but one could plainly see that the majority hailed from the city. No steam carrousel shrieked; no ballyhoo blared; no steam piano babbled; no barker barked. On the piers stretching out into the surf bands played soothingly softened airs, and along the water front sand artists and so-called minstrel singers plied their arts. Some of the visitors fished, without catching anything; some listened to the music; some strolled aimlessly or sat stolidly on benches enjoying the sea air. To an American, accustomed at such places to din and tumult and rushing crowds, dangerous devices for taking one's breath and sometimes one's life, it was a strange experience, but a mighty restful one.

On the other hand, there are some things wherein we notably excel—entirely too many for me to undertake to enumerate them here; still, I think I might be pardoned for mentioning here one detail in which, so far as I can judge, we lead the whole of the Old World—dentistry. Probably you have seen frequent mention in English publications about decayed gentlewomen. Well, England is full of them. It starts with the teeth.

Arrives a day when you develop a growing distaste for the company of your kind; or, in fact, of any kind. 'Tis a day when the sea, grown frisky, kicks up its nimble heels and tosses its frothy mane.

At such a time the companionship of others palls on one. It is well then to retire to the privacy of one's stateroom and recline for a while. I did a good deal of reclining coming back; I was not exactly

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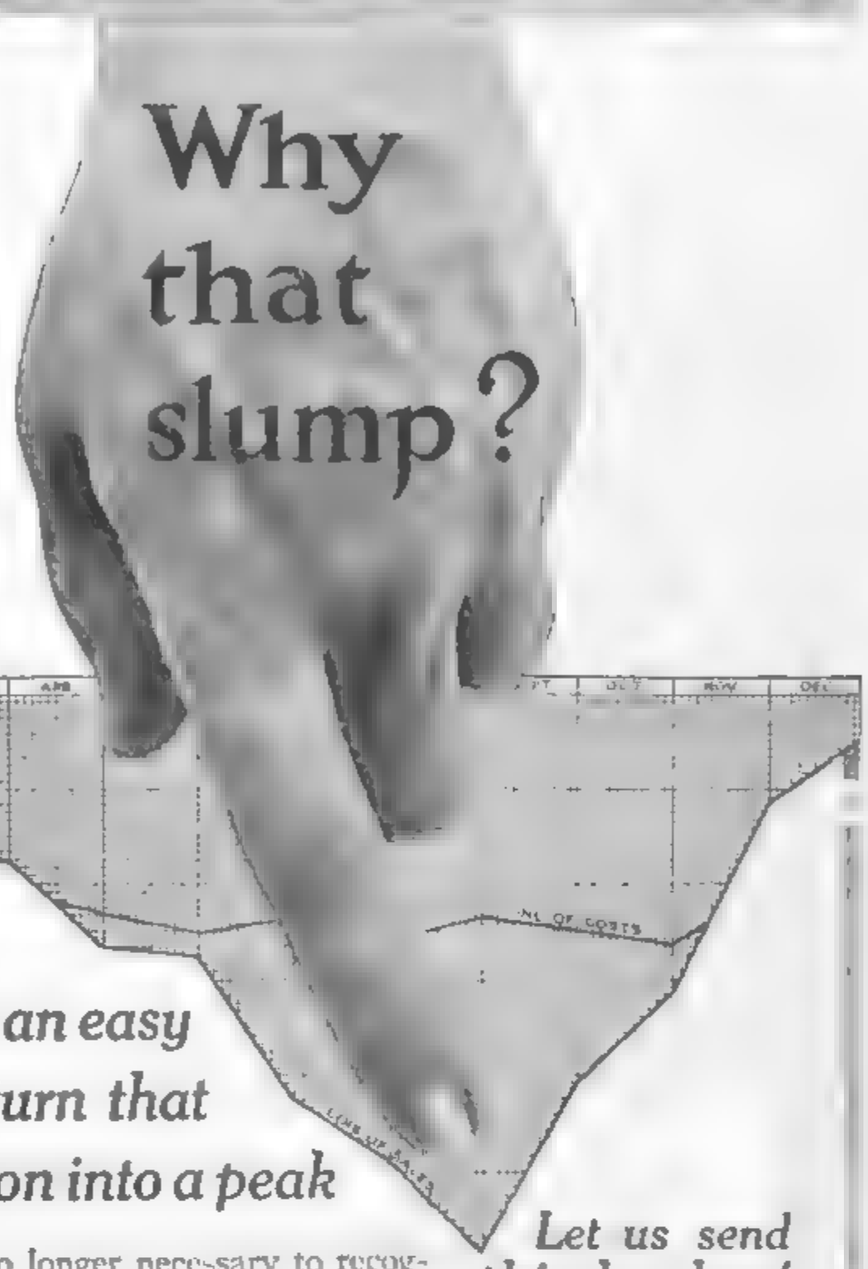

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Write today and let us tell you how the Wales is used by thousands of business men not only as a means of saving money in the bookkeeping department, but also as a means of making more money in planning and conducting their business as a whole.

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Let us send this book of antidotes for dull business.

If you are a merchant, seeking every possible way to turn over your stock more quickly and profitably—

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If you are a banker, seeking to organize, classify and analyze the data you must have to successfully gauge the requirements of your community and your clientele—

If you are a manager, or a department head, or a responsible executive in any business, and are seeking quicker and more accurate information for the more successful conduct of that business, you [illegible] addition to the WALES EASY WAY LIBRARY.

Dictate a letter or tear off the corner and mail.

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Prices $175.00 up
A Wales for every purse and purpose
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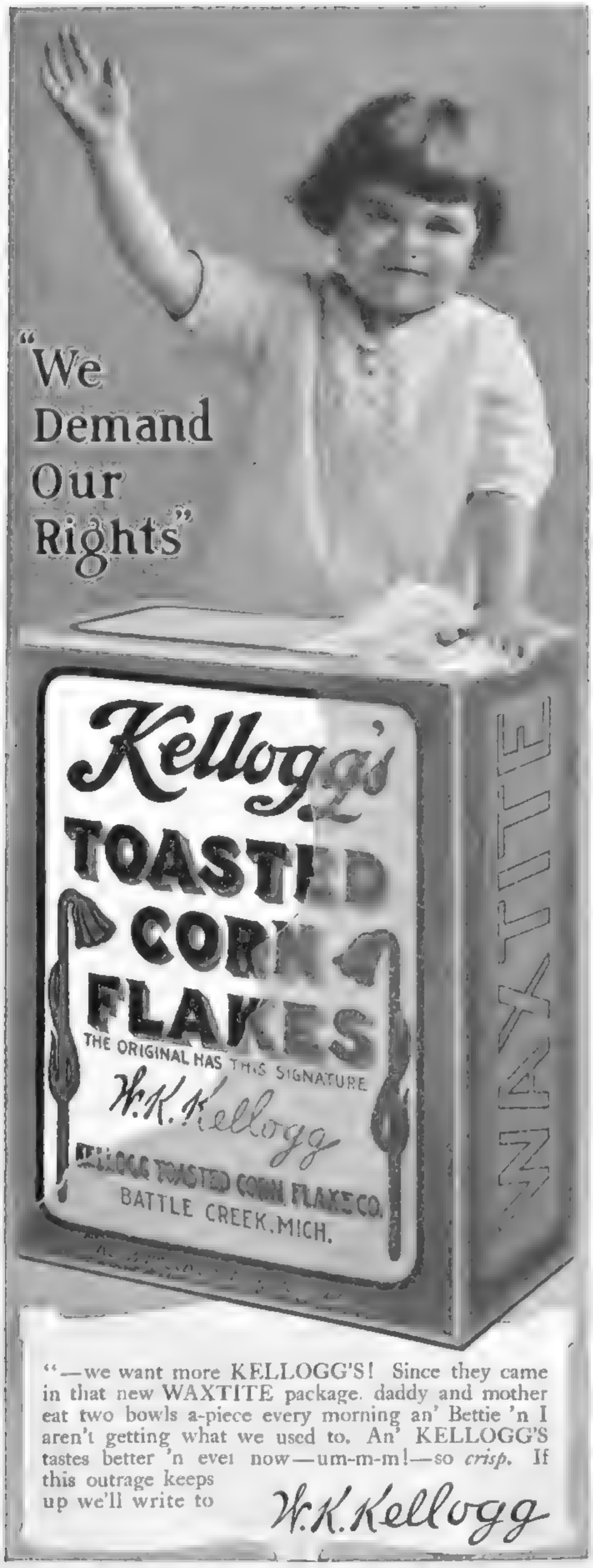

"—we want more KELLOGG'S! Since they came in that new WAXTITE package, daddy and mother eat two bowls a-piece every morning an' Bettie 'n I aren't getting what we used to. An' KELLOGG'S tastes better 'n ever now—um-m-m!—so *crisp*. If this outrage keeps up we'll write to W. K. Kellogg

happy while reclining, but I was happier than I should have been in doing anything else. Besides, as I reclined there on my cozy bed, a medley of voices would often float in to me through the half-open port; and I could visualize the owners of those voices as they sat ranged in steamer chairs along the deck. I quote:

"You Raymund! You get down off that rail this minute!" . . . "My dear, you just ought to go to mine! He never hesitates a minute about operating and he has the loveliest manners in the operating room. Wait a minute—I'll write his address down for you. Yes; he is expensive, but very, very thorough!" . . . "Stew'd, oh stew'd, bring me nozher brand'-'n'-sozza!" . . . "Well, now, Mr. —— Excuse me! I didn't catch your name. Oh, yes—Mr. Blosser. Well, Mr. Blosser, if that isn't the most curious thing! To think of us meeting away out here in the middle of the ocean and both of us knowing Maxie Hockstein in Grand Rapids! It only goes to show one thing—this certainly is a mighty small world!" . . . "Raymund! Did you hear what I said to you?"

Voices From the Deck Chairs

"Do you really think it is becoming? Thank you for saying so. That's what my husband always says. He says that white hair with a youthful face is so attractive—and that's one reason why I've never touched it up. Touched-up hair is so artificial—don't you think?" . . . "Wasn't the Bay of Naples just perfectly swell—the water, you know, and the land and the sky and everything—so beautiful and everything?"

"You Raymund! Come away from that lifeboat! Why don't you sit down there and behave yourself, and have a nice time watching for whales?" . . . "No, ma'am; if you're askin' me I must say I didn't care so much for that art-gallery stuff jest a lot of pictures and statutes and junk, and things like that, so far as I noticed; in fact the whole thing—Yurupp itself—was considerable of a disappointment to me. I didn't run acrost a single Knights of Pythias lodge the whole time, and I was over there five months straight, hand runnin'!"

"Really, I think it must be hereditary; it runs in our family. I had an aunt and her hair was snow-white at twenty-one; and my grandmother was exactly the same way too!". . . "Oh, yes; the suffering is something terrible! You've had it yourself in a mild form; and, of course, you know. The last time they operated on me I was on the table an hour forty minutes—mind you, an hour forty minutes by the clock! And for three days and nights they didn't know whether I would live another minute!"

A crash of glass!

"Stew'd, I ashidently turn' over m' drink—bring me nozher brand'-'n'-sozza!" . . . "Just a minute, Mr. Blosser; I want to tell my husband about it—he'll be awful interested. Say, listen, poppa! This gentleman here knows Maxie Hockstein out in Grand Rapids!" . . . "Do you think so, really? A lot of people have said that very same thing to me. They come up to me and say: 'I know you must be a Southerner, because you have such a true Southern accent.' I suppose I must come by it naturally, for, though I was born in New Jersey, my mother was a member of a very old Virginia family and we've always been very strong Southern sympathizers; and I went to a finishing school in Baltimore and was always being mistaken for a Southern girl!"

"Well, I sure had enough of it to do me for one spell. I seen the whole shootin' match and I don't regret what it cost me; but, believe me! little old Keokuk is goin' to look purty good to me when I get back there! Why, them people don't know no more about makin' a cocktail than a rabbit!" . . . "That's her standing yonder talking to the captain. Yes, that's what so many people say; but, as a matter of fact, she's the youngest one of the two. I say: 'These are my daughters.' And then people say: 'You mean your sisters, don't you?' Still, I married very young—at seventeen—and possibly that helps to explain it."

"Oh, is that a shark out yonder? Well, anyway, it's a porpoise; and a porpoise is a kind of shark, isn't it? When a porpoise grows up it gets to be a shark—I read that somewhere in a book. Ain't Nature just wonderful!". . . "Raymund Walter Pelham! If I have to speak to you again, young man, I'm going to take you to the stateroom

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THE Ensignette is a dainty little Camera which easily fits the vest pocket. It's always at hand—never in the way.

The tariff has permitted us to reduce the price from $7.50 to $6.00.

The Ensignette has been imitated in appearance, but its London made quality and reduced size are unique.

It takes pictures 1½ x 2¼, which enlarge perfectly and cheaply to post card size.

Any make of films of this size may be used.

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A Vacation Necessity

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Ensign Films are Non-Curlable and Double Instantaneous, and are guaranteed longer because they are made better.

Your dealer sells Ensign Cameras and Films. If substitutes are offered, write us.

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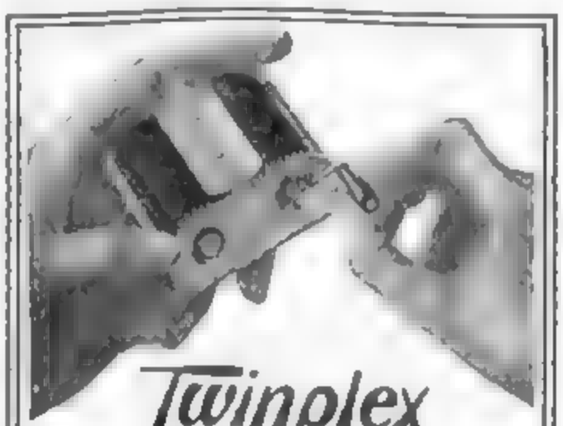

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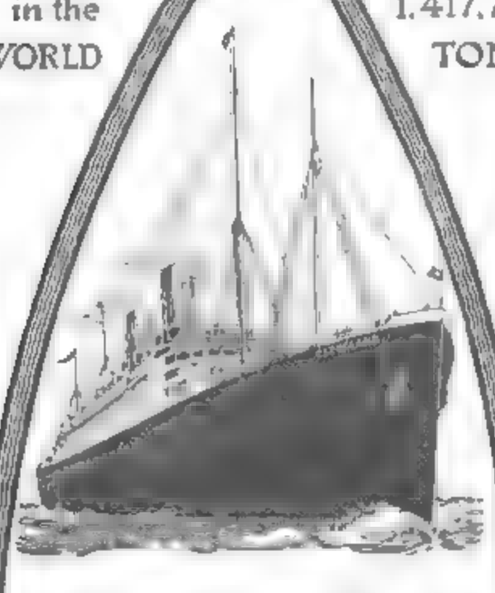

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and give you something you won't forget in a hurry!" . . . "Stew'd, hellup me gellup!"

Comes the last day. Dead ahead lies a misty, threadlike strip of dark blue, snuggling down against the horizon, where sea and sky merge. You think it is a cloud bank until somebody tells you the glorious truth. It is the Western Hemisphere—your Western Hemisphere! It is New England. Nearer and nearer draws that blessed dark-blue strip. Ah! Breathes there the man with soul so dead Who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land! Certainly not! A man with a soul so dead as that would be taking part in a funeral, not in a sea voyage. On your lips a word hangs poised. What a precious sound it has! What new meanings it has acquired!

Forward on the lower deck the immigrants cluster, chattering a magpie chorus in many tongues. The four-and-twenty blackbirds that were baked in a pie without impairment of their vocal organs have nothing on them. Most of the women were crying when they came aboard at Naples or Palermo or Gibraltar. Now they are all smiling. Their dunnage is piled in heaps, and the sailors, busy with ropes and chains and things, stumble over it and swear big, round German oaths.

Why, gracious! We are actually off Sandy Hook! Dear old Sandy—how one loves those homely Scotch names! The Narrows are nigh; and Brooklyn, the City Beautiful, awaits us round the second turn to the right. The pilot boat approaches. Brave little craft! Gallant pilot! Do you suppose, by any chance, he has brought any daily papers with him? He has—hurrah for the thoughtful pilot! Did you notice how much he looked like the pictures of Santa Claus?

We move on more slowly and twice again we stop briefly. The quarantine officers have clambered up the side and are among us; and to some of us they give cunning little thermometers to hold in our mouths and suck on; and of others they ask chatty, intimate questions, with a view to finding out how much insanity there is in the family at present and just what percentage of idiocy prevails. Three cheers for the jolly old quarantine regulations! Even the advance guard of the customhouse is welcomed by one and all—or nearly all.

The Song of the Home-Coming

Between wooded shores, which seem to advance to meet her in kindly greeting, the good ship shoves ahead—for she is a good ship and later we shall miss her; but at this moment we feel that we can part from her without a pang. She rounds a turn in the channel. What is that mass which looms on beyond, where cloud-combing office buildings scallop the sky and bridges leap in far-flung spans from shore to shore? That's her, all right—the high-picketed gateway of the nation! That's little old New York!

Few are the art centers there and few the ruins; and perhaps there is not so much culture lying round loose as there should be—just bustle and hustle, the rush and crush and roar of business, and a large percentage of men who believe in supporting their own wives and one wife at a time. Crass perhaps, crude perchance in many ways, but no matter! All her faults are virtues now. Beloved metropolis, we salute thee! And also do we turn to salute Miss Liberty.

We slip past her and on past the Battery too; and now we are nosing up the North River. What a picturesque stream it is, to be sure! And how full of delightful rubbish! In twenty minutes or less we shall be at the dock. Folks we know are there now, waiting to welcome us.

As close as we can pack ourselves we gather in the gangways. Some one raises a voice in song. 'Tis not the Marseillaise Hymn we sing, or Die Wacht am Rhein, or Ave Maria, or God Save the King; nor yet is it Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean. In their proper places these are all good songs, but we know one more suitable to the occasion; and so we all join in. Hark! Happy voices float across the narrowing strip of roily water between ship and shore:

"'*Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,*"

Now, then, all together, mates:

"*Be it ever so humble, there's no place like* HOME!"

Editor's Note—This is the eleventh and last in a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb.

Here's to your good health and protection

Try this bath. It will make you feel ten years younger.

Draw half a tubful of warm water. Get in and apply Lifebuoy Health Soap freely, all over your body.

Watch the thick, creamy lather spring up. Rub it in well and enjoy the soft, refreshing "feel" of it.

See how the pure, cleansing cocoanut and red palm oils of which Lifebuoy is made cleanse the skin and open up the pores.

Then turn on the cold water, rinse and rub dry with coarse towel. Your skin will *glow and thrill with new life.* The antiseptic solution, which gives Lifebuoy its clean, wholesome odor, protects the skin. Use Lifebuoy regularly—be *safe* as well as clean.

Watch *your* skin improve with its use.

Get it from your grocer or druggist—the price is only 5 cents. If you do not find it readily send 5 cents (stamps or coin) for a big, generous cake to LEVER BROS. CO., Dept. 8, Cambridge, Mass.

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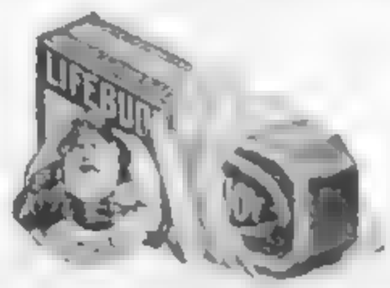
HEALTH SOAP



5c

Fireworks are dangerous but

This LOW PRICED pastime costs only a cent a stick! One five cent package is enough for the whole family!

Let this delicious gum cool and cleanse your mouth after smoking. Let it purify your breath instantly of tobacco, vegetable or other odors. Let it save you money!

If you buy it by the box each separately wrapped piece stays fresh until used making it ideal to keep for friends or family.

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Every package—every piece—reaches you as fresh and dainty as the minute it was made. No dampness or contamination can get at it, no matter *where* or *when* you buy it.

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5000 MILES

WE have always included in Ajax Tires factors which make for long life and real service, and during the past nine years we have continuously guaranteed *in writing* for 5000 miles every Ajax Tire we ever made. We mention this to prove that Ajax quality is not of recent discovery or origin. Miles are *built* into tires.

Ajax Tires alone are guaranteed in writing for 5000 miles, or 43% more than the implied life of standard makes. We determined early and steadfastly have held that Ajax Tires should be made with higher *in-built* quality to fully justify a written guarantee of 5000 miles.

The increasing appreciation for Ajax Tires has come as motorists share with us the confidence we have for the extra service offered.

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"While others are claiming Quality we are guaranteeing it."

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We make seven varieties in long, high grade Havana and Domestic filler hand rolled wrapper to sell at prices ranging from $3.00 to $7.50 per 100. Smoke a few at our risk.
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Simply send us $3.50 for 100 Admeras a Svenuch Panatela Clear Havana Filler packed 50 in a box. Unroll one—cut one open—smoke all you like. Then, if you are not delighted, we'll refund your money.
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We have been advertising in The Saturday Evening Post for 10 years. That means that the

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has made good during that time. A 6 cent pound of ordinary sugar with [illegible] turns into $3 worth of delicious fluffy [illegible] of daily profits [illegible] this wonder money maker. And it keeps on making [illegible] year after year with no expense [illegible] years of big money making experience back of it. Don't miss this opportunity. No experience necessary. Today is the day to get the facts. Write to Dept. P
Stevens Mfg. & Supply Co., Fisher Building, Chicago, Ill.

THE BONE DOCTOR

(Continued from Page 10)

In this case, of course, there wasn't any feeling of rivalry—not at first. The Verbena Stars were going out of their class. The crowd hoped they would make some sort of a showing and not be disgraced, but the real attraction was Jones. The home folks wanted to see him in action, now that he was a big leaguer and, as they figured it, a national celebrity.

Of course Jones had to make another grandstand entry, so there couldn't be any question about whom they were applauding. It wasn't possible for him to come in with the rest of us. We were all on the field before he came in sight, and marching beside him was a tall, long-haired man in a shiny frock coat and a slouch hat. I never saw him before in my life, but I recognized him right away—would have recognized him anywhere. He was the local orator, the official bazoo of the village. Every little town has to have a man like that to read the Declaration of Independence on the Fourth of July and do odd jobs of talking in between, which is about all the man is good for, as a rule. Usually these silver tongues get started wrong when they are kids and are named the Boy Orator of the Something-or-other, and it ruins 'em for life. This long-haired, limber-jawed specimen was called the Boy Orator of the Scioto, and he was Verbena's best bet in the windjamming stakes. To hand him all that is coming to him, I must say that when he got the eight parts of speech against the ropes he gave 'em an awful belting.

There was considerable cheering when Jones appeared, and the Boy Orator of the Scioto marched him out to the home plate and stopped. Of course we all gathered round in a half circle, the way ball players do when anything is coming off. The silver-tongue waited for the cheering to die out—you never saw one of 'em that really wanted it to stop—and then he passed his slouch hat to the bat boy, laid his right hand on Jones' shoulder, hoisted his left hand in the air, as though he was going to make a catch, and let fly with both barrels.

A stranger listening to that address would have got the idea that Jones was Mathewson, Ty Cobb, Theodore Roosevelt and Napoleon Bonaparte all rolled into one. In between flowery references to Jones—yes, he called him Verbena's favorite son—he gave us the history of baseball from the Garden of Eden down to date; and every little while he would slap Jones on the back and the cheering would bust loose again. The tough part of it was that the rest of us had to stand there and listen until the Boy Orator ran out of language, which he did about half an hour after he ran out of ideas. Jones took nine bows—I counted 'em—and we went back to practice, thankful that it was over.

The Verbena Stars were a rawboned, husky lot, and what they lacked in style they made up in main strength and awkwardness—fair fielders, but tremendous hitters. When they swung at a ball and landed they nailed a fence ticket on it.

When the game began I was still wondering what Murph had up his sleeve. Of course we all understood that some way or other Jones had to be trimmed for the good of his soul; but it bothered me to figure out how we were going to double-cross him without playing a rotten fielding game, and that would give him the best pitcher's alibi in the world—poor support. You can't say a whole lot to a losing pitcher when he starts telling you about the errors you made behind him. He's got the box score on his side and a box score is a powerful argument.

We went first to bat and the Verbena pitcher was good enough to make a goose egg look natural. He was a big, flat-footed, left-handed farmer's boy, with a neck about a foot long; but I've seen worse than him in the big league. He pitched more with his arm than his head; but he mixed 'em up pretty well, didn't tip his fast one, and had sense enough to keep it inside and across the letters. He fanned me in the first inning—fanned me on the level too. I went after the third one just to see what I could do with it, and the break fooled me.

When we went out one-two-three I thought the crowd would go crazy! They expected a slaughter from the start and the goose egg set 'em to rooting for the home team as well as cheering for Jones. Up to that time they had regarded the game as a walk-over for us; now they could see that we were just ordinary human beings.

Well, Jones strutted into the box, cheered to the echo; and every move was a picture. Pose? He posed all over the place. Everything had to be fancy. He couldn't even catch a ball without slapping it into his glove, a trick he learned from Pete Bogan, who is something of a grandstander himself. He laughed at the batters, joshed the umpire and kidded the crowd, and otherwise made a fool of himself. Along with everything else he had a sort of high and mighty air—superciliousness, I think they call it. I can't describe it any other way than to say that Jones looked at those Verbena batters as though he was just about to yawn and sort of blamed 'em for keeping him up. It's a trick that can be done with the nose and one eyebrow, and it's more insulting than a slap in the face.

Two of the Verbena Stars twinkled out in succession and then Mike Cassidy came up to the plate, lugging a thick black bat behind him.

"Please, mister," says he to Jones, taking off his cap, "pitch to me, if you'll be so kind and condescending. I'll try not to show you up."

The crowd couldn't hear what he said, but they laughed and that made Jones sore. He got the sign from Murph and then shook his head. You understand that the catcher signals the pitcher whether it shall be a fast ball or a curve. Murph called for the curve, but Jones shook his head. He was stuck on his fast one, anyway, and he wanted to use it to make Cassidy look cheap.

Well, Jones started to wind up and Cassidy was setting himself for his swing almost before the ball left Jones' hand. Cassidy didn't exactly tear the cover off that ball, but he did the next best thing—he hit the center-field fence with a line drive; and if it had been three feet higher it would have been a home run. He took a triple on it, but didn't score, for Jones fanned the next man.

"Murph," says Jones, when we got back to the bench, "it's been so long since you caught a game that you've forgot how to cover up your signs."

"Gwan!" says Murph. "I was covering up battery signs before you was born."

"That's just the point. It was so long ago that you've forgot how."

"What makes you think so, son?"

"I don't think. I know! Cassidy was set for that fast one before I let go of it. He knew it was coming and he hit it a mile."

"Rats! These rubes ain't smart enough to steal battery signs."

"Well, be more careful, will you?"

"Sure!" says Murph.

I'll have to explain about this sign-tipping business and why it's important.

The main advantage that the pitcher has over the batter isn't in his speed or in the break he can put on the ball. It's in the fact that the batter doesn't know until the ball has left the pitcher's hand whether it's a fast one or a curve; and that leaves him mighty little time for thought and action. He's got to judge the speed of the ball and figure whether it will break or not before he dares to swing at all.

Any time the batter knows in advance what sort of a ball the pitcher intends to throw him the advantage is on the other side. The best pitcher in the world can't beat a lot of men who know when to step in on a curve and—what's more important—when to dig their spikes in and set for the fast one. This is why we use coachers who have the knack of getting battery signals from the opposing catcher and flashing 'em to the hitters. A pitcher always knows by the way the batters act whether his signs are being tipped off or not; and when they are it's customary to switch to another code in the middle of an inning.

Give me a coacher who can steal battery signs and I'll beat a good pitcher with a weak-hitting club. It's the biggest advantage a team can have.

I didn't pay much attention to the argument between Murph and Jones. It sounded to me like the usual pitcher's alibi for Cassidy's long hit and I didn't take much stock in the theory that the rubes were getting the signs, but in the third inning I saw something that opened my eyes. We hadn't made any runs thus far and neither had the Stars. Jones had set 'em down one-two-three in the second inning and was pitching like a wild man.

The Verbena catcher led off in the third with a fluke bounder of the sort that looks

bad but is really as good as a better one. He reached first base on it and Jones gave me a bawl-out for letting it jump over my head. Then up came the flat-footed farmer-boy pitcher with the turkey neck and a bat like a telegraph pole: One strike. (Curve.) One ball. (Curve.) Two balls. (Curve.)

At this point the catcher started to steal. Murph juggled the ball just long enough to make it close and then whizzed it down to me. The umpire called the runner safe, which he was. I saw to that. Jones crabbed some more, and the crowd began to stamp and yell to the pitcher to win his own game. Up to this time Turkey-neck hadn't offered at a ball.

Murph gave the sign for the fast one, and that turkey-necked rube was winding up for his wallop before Jones ever let go of the ball! He hit it, too, with everything he had, freckles and all. I heard it buzz as it went over my head to center field; and but for the fence it would have been going yet. The Verbena catcher went tearing home with the first run, and pretty soon Turkey-neck came lumbering in to second, where he stopped. He couldn't run any better than most pitchers.

"That was some hit, boy," says I; "but how did you know the fast one was coming?"

Turkey-neck looked at me and pulled up his pants. Then he winked.

"A little bird told me," says he.

Jones and Murph had their heads together in the middle of the diamond and I strolled up to see what it was about.

"They're tipping the signs, I tell you!" says Jones. "You don't half cover 'em up!"

"We'll switch, then," says Murph. "Give 'em yourself after this; but, for heaven's sake, don't cross me! I ain't got but two good fingers on all my hands."

Well, they changed the code, Murph making a bluff at giving signs, but really taking 'em from Jones. The next hitter crawled up on top of the plate and flattened a curve ball; and the man following him set for the fast one and nearly knocked a leg off Bug Bellows with a drive down the first-base line.

A blind man could see that they were getting the signs and Jones stopped the game again while he told his troubles to Murph. The crowd jumped the floor out of the grandstand and asked him why he didn't get a telephone.

"Three runs! Three runs!" they yelled.

Then, when it was finally fixed up and a third set of signals was in operation, along came Cassidy to the bat. The switch in the signal code didn't bother him a bit. He let the curves go by, but he nailed the first fast ball for a double, scoring another run. Cassidy arrived at second base feet first and grinning.

"You'd better gag your catcher," says he, "or we'll run ourselves to death!"

Well, of course I knew Murph was mixed up in it somewhere, but I never thought he would use a method so simple and direct as that one. The old rascal had been squatting there in the very shade of the bats and telling those fellows what to wait for and what to take a slam at! No wonder he wanted to make the Verbena trip! No wonder he insisted on catching the game! No wonder he had been so chummy with the Verbena players at lunch!

The rest of the game was a joke to everybody but Jones. He nearly went into hysterics on the bench after the third inning; and in the fourth, with the bases full and two runs home, he swallowed the little lump which was all that was left of his pride and begged Murph to take him out of the box—yes, begged!

"This is Jones Day," says Murph; "and it looks like they're going to make it one that you'll remember. The big show is not yet half over."

"But what's the use?" whined Jonesy. "They've got the signs again!"

"Stay in and take it, my son!" says Murph. "It's bitter medicine, but it's good for what ails you. I wouldn't look round for an alibi if I was you. Stay and take it!"

And the crowd! You know what baseball fans are like. They're with you and for you just so long as you're winning, but the minute you hit the toboggan it's thumbs down and the sole of the foot for yours; and the more fuss they've made over you as a winner, the harder they hand it to you when you lose.

In the sixth inning, when the Stars had enough runs corded up to win a whole World's Series, the fans began to go after Jones, booing and hooting and yelling:

"Take him out! Give us a regular pitcher! He's rotten! Take him out! Phew!"

Just to make it more binding, the Boy Orator of the Scioto was standing on a chair shaking the wire netting and making more noise than anybody else, which goes to show you how far a public idol can fall in an hour and twenty minutes.

It was the last straw. The hostile demonstration against him upset Jones to such an extent that he couldn't have found the plate with a lantern; and after two bases on balls and one of the wildest of wild pitches ever seen in this world Murph sent him to the bench—and did it in such a way that the crowd hooted louder than ever. As a bone doctor Murph was certainly an allopath; no stingy little doses for him!

Oh, but it was a beautiful sight to see Jonesy leaving the diamond with his chest caved in against his backbone and his lower lip hanging like a red undershirt on a line! Everything about him seemed to have shrunk. He was a foot shorter; his shoulders sagged; his spikes dragged in the dirt; and if it hadn't been for his ears his cap would have fallen down over his eyes. He was the most pitiable-looking wreck I ever saw, and there wasn't pride enough left in him to stock a flea—a favorite son without a relation left in town!

Pete Bogan went in and struck out the next three men—it wouldn't do to let those farmers get too chesty; and when Jones saw that he slid off the bench and sort of faded out of sight, just evaporated, and nobody knew when or which way he went.

We gave the Stars a battle in the last three innings and the final score was eighteen to thirteen in favor of Verbena. They didn't make any runs after Jones was taken out. We rather thought the crowd would draw some conclusions from that.

When we left the park the open-faced hack with the four black horses was still waiting for Jones; but as he didn't show up and nobody knew where he was, and even the driver didn't seem to care, Cassidy, Murph and me rode back to the hotel in it.

We agreed that it was too good a joke to tell to common people.

We found Jones later, locked in his room, with the transom down; and it took Murph and seven members of the Reception Committee to persuade him that he really ought to attend the banquet in his honor.

He appeared at last, a little pale round the gills, but perfectly tame. A child could have handled him without any trouble. He didn't wear the full-dress suit and he acted as though he wanted to make himself as inconspicuous as possible. There was a lot of speech-making, of course—mostly collar-and-elbow stuff in glorification of the home team. The Boy Orator of the Scioto had to scratch his entry; he was so hoarse he could barely croak—and that helped some.

I didn't really feel sorry for Jones until old Sherwood got up to present the gold watch. He sympathized with Jones and slobbered over him considerable, and told him not to be down-hearted about his licking. He said it ought to be a comfort to Jones to remember that he came from a town where real ball players were developed; and that if he persevered—— And so on. Anybody can pour vinegar on a raw spot, but it takes a well-meaning fool to rub it in.

Poor Jones had to respond. He swallowed hard and began to mumble something about every pitcher having a bad day once in a while.

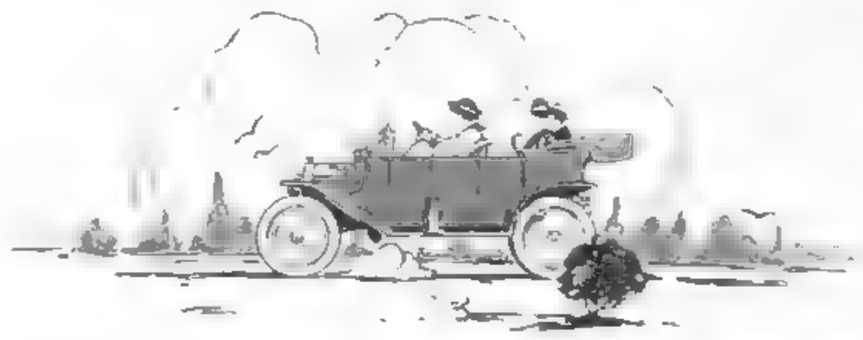
"Yeh," says Mike Cassidy, who was pretty well illuminated by this time; "we knew this was going to be yours, so we named it after you!"

Everybody roared, and Jones turned red and sat down without thanking 'em for the watch, which they noticed and commented on afterward.

We can't tell yet, of course; but we think that Doc Murph's bone-shrinking treatment will be a success. There is a wonderful improvement in Jonesy. He has a relapse now and then; but if he gets going too strong somebody is sure to ask him the time of day. That stops him.

Your Ford Car

Why it should be lubricated with Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"



IN lubricating Ford Cars, there are eight vital considerations. Each one must be met if the motor is to deliver its full power and be free from undue heat and wear.

These factors are:

(1) Speed, Bore and Stroke. Under the hood you have a small, high-speed motor. The Ford speed conditions demand oil of a different *body* from that demanded by low speed conditions. The body of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" meets this Ford need with scientific exactness.

(2) Piston Clearance. The Ford pistons are closely fitted. Each piston has two upper rings, and one lower ring and an oil groove. The lower ring tends to prevent a surplus of oil working into the combustion chamber, while the oil groove insures proper lubrication of the wrist pin. Engineering tests show that the body of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" forms the correct film for the Ford piston clearance.

(3) Lubricating System. The oil is supplied to the crank case. The connecting rods dip. All parts of the Ford motor are supplied by splash lubrication, requiring an oil which will atomize readily. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" has the scientifically-correct *body* to properly distribute to all the friction surfaces.

(4) Cooling. The Ford motor is water-cooled by the Thermo-Syphon system, and is equipped with two forward speeds. The continued use of low gear often causes overheating. For full protection, oil should be used which distributes freely to the heated frictional surfaces, as Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" does.

(5) Ignition. The Ford system of ignition is by low-tension magneto, located in the fly-wheel, employing a four unit coil of the vibrator type. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" will burn cleanly from ignition points—a most important consideration.

(6) Bearings. The Ford bearings are of the two-bolt type, brass with Babbitt lining, closely fitted. The correct *body* of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" enables it to properly reach all parts of the closely-fitted bearings.

(7) Carbon Deposit. To insure the least carbon under all conditions, an oil should be used whose only deposit will be of a dry, non-adhesive character—easily and naturally expelled through the exhaust. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E," if the proper level is maintained, will deposit little if any carbon in a Ford motor.

(8) Extreme Weather Conditions. On hot summer days you will sometimes see Fords running under overheated conditions, often due to faulty lubrication. Ford owners who use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" are free from this trouble, owing to the ability of the oil to absorb and radiate heat. On cold winter days oil is required of a fluidity which enables it to meet low-temperature conditions and permit ease in cranking the motor. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" completely fills these requirements.

Above we have said little about *quality*. The Vacuum Oil Company, recognized world-leaders in scientific lubrication, have been specialists in the manufacture of high grade lubricants for almost half a century.

We guarantee Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" to be fully up to the high standard demanded of all Gargoyle products.

It easily reaches all friction surfaces and gives thorough protection after distribution

In one case, however, Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" should *not* be used.

1910 Models. In the models of that year motor conditions were slightly different. For 1910 and earlier models use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for summer and Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic" for winter.

To Owners of Other Cars:

The analysis above is one of over 400 similar engineering studies of different American and foreign cars.

Whatever the make or model of your car, you can get the benefit of these analyses and our advice, based on them, from our complete Lubricating Chart. A copy will be mailed on request.

We will also mail you on request a pamphlet on the Construction, Operation and Lubrication of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail the common engine troubles and gives their causes and remedies.

It is safest to buy Gargoyle Mobiloils in original barrels, half-barrels and sealed five and one gallon cans. See that the red Gargoyle mark of manufacture is on the container

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A grade for each type of motor

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The Story of the Ten Associates

Three and a half years ago Ten Men of great affairs organized the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company.

They were ten men of character and standing in the community—Men whom you can readily look up through your Banker or any Mercantile Record.

Each in his respective line was a leader and many had won national reputations.

Each had builded solidly and enduringly upon the firm foundation of business integrity and fair profits.

They said, "Let us pool our resources; our manufacturing, merchandising and general business experience."

They said, "Let us pool our capital—$20,000,000 if it is needed."

They said, "Let us be content for a period with no profits, and, at best, small profits."

They said, "Let us combine with our own experience the best engineering talent—the most expert knowledge—that the automobile field has developed."

They said, "Let us build a motor car and a company that will outlive each and all of us."

They said, "Let us build slowly and well—let us build the highest quality at the lowest price."

The PAIGE of Yesterday

The Ten Associates made 300 Paiges three years ago.
This year they will build 13,000.

Paige sales have increased 167.9 per cent in the last two years.

This is the greatest growth in the history of the automobile industry for the past two years.

In three years Paige employes have grown from a mere handful of workmen to a veritable army.

In three years Paige dealers have increased from 39 to 1026.

In three years the Paige has grown from a small leased plant to the present mammoth factory with a capacity of 25,000 Paige cars a year.

In three years Paige sales have grown from $44,000 to $1,250,000 a month.

Today the Paige-Detroit is operating (as it always has operated) on ample capital backed dollar for dollar by tangible assets.

There is no issue of "good-will" or preferred stock on which dividends must be earned.

There is not a dollar's worth of bonded indebtedness upon which interest must be paid.

The Ten Associates are putting Paige dividends back into the Paige car.

The astounding growth of the Paige undisputably proves Paige *quality*. The Public does the buying. The Public, alone, must determine whether sales shall increase or decrease.

So the story of the Ten Associates—the story of the Paige—is more than the victory of ten men.

It is the triumph of a great principle—the principle of sound judgment, of sound, conservative business.

Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company
Detroit, Michigan

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"36" Glenwood Model—Gray & Davis Large Unit Electric System and complete equipment.

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Paige "25"—110-inch wheel base, fully equipped . . **$900**
With electric lighting and starting—$975.

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The PAIGE of 1915

The Paige "36" is, in many ways, a contradiction of so-called "Price Class" standards. In and on the Paige are mechanical principles and equipment found in no other cars below the $3000 mark.

"The **best** of automobile engineering practice—regardless of cost"—that has been the keynote of Paige construction. And—by rigidly adhering to this principle—Paige cars have been developed to a point of excellence that has earned them a reputation of being "unusual" motor car values.

The Paige of 1915 is a Paige of still greater refinement—still greater development—yet, the price remains unchanged.

Consider the following features carefully. You will find that they measure up to the Paige standard—"The **best** of automobile engineering practice—regardless of cost."

The Ten Cardinal Points of PAIGE Supremacy

Paige Motor

Paige motors have earned a reputation that is absolutely unassailable. To appreciate this power plant you must ride behind it—up hill, down dale, through heavy, clinging sand roads and over smooth, oiled boulevards. **Under all conditions,** the Paige motor runs smoothly, silently and willingly. This motor is the crowning achievement of the Paige engineers—the result of years of development and experiment.

Rear Axle

Our axle is built with excess strength; and the experience of Paige owners proves that it has been remarkably free from trouble. It is the floating type. There is no noise of gears—no hum when the car is running 20 miles per hour—no roar when it is going 40.

Noiseless Chain Drive

The noiseless chain drive for magneto, cam and pump shafts of the Paige motor is the greatest single factor in the elimination of mechanical noise. Engineers assert the noiseless chain is 15% more efficient than gears and maintains a mechanical efficiency of 98%. It costs twice as much as timing gears; and this principle is almost exclusively confined to the high priced field.

Cork Insert Multiple Disc Clutch

This type is admittedly the most expensive and most efficient. It is found almost invariably on highest priced cars. The Paige clutch runs in oil, and its velvety action relieves transmission, universal, axle and bearings from sudden and excessive strains.

Gray & Davis Large Unit Electric System

Paige is the only car below $3000 standardly equipped with the **large unit** Gray & Davis system. The smaller unit system is designed for cars in the Paige "price class," but we adopted the large and more expensive unit because it charges quicker—has a larger storage battery capacity—and, in its application on the Paige, uses less current in starting. This is a distinct "over value."

Oiling System

The Paige oiling system is automatic, requires no watching or adjustment, and is designed to make the motor as free as possible from carbonization. With this system it is absolutely **impossible for a Paige motor to smoke.**

Mayo Radiator

The Mayo honeycomb radiator is admittedly the most expensive and efficient built. It positively eliminates over-heating and it is established that this radiator requires less re-filling than any other. The Highest Priced Cars—Pierce-Arrows, Fiats and Locomobiles—equip with the Mayo.

Stewart Carburetor

We believe the Stewart Carburetor the most efficient obtainable. It is simplicity itself in construction—noiseless and positive in action under all weather conditions. There is but one adjustment—a lever on the dash. This adjustment facilitates the strictest economy in gasoline.

Ease of Operation

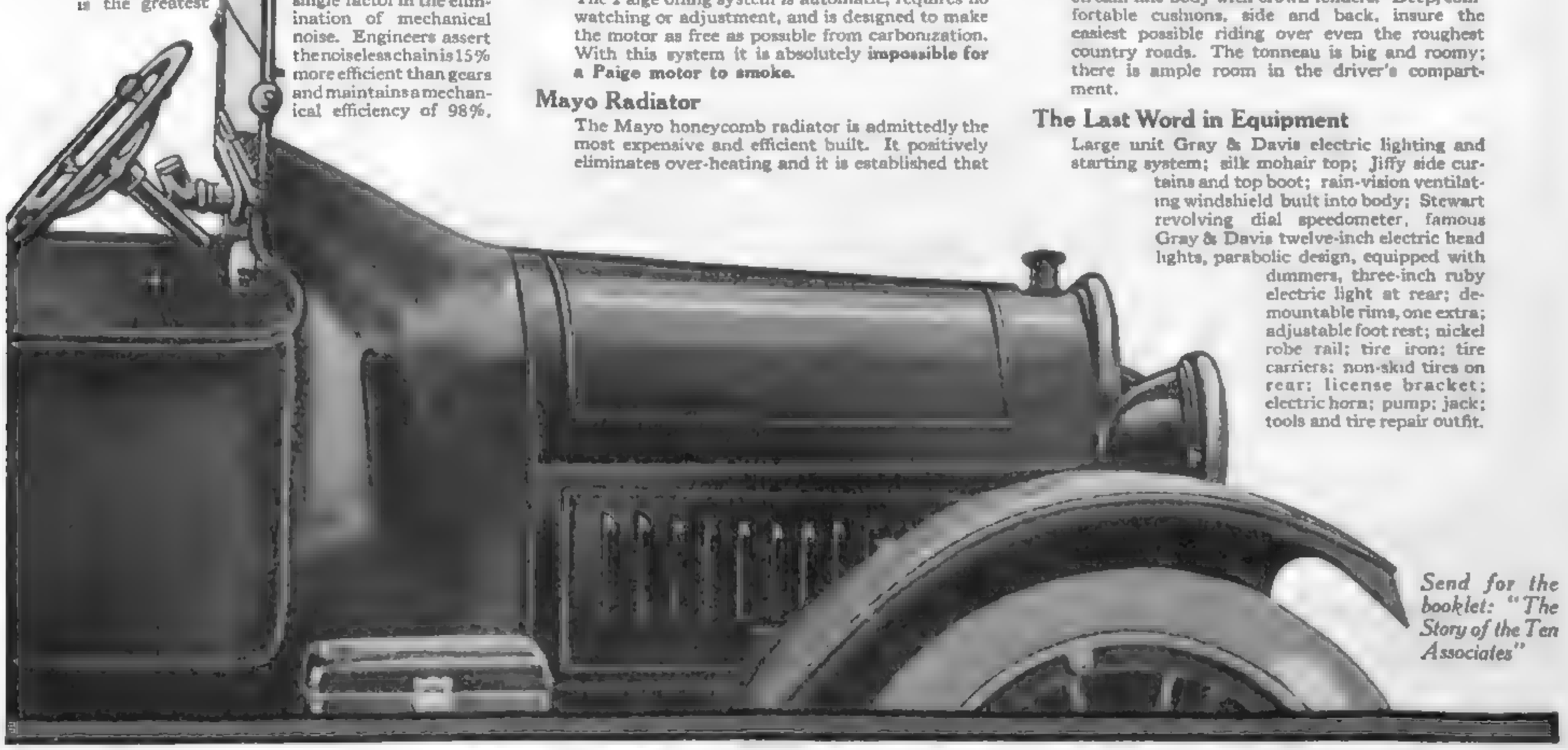
The accelerator pedal is smooth acting and steady. The lighting switch on the dash permits the turning off and on of the headlights and dimmers. The driver has a clear view of the speedometer, gasoline gauge, and ammeter.

Beauty and Luxury

In beauty of design; in dignity and luxury, the Paige is a true aristocrat. The design is a full stream line body with crown fenders. Deep, comfortable cushions, side and back, insure the easiest possible riding over even the roughest country roads. The tonneau is big and roomy; there is ample room in the driver's compartment.

The Last Word in Equipment

Large unit Gray & Davis electric lighting and starting system; silk mohair top; Jiffy side curtains and top boot; rain-vision ventilating windshield built into body; Stewart revolving dial speedometer, famous Gray & Davis twelve-inch electric head lights, parabolic design, equipped with dimmers, three-inch ruby electric light at rear; demountable rims, one extra; adjustable foot rest; nickel robe rail; tire iron; tire carriers; non-skid tires on rear; license bracket; electric horn; pump; jack; tools and tire repair outfit.



Send for the booklet: "The Story of the Ten Associates"

Firestone

Tires Again Won

The Honors on American Cars in the Most Severe Tire Test of the World—the 500-Mile International Sweepstakes at Indianapolis, May 30th

BARNEY OLDFIELD in a Stutz took first place among American Cars—one of the only two cars in the race using Firestone Tires—

at the Terrific Speed of 78.15 Miles per Hour

Yet two of Oldfield's Firestone Tires went through the 500-mile grind unchanged. He made only three changes in all.

Other cars changed as many as thirteen and fourteen tires.

This record, with the winning of First place in 1911 and First and Second places in 1913 by Firestones, in this world test of tires, should be a clear tire buying guide to you.

And Why Can You Get Firestone Quality—the World's Leader—at Only Average Prices?

Here are the Reasons:

The Law of Specialized Effort and—the Law of Volume.

Firestone builders are the World's Tire Specialists. You get the benefit of concentrated knowledge, experience and skill.

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Have the Nearest Dealer Supply You with Firestones

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"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

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Baby Educators are food rings for teething babies. Made from honey-sweetened cereals, baked hard. Real food—babies love them. Better than tasteless, foodless rubber rings.

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Sewage Disposal Without Sewer or Cesspool

A PERFECTLY sanitary system using nature's bacteria to purify and dispose of the house sewage. Permanent. [illegible] No odors. All ready to connect to [illegible] climates and soils. Patented and fully guaranteed.

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Protect Yourself At Soda Fountains *Ask for* ORIGINAL GENUINE

The Food-Drink for All Ages

Nourishing Delicious Digestible

Others are Imitations

THE FAKERS

(Continued from Page 21)

Hicks sulked all the way home. Rollins' characterization of his ambition as absurd rankled. He felt injured, abused, slighted. He thought his preëminent abilities were strangely underestimated by Rollins. He wanted to bolt, but prudence restrained him. He said no more about the matter; but he thought of it for several days, and with thought came a stronger sense of injury.

"What will Mulford do for me if he is elected?" he asked Rollins one day.

"I don't know as he'll do anything," Rollins answered. "We haven't asked him for any pledges, and he isn't the kind of man who would give pledges if we did ask him for them. That must abide the event."

This reply increased the sense of personal injury felt by Hicks because of the refusal of Rollins to espouse his cause. He brooded over it for several days. His pride was hurt. He was positive he was the strongest man who could be named for governor; that he could sweep the state. Rollins continued firm for Mulford, and Hicks knew that without Rollins he could get nowhere in a revolt. He could not understand why Rollins had taken no pledges from Mulford, or why Rollins said Mulford wasn't the kind of man to give pledges. Hicks thought in the circumstances he would promise anything to anybody for votes, and do as he pleased about keeping the promises afterward.

Hicks felt his own importance. He had grown to be the dominating factor in the law firm of Chittlings & Hicks, and Chittlings knew it and did not protest much when Hicks insisted the name and style of the firm must be changed to Hicks, Chittlings & Wilson, to provide for a lawyer Hicks desired to take in, a good lawyer, who, however, had not proved much of a success in business by himself. Gudger was retained, because between sprees he was of tremendous value. Hicks was kind to Gudger, and Gudger thought Hicks the most wonderful man in the state.

Hicks' friends in the outside wards stood by him. He was vigilant in pursuing actions against all sorts of corporations. He had established a reputation for this sort of thing, aided by the brilliance of the law work of Gudger, and had secured several big cases outside of Rextown. He had grown to be a plausible, showy attorney, and though his fellow practitioners despised his lack of legal learning, they envied his skill at securing business and the successes he had.

He was strong in criminal work, too, and was locally famous for being powerful before a jury, where his consider-the-helpless-mother-and-her-babes oratory was most effective. He usually was retained for the defense in big criminal cases, and he extorted fees to the last dollar for his work in saving thieves, murderers and other malefactors from justice.

XXVI

TWO weeks before the primaries to select delegates to the state convention Hicks, his grievance against Rollins still rankling, went over to Yorkville, Dawson's home city. He announced his arrival by telephone to the local newspapers and they sent their political reporters to see him. He gave the reporters an interview that dwelt at length on the day of reckoning that surely was coming for the corrupt Republican party, prophesied sweeping Democratic success—"It's in the air," he said—praised Mulford and asserted he would be nominated, although no one could feel greater admiration than he did for Peter R. Dawson, whose standard he would gladly follow should he be nominated.

Dawson saw the interview. "What's that fellow Hicks doing here, I wonder?" he asked his manager.

"Dunno," that person replied. "Why don't you drop down to the hotel and sound him out?"

Dawson walked to the Mansion House where Hicks was stopping. Hicks knew he would come, and was waiting to receive him in his room.

"Mr. Dawson to see Mr. Hicks," the girl at the telephone notified Hicks.

"Ask him to come up, please."

Dawson went up and Hicks received him with great cordiality. They talked about general political prospects for a time, and then Dawson said: "Any particular importance to your visit at this time, Mr. Hicks?"

"Oh no, I just had a little business here; but I am very glad you came over. I would have called on you to pay my respects, only I was afraid those political reporters might misconstrue my intentions. They are very quick to print stories of deals and plans and schemes and all that, you know, when of course"—and he smiled broadly at Dawson—"no deals could possibly be in contemplation, unless you should come out for Mulford."

"I could hardly do that," laughed Dawson, "for I'm going to beat you Mulford fellows you know, beat you hands down."

"Don't be too sure," cautioned Hicks. "You haven't enough delegates yet, and you know it and so do I. You have deals to make before you can win."

Dawson regarded Hicks closely. "What's he driving at?" he thought.

Then, as if to put it to the touch, he said: "Maybe you could put me in the way of getting what I need, Mr. Hicks, if I made it an object to you."

Hicks got up, walked over to the door, turned the key, looked into the closet and pulled down the window shade.

His whole manner changed. His eyes were cold and narrowed to slits. His face hardened.

"How much of an object?" he asked.

"Depends on what you can do," said Dawson.

"Suppose at the proper time I can throw our delegation to you?"

"That is worth considering."

"Well, consider it then."

"What would you want?"

"Dawson," said Hicks, "let me give you a few thoughts. Mind now, I am making no promises or propositions, but let me state a hypothetical situation: Suppose there is a deadlock in that convention, as there will be. Suppose you pick off some of the favorite-son votes, as you can, for you have shrewd managers and plenty of money. Suppose you need about twenty or thirty votes to win. Suppose it should be arranged that at the psychological moment those votes should come to you and insure your nomination. Suppose you should be elected. Suppose, along in your term, Henry M. Filkins, the present United States senator from this state, or one of them, and now in most feeble health, should die, and die at such a time that you would have to appoint a senator *ad interim*—suppose all this. Now, then, in case all these things happened for you, would you appoint the man who brought them about to the vacancy in the Senate caused by the death of Senator Filkins, or, if that vacancy shouldn't come opportunely, would you give him something equally good?"

Dawson chewed on his cigar. "I take it, Mr. Hicks," he said finally, "that your interest in this hypothetical situation is based largely on the identity of the man who can do these things."

"It is based on that entirely."

"And it is fair for me to assume that man might, in certain circumstances, be T. Marmaduke Hicks, of Rextown."

"That is a fair assumption."

"Well," said Dawson slowly, "if that situation should exist, and should be met in the manner you describe, and that contingency based on the vacancy should arise, I would name T. Marmaduke Hicks."

"And what assurance has Mr. Hicks that this will be done?"

"He has the word of Peter Dawson, which is as good as his bond."

Hicks looked fixedly at Dawson.

"Mr. Hicks will accept that as security," he said. "And of course, Dawson," he continued as if it all were a joke, "nothing we have said is to be repeated outside of this room, for the situation may not arise and old Filkins may get well."

"However," Dawson replied, "if it does arise, Mr. Dawson will do his part if Mr. Hicks does his."

They talked for half an hour about delegations, the strength of various candidates and such matters, and Hicks returned to Rextown on the evening train.

Hicks had a considerable personal following in Rextown and the county. He had fostered that adroitly, while pretending to subordinate himself to Rollins. In making up the slate for delegates to the convention he so manipulated things by flattering and cajoling Rollins that, out of the thirty delegates for Corliss County, eighteen were men Hicks knew would follow him instead of Rollins. Hicks relied mostly for aid on Mike McGinnis, a labor leader, who was

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hus friend and under many obligations to him; but he saw all these delegates personally and made them promise to rely on him. He asked as a special favor that Rollins allow him to make the nominating speech for Mulford. He apparently had recovered entirely from his disappointment because Rollins would not try to nominate him, and Rollins said he would fix it for Hicks. Hicks prepared a spread-eagle speech, two-thirds about the sterling principles of the party and the Republican criminal maladministration of state and national affairs, a few lines about the fight he had been waging himself, and a high-sounding eulogy of Mulford.

The convention had a confident we're-going-to-win air, vastly different from former Democratic state gatherings, and there seemed to be no doubt of the outcome. As Hicks told the reporter in Yorkville, victory was in the air. The delegates were enthusiastic, and the strife for nomination exceedingly keen because of this universal expectancy of triumph.

The permanent chairman had made his speech and nominations were in order. The counties were called. When Corliss was reached T. Marmaduke Hicks rose and hurried to the platform. He wore a frock coat, his tie was flowing over his bosom, his long hair was glossy with continued brushing, his face was pale; but the light in his little greenish eyes showed he thought his opportunity was at hand. Hicks was entirely self-possessed. He stood waiting while the chairman secured order, gazing out at the delegates, who regarded him with mild interest and asked one another who he was. After the chairman had ceased pounding with his gavel, Hicks held up a right hand as if to still the noisy ones and began: "Fellow Democrats and delegates here assembled."

He made an excellent impression. His oratory was fervid, his voice carried well, and his gestures were graceful and timely. He was appallingly in earnest. He made it clear to those delegates that unless they named Enos G. Mulford they hadn't a chance to win, and some of them wondered how so eminent a man as Mulford was said by Hicks to be had concealed himself in an agricultural state so long.

Hicks, skillfully waiting until the end to name his man, shouted: "There is no greater patriot, no purer and more upright citizen, no more powerful lawyer; there is no higher exemplar of all that is best in American citizenship; no Democrat stands higher in the party. Fellow Democrats, now on the eve of victory, I pray you to make that victory doubly sure by nominating as your candidate for governor that able, upright, magnificent American and Democrat, Enos Gilman Mulford, of Spencer County."

The Mulford delegates rose and cheered wildly. Those on the platform shook hands with the perspiring Hicks and congratulated him on a "masterly effort." When he returned to his seat, which he did not do so long as there was a handclap or a handclasp, Rollins hugged him.

"Fine!" he exclaimed. "Fine! My boy, I am proud of you!"

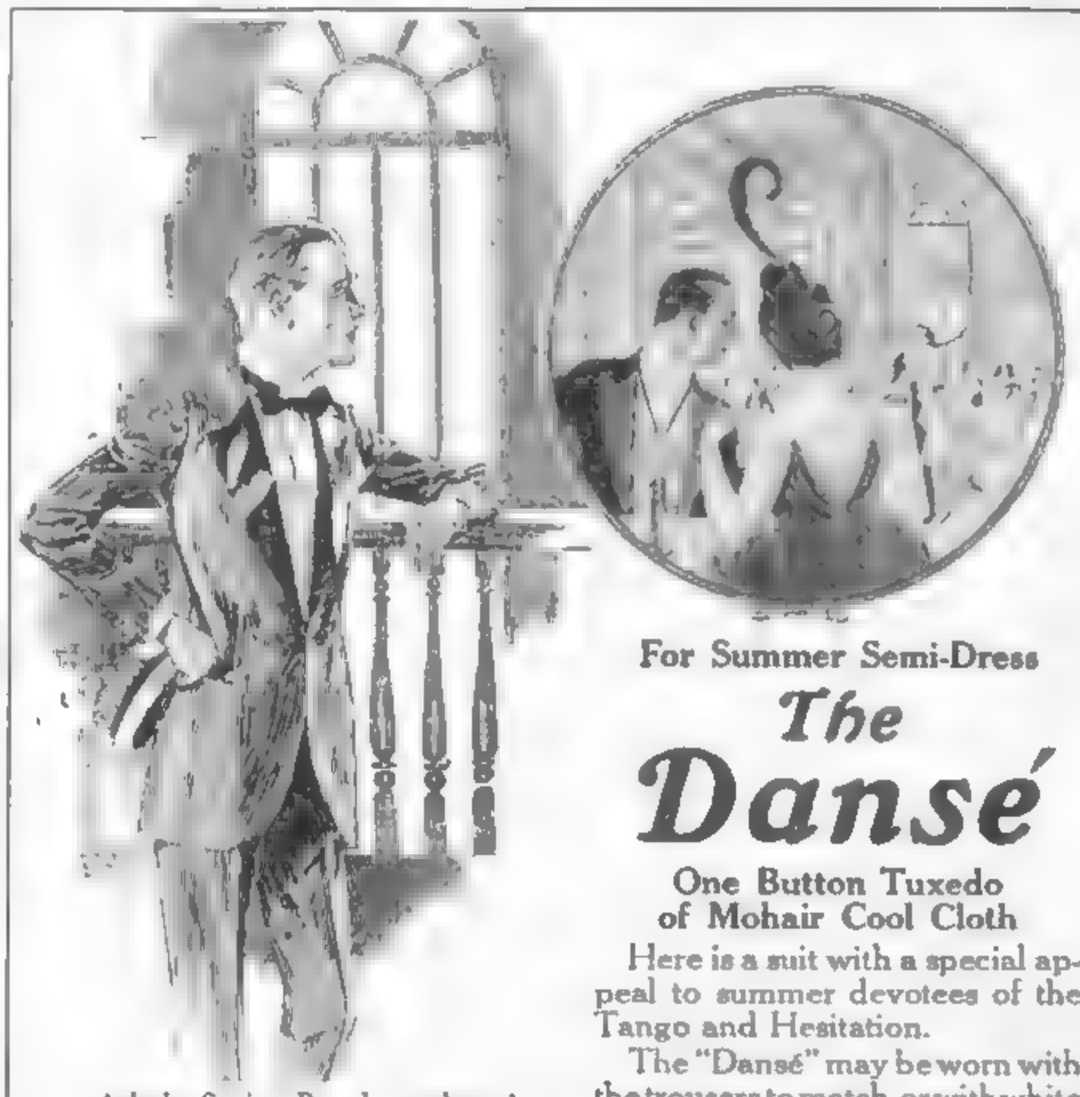
The other candidates were placed in nomination by equally strenuous and eloquent orators and the first ballot was taken. Dawson led, Mulford was second, and each of half a dozen favorite sons had votes. There was no choice. Another ballot was ordered, with the same result, and another. Then the favorites began to drop out, except two persistent ones, whose backers foresaw a deadlock and figured on getting them in the running after a few more ballots.

There was an adjournment after the tenth ballot. Dawson still led. He lacked forty-two votes of enough. Mulford was steady. He had gained a few from the shifts from favorite sons. All that night earnest and excited partisans of Mulford and Dawson sought to get additional delegates, to coax them, to buy them, to secure them by any means in their power. Hicks met Dawson at two o'clock in the morning.

"I see by the papers," said Hicks, "that Filkins is failing."

"So I see," said Dawson, and passed on.

The convention met at ten o'clock in the morning. There was another ballot, with no result. The twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth ballots showed few changes. On the fourteenth Dawson gained ten. These shifted to Mulford on the fifteenth ballot. Then the meeting adjourned until eight o'clock that night. Hicks had insisted on the unit rule for the Corliss delegation, so that delegation would be firm for Mulford,



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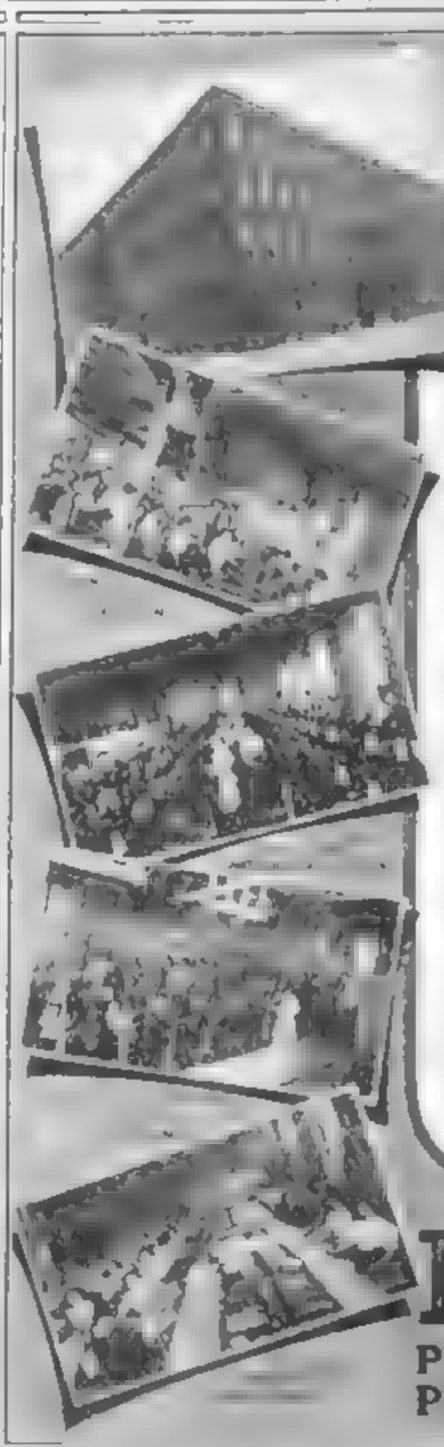

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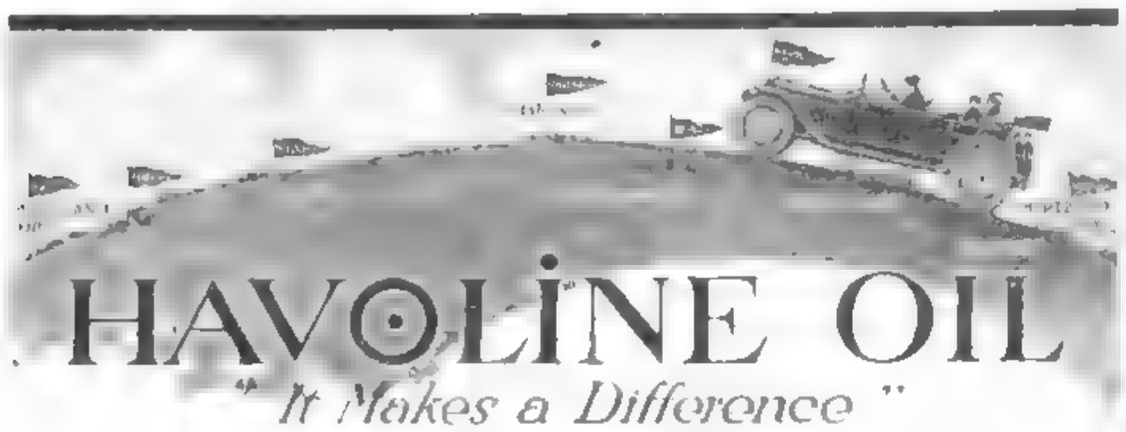

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he said. Rollins didn't think it necessary, inasmuch as he had faith that all the Corliss delegates would stand for Mulford until the last; but Hicks persisted and Rollins consented. The unit rule made it imperative for the Corliss delegation to vote their thirty votes without division and as a majority of the delegation should dictate.

There was another ballot at eight o'clock. A break to Dawson was expected, but it did not come. But there were rumors of deals and more excitement. The delegates were tired, hot, dirty and anxious to get away.

Dawson, sitting with the Monroe delegation, received a note, handed to him by an assistant sergeant-at-arms. He read: "Move for a recess for an hour after the next ballot for caucusing. Then I'll perform."

There was no signature, but Dawson looked across at Hicks, who was watching him intently. Hicks nodded his head. Dawson nodded back, and told his managers to move for a recess for an hour after the seventeenth ballot.

This ballot showed no change. The deadlock was stubborn. The convention took the recess, and Hicks, calling McGinnis aside, told him to go to the Corliss County caucus and move that Corliss drop Mulford and go to Dawson on the next ballot.

"These are our boys," said Hicks, "and they will stand." He handed McGinnis a poll list of the Corliss delegation, with the names of his seventeen followers checked.

"Of course, McGinnis," he continued, "I can't take part in this. It wouldn't do after I nominated Mulford, but there's no sense in staying here and endangering our success by this deadlock. You round up the boys, go into caucus and put it over. Say I'm sick."

McGinnis had never favored Mulford and had been at heart for Dawson. He was quite willing to throw the delegates from Corliss County to Dawson and was eager for the caucus. He was a big, brawny, forceful fellow and had full control of the Hicks delegates.

"All right," he said, "I'll put it over. But don't let Dawson think we're doing it for fun. Get some promises out of him."

"I'll attend to that," Hicks replied. "You go in there and shove it across."

"Mr. Rollins," McGinnis said to the tired leader, "the boys want a caucus."

"What for?" asked Rollins sharply. "What have we to caucus about?"

"Come in and see," McGinnis replied. "They want a caucus."

"You can't have a caucus," protested Rollins. "There is no need of one. We're going to stand by Mulford until the cows come home."

"They're coming home now," McGinnis answered. "I tell you the boys want a caucus, and you'd better come in or we'll caucus without you."

Rollins was much disturbed. He went into the caucus room, looked round at the dusty, disheveled, weary delegates and asked: "Where's Hicks?"

"Where's Hicks?" he shouted. "I need him here. Where is he?"

"I saw him a short time ago," McGinnis answered. "He wasn't feeling very well."

Rollins, standing defiantly before the delegates, glared at McGinnis. "What do you want a caucus for?" he demanded again.

"Because," McGinnis answered, "there's a lot of us feel we've done all that can be expected of us in standing for Mulford this far, and we want to get out and get home. I move that on the next ballot Corliss County casts her thirty votes for Peter Dawson."

Rollins, greatly agitated, made a speech urging the delegates to be loyal to Mulford, a passionate, imploring speech, telling them a break was sure to come and that their man would be nominated. McGinnis followed. He pointed out the dangers to party success that would ensue from this long-continued, acrimonious deadlock, said they had supported Mulford as long as was necessary, and renewed his motion that the vote for Corliss County be cast for Dawson on the next ballot.

Rollins begged, pleaded, implored. He cursed and threatened, but McGinnis and his followers shouted: "Vote! Vote!"

The vote was taken. Seventeen delegates voted to go for Dawson on the next ballot. Twelve voted to stand by Mulford. Rollins was amazed.

"Why isn't Hicks here?" he asked continuously.

The convention reassembled. The roll-call for the next ballot began.

(Continued on Page 41)

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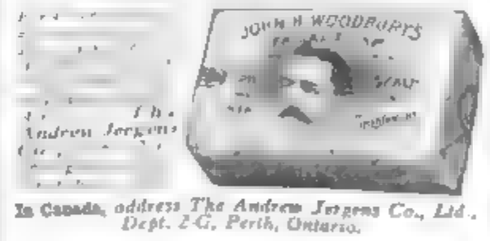

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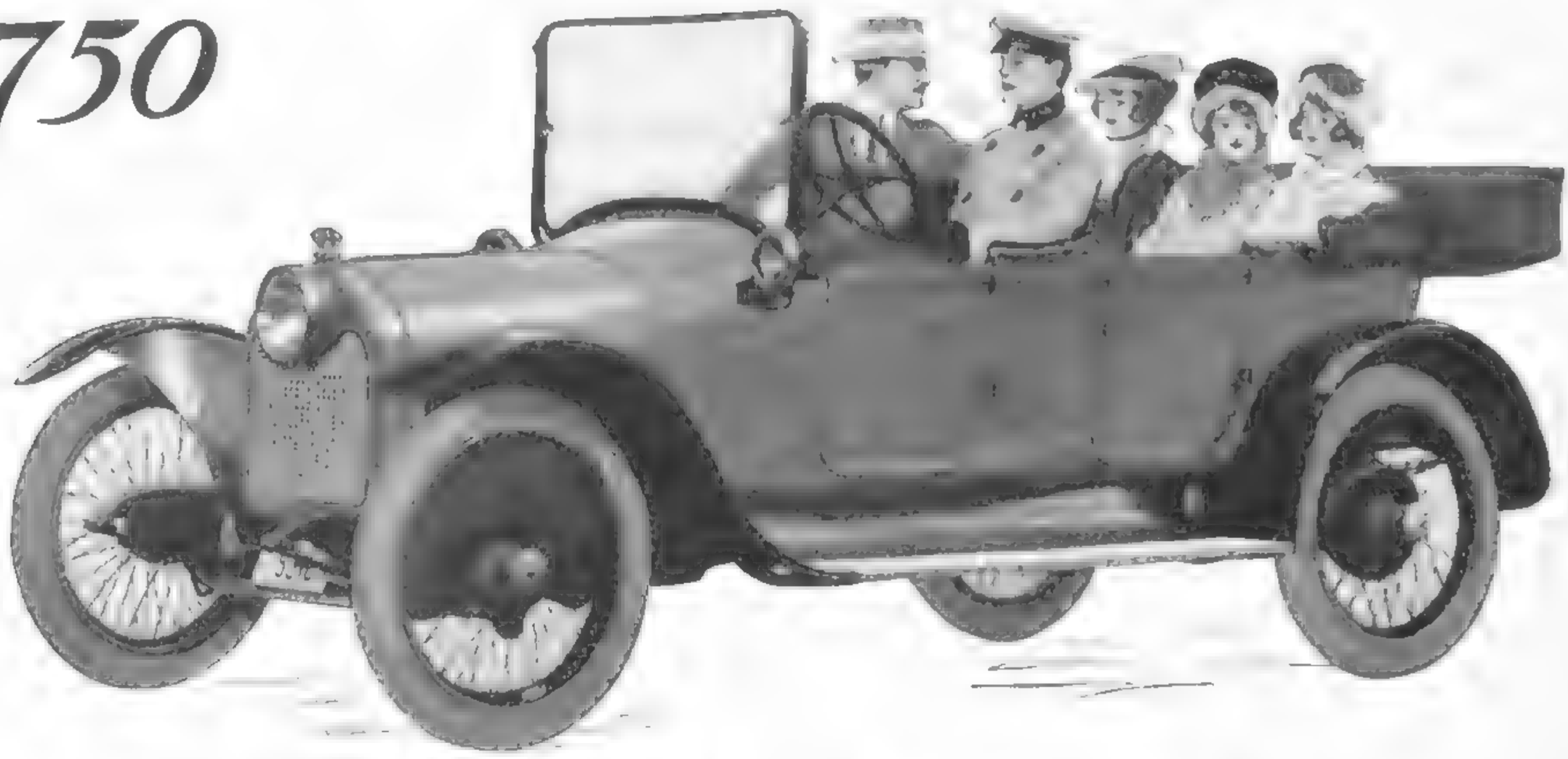

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An automobile business cannot be run successfully on the "executive committee" or "operating council" plan as by individual domination. No matter how sincere or how capable individual members may be, the essential details, the finishing touches that mean real success, are better mastered by an individual than in committee. Singleness of purpose is essential to success.

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G70

(Continued from Page 38)

"Corliss County!" shouted the secretary.

Rollins arose, pale and trembling.

"Corliss County casts thirty votes for Peter R. Dawson," he said in a voice that was barely audible.

The secretary heard. "Corliss County casts thirty votes for Peter R. Dawson," he shouted.

Instantly the Dawson delegates were upon their feet. Their cheers rolled and rocked against the walls. They formed into a procession and marched up and down the aisles screaming with joy. The Mulford delegates sat silent. It was all over. Rollins crouched in his chair. He was beaten.

The break became a stampede. Mulford counties came tumbling to Dawson, one after the other. Dawson had a majority before the roll was two-thirds finished. They made it unanimous.

At one o'clock next morning Rollins sat in one of the two rooms he and Hicks occupied. The door opened and Hicks came in, pale, weak, disheveled.

"Where were you?" asked Rollins. "Where were you?"

Hicks staggered across the room and fell gasping on the bed.

"Sick!" he moaned. "Deathly sick! Acute indigestion. I almost died. What happened?"

"Dawson was nominated," said Rollins bitterly, looking at the moaning man on the bed, "and Corliss County started the break for him."

Hicks struggled to his feet: "Oh!" he said weakly, wringing his hands. "Oh—oh—I am appalled! The irony of fate, that this should have happened when I was away! I might have helped you prevent it!"

"Go to bed," said Rollins. "It's all over and it can't be helped."

And he left the room.

"Queer guy, that chap who came out here at half-past eight," said Billings, an interne at the Mercy Hospital, to the head nurse. "Landed yelling with pain and all doubled up. I couldn't find anything the matter with him, but he insisted on having the stomach pump used and I used it."

XXVII

HICKS looked in the mirror next morning and found himself normal in appearance. He endeavored to seem weak and ill when he had breakfast with Rollins. There was little conversation at table. Hicks tried several times to interest Rollins in the story of his sickness, but Rollins apparently had a line of thought of his own and refused to be concerned in Hicks' remarks. After breakfast Rollins said he had some men to see before the noon train left for Rextown and went away. Hicks hurried to Dawson's room.

"Good morning, governor." He greeted the nominee in his most effusive manner.

"Good morning," said Dawson.

"Can I see you privately for a moment?"

Dawson led Hicks into a rear room and shut the door. He turned to Hicks and asked sharply: "What is it?"

"Oh," said Hicks, "nothing of importance. I merely called to pay my respects to the next governor of the state."

"Is that all?" asked Dawson rather contemptuously.

"No, since you speak of it, it isn't all," said Hicks, dropping his pretense of cordiality and speaking with slow distinctness in a voice that was cold and hard. "It isn't all. I assume you are under no misapprehension as to how you were nominated."

"None whatever," Dawson replied.

"And you realize your obligation to me?"

"I recognize the obligation and the responsibility," Dawson replied, "although I am not particularly proud of either; and I have passed my word to you. That is all there is to it."

"Very well," continued Hicks, "I consider that settled. Now, then, as you can readily appreciate, I am not anxious to have my part in this publicly known, for though my action was dictated by the necessities of politics and the good of the party, there are people who might not understand my motives."

"That is quite possible," replied Dawson with a sneer that made no visible impression on Hicks. "But you need not worry. I shall say nothing, nor will the one or two men whom I took into my confidence on the matter."

"In that case," said Hicks, assuming his unctuous air and extending his hand to Dawson, "I wish to add my hearty and sincere congratulations to you on your well-deserved victory, and to say that I shall take an active part in the campaign and do all within my power to accelerate the glorious victory that is sure to be ours."

Dawson shook hands limply and Hicks left the room.

The political reporters wrote long dispatches about the shift of Corliss County to Dawson, endeavoring to explain it and furnishing many reasons, none of which was correct. They saw Dawson and he said the only explanation he could offer was that Corliss County saw Mulford was beaten, and naturally wanted to get on the bandwagon. He spoke highly of Mulford and of the sterling Democracy of Corliss and said some kind things about Rollins. The reporters saw Rollins. He had nothing to say beyond the statement that Corliss worked under the unit rule, and that a majority of the delegation decided Mulford could not be nominated and went to Dawson, who had the greater strength.

The Corliss delegation went home that afternoon. Hicks again cautioned McGinnis to say nothing of Hicks' instructions to him, and McGinnis said nothing.

"McGinnis," asked Rollins, as the train was nearing Rextown, "why didn't you wait a while before you advocated that flop to Dawson? What was the hurry?"

"What was the use of waiting?" McGinnis retorted. "We were tied up to a dead one, and you know it. We got in first to Dawson, got the credit for nominating him, and we'll cash in on it after he is elected."

Rollins sighed. "I suppose so," he said. "But, McGinnis, how did Hicks stand on the flop?"

"I don't know," McGinnis lied loyally. "He wasn't there. I guess he would have consented though, just as you did, after he saw the majority of the delegation was for Dawson."

"Didn't he talk to you about it?"

"He wasn't there," evaded McGinnis. "He was sick and at the hospital."

Rollins was disconsolate. He had had high hopes of winning with Mulford. Recent developments had aroused his suspicions, and he resolved to keep a sharp watch on Hicks. He was shrewd enough, however, not to change his attitude, and he entered heartily into the elaborate plans Hicks was making for carrying on the campaign for Dawson in the Rextown District.

Dawson established headquarters in Yorkville. The state committee had reorganized, and the Democrats claimed a confidence which the Republicans admitted privately was justified. Hicks was extremely active. He wrote long articles for the Chronicle, made speeches whenever he could get a chance, and arranged with Haley, the head of the speakers' bureau at headquarters, to go out over the state during October. He thought his services would be worth a hundred dollars a night to the cause, but the headquarters people laughed at that and he consented to go for his expenses. He saw Dawson frequently; never failed to give him copious advice as to the conduct of the campaign; prepared a series of interviews with himself on the general situation, one of which he handed to every reporter he met, and if he met none, he sent copies to the editors, as most worthy of publication, inasmuch as they gave the views of T. Marmaduke Hicks, "whose political prescience is hailed from one end of the state to the other."

The most important political event in the history of the state up to that time, so Hicks thought, was his contemplated trip to make campaign speeches for Dawson. He went to Yorkville frequently and sought every opportunity to impress that fact on the candidate, the state committee, the newspapers and the general public. When he learned Dawson was to have a private car for his campaigning he demanded a private car for himself, and made such a fuss that the committee compromised with him by promising him a car for his last week's work. He spent hours in the room of Haley, the chief of the speakers' bureau, haggling with him over dates and trying to be assigned to every big meeting. He flatly rejected minor assignments, and changed his route to suit himself, until in desperation Haley went to Dawson.

"Dawson," he said, "if you don't call off that confounded nuisance, Hicks, I'll quit the job right now."

"Call him off?" asked Dawson. "How can I call him off? He's so swelled on himself there is no talking to him, and he has Rollins behind him. We can't afford to vex him, not on his account but on account of Rollins, although Rollins isn't so strong for him apparently as he used to be. But there's

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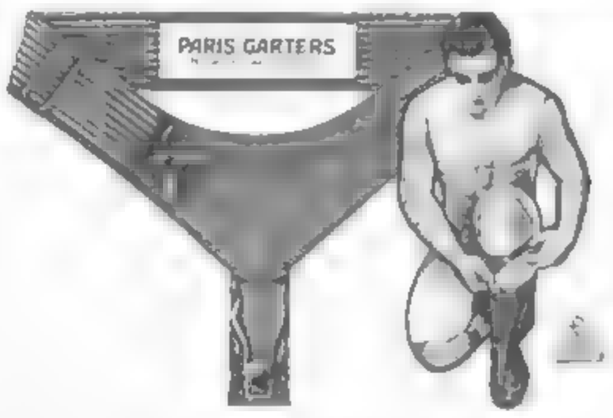

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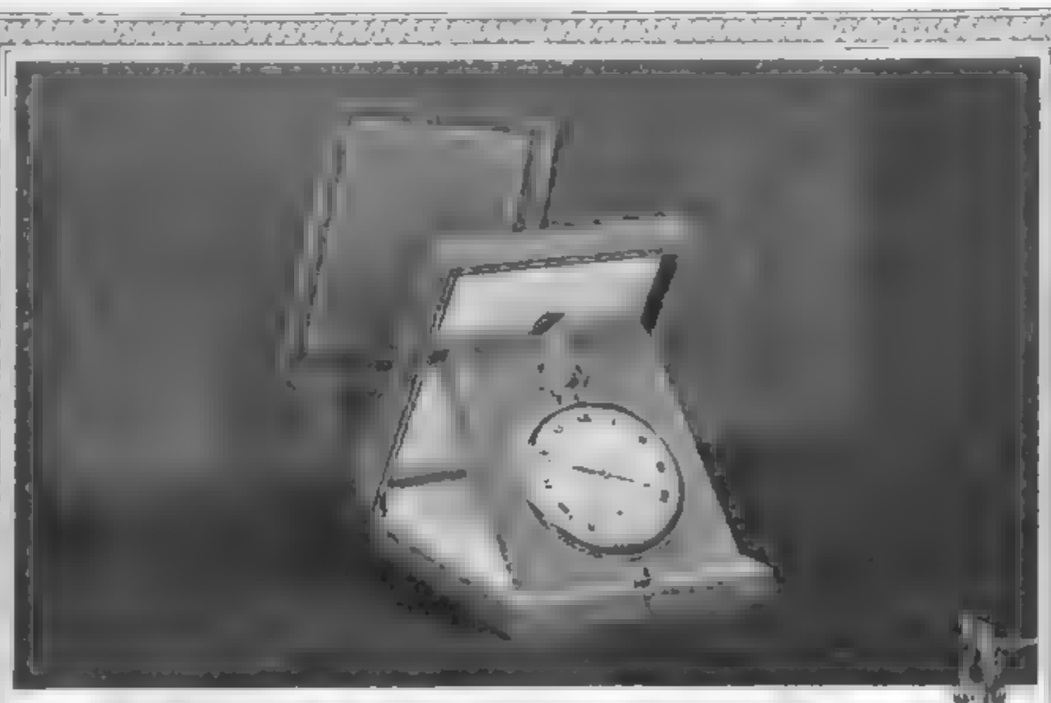

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no denying he's got a lot of strength with the laboring people and the farmers and can talk like a house afire. Give him what he wants."

"Give him what he wants!" shouted Haley. "Great heavens, if I give him what he wants you'll be standing outside his meetings handing out bills for them. He'll have a special train, let alone a special car, will be billed like a circus and newspapered like a prima donna."

"Oh, well," said Dawson, "fix it up as well as you can. Don't bother me. I've got troubles of my own."

Hicks fought Haley for days, claiming everything and getting much more than any other speaker except Dawson. Finally he started out on his tour. Suspicious of Haley and his clerks, he had supplemented the announcements of the speakers' bureau by long and eulogistic notices about himself and his abilities as a campaigner and orator which he had his stenographer prepare and which he sent to the newspapers in every town on his route. Also he wrote personal letters to the chairmen of the local committees, apprising them of the date of his arrival in their cities and villages. He outlined the sort of a reception he desired in each case, demanded the best room in the best hotel, and urged them to see to it that his appearance was properly billed and that the newspapers were kept full of his coming.

His procedure at his first stop was typical of his procedure at all his other stops, except that as he went along and found himself well received he grew more exacting. He telegraphed to the local committee, charging the telegrams to the account of the state committee, apprising that organization of the exact train on which he would arrive, and urging them to have a gathering of representative Democrats at the station to meet him. When he got off he found the local committee there, and such representative Democrats as they could muster. He advanced in a dignified manner, greeted the chairman of the committee, and then stood beside him while the others filed past him and were presented and shaken by the hand. He was too good a mixer to carry his dignity pose to the extreme, and after the presentation he became genial. He shook hands again all round, joked with the Democrats, told them they were sure to win this time, and then asked to be shown to his hack and driven to his hotel.

He held a little reception in the lobby of the hotel, announced he would see the reporters at a certain time, and after he reached his room asked for an hour to himself for rest. During the hour he telephoned to the newspaper offices, for fear the reporters and editors might not come to see him, and granted private audiences to those journalists who called, explaining to the committee that he broke in on his rest only because of the insistence of the newspaper people. Later in the day he asked to be taken for a ride round "your fair city," and astonished the natives by his correct understanding of the importance of their particular metropolis. He had been at great pains to inform himself concerning each place on his itinerary before he left Rextown. He had the information all tabulated, and refreshed his memory at each place by referring to his notes.

Hicks took with him his stenographer and a bright young labor leader from Rextown named Mortimer. These men, when approaching a city or village, shifted to another car from the one Hicks was in and went to another hotel. He had prepared two speeches, and had left places for references to local questions and candidates which he learned about from the local committees. These two speeches were interchangeable, and were both the result of long study by Hicks. They overflowed with dear-people stuff, and were unsparing in their denunciation of the corruption of the Republican party. Also they touched lightly on national topics, but they were loaded with references to the state government in the hands of the Republicans.

The stenographer and Mortimer went to the meetings. Each had a part to play. When Hicks reached a certain place in his denunciation of the Republican party he raised his right hand, and Mortimer jumped up and shouted: "Will the gentleman answer a question?"

"Certainly, my friend," Hicks would reply. "I want nothing more than a full and free discussion of the issues of the day. I welcome all questions. What do you desire to know?"

Mortimer would ask his question, which generally ran like this: "Did not the Democrats in the state legislature vote to indorse this asylum system which you have just attacked?"

"I'll tell you about that," Hicks would shout, whereupon he would go into a detailed explanation, showing how the Democrats were exactly right in their action, and Mortimer would look much chagrined while the Democrats cheered.

There were four property questions of this kind, two asked by Mortimer and two by the stenographer.

Hicks was a good stump speaker and he had big meetings. He carefully saw to it that the newspaper mention of each meeting was sent back to headquarters, and each night he wired in to both Haley and Dawson glowing accounts of his success. When his private car for the last week of his tour was sent to him at Newton he refused to accept it, and wired Haley to use the money it would cost to aid in the campaign. He announced this determination in a high-flown interview, in which he said that a friend of the people had no right to be riding in a private car when the money might be used legitimately—he came out hard on that word—to help bring about popular and honest and efficient government, which would come with Democratic success. Although he had made elaborate stipulations for drawing-rooms and state-rooms in Pullmans and parlor cars, he always transferred into a day coach when he was coming into a town, and rode in in that humble manner, taking great care the local committee should see him alighting from the common coach.

Haley tore his hair when he received the message about the private car.

"What do you know about that grandstander?" he asked Dawson, who was in Yorkville between speeches. "He fought with me for a week for that car, claiming he was entitled to one if you had one."

Dawson made no reply.

The last rally of the campaign at Rextown was on the Saturday night before election. Hicks was there and was the principal speaker, as Dawson had already spoken in Rextown and was needed in Yorkville. Hicks, fresh from his triumphs on the stump, with his speech elaborated to a most resonant and fervid effort, discouraged all preliminaries for the meeting. He would not have a chairman of the meeting, or another speaker, or a committee on the stage. He spoke in the rink, and after the place was jammed he made a dramatic entrance on the vacant stage, having arranged for a spot of light to follow him as he came in from the side. He posed for a moment, then held up his hands and began. He was at the top of his speed. He spoke for two hours, combining the greater parts of both speeches he had used on the road. He was eloquent, flowery, passionate and was loudly cheered.

He piled one peroration on another at the end and then stopped. The crowd began to cheer. He held up his hand, stood there with his arms outstretched, and in a voice shaken with emotion—but not so shaken that it could not be distinctly heard—said:

"Friends, friends of my years in Rextown, friends of the city where I have lived since I came to man's estate, where I have labored, where I have exerted the best that is in me, I beg of you to consider what I have to say. This is not my fight; this is not the fight of Peter Dawson; this is not the fight of the great and glorious Democratic party. It is a far higher, purer, holier, more important fight than one or all of these—it is the fight of the people, the fight of the people crying out to you for relief from oppression, from corruption, from the slavery of plutocracy, from the iron heel of the Republican party that presses them to the dust. It is the fight that voices the desire of the people to be free. The cry I make to you is the cry of the people, the plain people, the helpless, hopeless, enslaved people, bound to the chariot wheels of greed and arrogance and power and plutocracy—the voice of the people. And, oh, my friends, the voice of the people is the voice of God!"

He stood for a moment, then he turned and walked away, his shoulders heaving convulsively. The next day the Chronicle said this was the greatest political speech ever made in Rextown. Hicks went direct to the Chronicle office after the meeting, revised the story written about the meeting, and added a few touches of his own, of which the principal one was the remark about the greatness of the speech.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

San Diego Panama California Exposition

CALIFORNIA'S Great Exposition

Celebrating the Opening of the Panama Canal

On New Year's Day, 1915, the Panama Canal will be opened to the World. The seas of East and West will be united.

And with the boom of cannon at the Isthmus, six other gates will swing aside, and to the Twentieth Century there will be opened a flower-decked city of Sixteenth Century Spain. These six gates are not of steel but of flowers. They are the gates of the Exposition Beautiful, the Panama-California at San Diego, the Pacific coast's great celebration of the linking of the seas.

On that day the North will be shivering beneath snow and ice. San Diego will be bright with crimson roses and purple bougainvillea, green with palm and olive. A few months later the rest of the country will be stifling in midsummer heat. San Diego will be cool and fair to live in. Nor heat, nor cold, nor rainy season come there. That tells why California's great Exposition will open on January 1st, and remain open until the midnight bell that heralds the dawn of 1916. In all twelve months it is June in San Diego.

A great part of the Exposition is out-of-doors under the Southern sky, as Nature intended it to be. No other city could have it thus, for no other city could boast a sky from which comes never snow, nor scorching heat, nor long periods of rain. On no other exposition grounds could grow every tree and flower. No other land could offer an all-year exposition. San Diego can, and does.

The Spanish architecture which evolved Mission and palace and cathedral has built the Exposition Beautiful, and covered its walls with clambering blooms which touch the very bells in Mission towers where pigeons nest and coo. It is a city such as the Spanish poet saw in a dream as he stood on that same site and looked out on the Pacific.

The Exposition! With a setting of incomparable beauty, it tells in convincing measure not alone the [illegible] of the past but the mightier glories of the [illegible] past its tea plantation one strolls, past its [illegible] and gardens. And all about, the states of [illegible] great West tell what they hold for him who will take it, peace and prosperity and contentment.

Your summer plans for 1914 are made. It is time to think of 1915. Whatever the season back home, San Diego offers you June.

The main Exposition buildings are complete today, the exhibit space 95 per cent assigned, six months before the time of opening.

Whatever your itinerary for the 1915 trip, see that the ticket carries you to San Diego and the Exposition Beautiful. [illegible] railroads have already announced [illegible] your nearest ticket agent will be [illegible] supply you with information.

GET YOUR TICKET TO SAN DIEGO

1915 All the year. 1915

¡Oh! amantes de las costumbres que fueron
Calentaos en los reflejos de la luz que nos dejaron
"Come Ye who love the ancient ways,
and bask in reflex lights of other days"

Scene in the Patio
Science and Education Building

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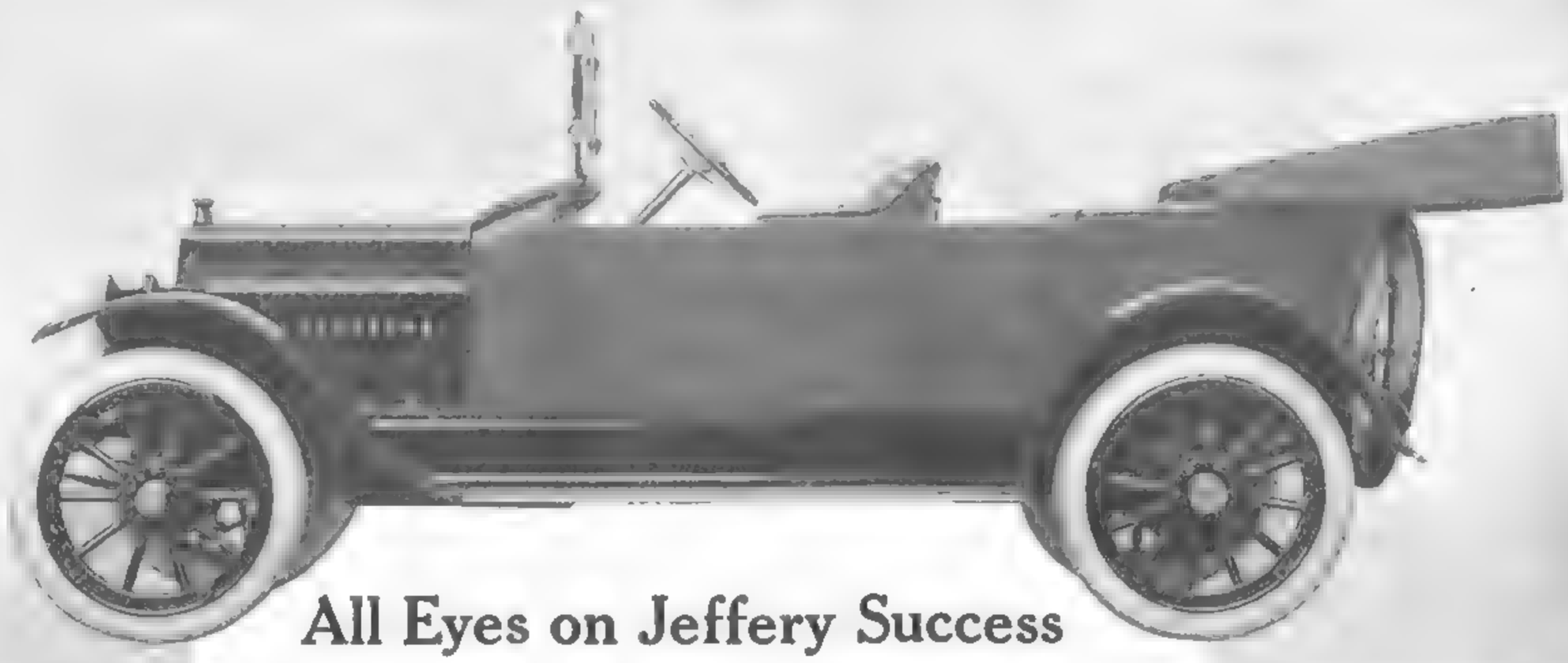

All Eyes on Jeffery Success

Occasionally some make of automobile claims the public eye for a season because of a peculiarity in body design, seating arrangement, radiator shape or innovation of some comparative mechanical unimportance.

The universal interest in Jeffery success this season is due to no such cause. Jeffery has introduced into the American market the new, high efficiency motor, which with the use of the highest grade materials made possible a light but sturdy chassis of exclusive style, wonderful economy and the comfort of the big expensive cars.

The eyes of automobile buyers have been centered on Jeffery success by the constant stream of endorsement and favorable comment on the small high speed motor, found in the motor trade journals, by the leading engineers of Europe and America.

The minds of the masses have been guided quite naturally by the endorsement of the leading motor car dealers of the country, who ordered 7,000 Jeffery cars within ninety days of their announcement.

Expert mechanics and garage men saw that Jeffery had solved the question of economy without sacrifice of style and comfort, and the public has heard these garage discussions throughout the country.

The earlier announcements of their next season's line by some of the prominent motor car manufacturers indicate that they have fallen in line with this Jeffery idea and have adopted the Jeffery type of high speed, economical motor in preference to the big, heavy motors previously used.

The races at Indianapolis on Decoration Day again demonstrated not only the speed to be attained, but the absolute reliability under the severest strains of this European type of high speed motor with a small piston displacement which Jeffery brought from Europe last Fall. The cylinder capacity of the car that finished Second was over 20% less than that of the Jeffery Four.

Not alone by changing the entire trend of motor car design did Jeffery claim the attention of the American public this season. He spent a million dollars in putting super-quality into the Jeffery car—a sum which might have been saved had he been satisfied with ordinary standards of quality.

When you come to sum up what Jeffery has accomplished in the space of one short season, is it any wonder that the eyes of motor car buyers are centered on Jeffery success?

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Lysol

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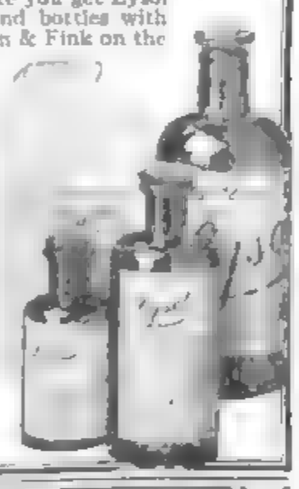
Used always in dilute form, a small bottle lasts for months. Remember that disease can scarcely enter a house that is guarded by Lysol.

Three Sizes: 25c, 50c, $1.00
Sold by Druggists Everywhere

Important—Be sure you get Lysol itself, put up in round bottles with the signature of Lehn & Fink on the label. Lysol is [illegible] and will not [illegible] stains may [illegible]



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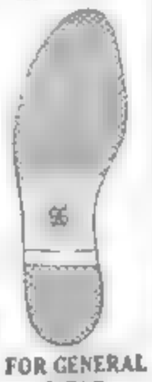

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ESSEX RUBBER COMPANY

Manufacturers of Soft Spot Heel and Arch Cushions and Essex Rubber Heels

TRENTON, N. J.

THE FLOATING LABORER

(Continued from Page 15)

The most successful of the recently established public bureaus is that of Wisconsin. Doubtless, as we work out the problem, that organization will be our model. In its present form it has existed only since 1911, when the State Industrial Commission took it over and, with the advice and assistance of the State University, remodeled it on scientific lines. It does not differ vastly in theory from the Massachusetts bureau—only it operates in a state that has wider and more lively movements of labor, and a more pressing seasonal problem.

Under William Leiserson, who left a chair at the University of Wisconsin to direct the work, it is trying to develop a corps of experts—not, preferably, university-educated sociologists, but men of all-round intelligence, trained to understand the problem. It tries impartially to guard employers from incompetent employees, and employees from bad working conditions, insecure pay and false representations.

As a side issue it has been investigating the labor camps of the state and making public reports on their deficiencies. It attends to the important matter of distributing accurate information on the demand for labor. The four offices of Milwaukee, Superior, Oshkosh and La Crosse send daily to the newspapers a labor report, resembling in brevity and accuracy a market report.

Just as in the case of the Massachusetts bureau, it is impossible to say how much this Wisconsin bureau has done to reduce unemployment. It is only another teaspoonful of ink. But the laboring public has certainly made use of the bureau. In the first year of the Milwaukee office applications for employment rose from sixty-three hundred to twenty-three thousand, and applications for employees from sixty-two hundred to twenty-nine thousand. Of twenty-four thousand persons referred to employment, eleven thousand four hundred were actually hired. The next year the business increased forty per cent. And the cost to the state for each position secured was less than fifty cents.

Public Works as Safety Valves

Neither Massachusetts nor Wisconsin, nor any other state that has a free labor bureau, has been able to take the next step—regulating public work to act as a safety valve in time of unemployment. As things stand at present we have the classic example of the Barge Canal in New York. In 1908 the East knew great prosperity. Labor was in demand. The metropolis was sending to the Middle West for building-trades men. The state authorities chose that period to rush work on the Barge Canal, which employed laborers by thousands. In 1908 came the panic, with hard times and unemployment. The state authorities chose that time to drop work on the Barge Canal.

A few American municipalities have perceived this public duty—as, for instance, Duluth. That city is bisected by a huge rock, which must eventually be cut through. The authorities try to do this work in those periods when the unemployed crowd into the city. Yet here, too, we cannot do much effective work without nation-wide coöperation. Pittsburgh discovered that in the hard times of 1908, when the philanthropic Pittsburgh millionaires tried to invent work for the unemployed at their doors. The news flew abroad; there was a stampede of labor to Pittsburgh, and the newcomers had only their labor for their pains.

Though the Federal Government cannot, as things now stand, take charge of the labor-exchange system, it can do one thing immediately; all the experts on labor problems are unanimous on this point. At present the casual laborer needs accurate and general information on the labor market. If it is within the province of the General Government to distribute weather reports for the benefit of farmers, it seems just as well within its province to distribute accurate labor reports for the benefit of the workingmen.

The Federal Department of Labor, or some like bureau, could, for a comparatively small appropriation, issue a daily or weekly bulletin, to be displayed in post offices, which would give information regarding the daily and weekly demand for labor. This, if it did nothing else, would stop in

The Babies Need It, Too

"Give me clean milk and an electric fan for each baby and I will cut the infant death rate in half," says a prominent health department official. Are you going to take chances this summer—or are you going to protect baby's vitality with a reliable, inexpensive electric fan?

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When you can buy one of these noiseless, trouble-proof fans for as little as $9.00, surely you can't afford to risk the strength-sapping heat of the next few months without it. A Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Fan uses the minimum of current, can be regulated to three speeds; attachable to any electric light socket. Lasts for years. Send for Free Book and name of nearest "STANDARD" Dealer. Don't put it off. Select your fan now and keep the whole family in comfort and good health this summer

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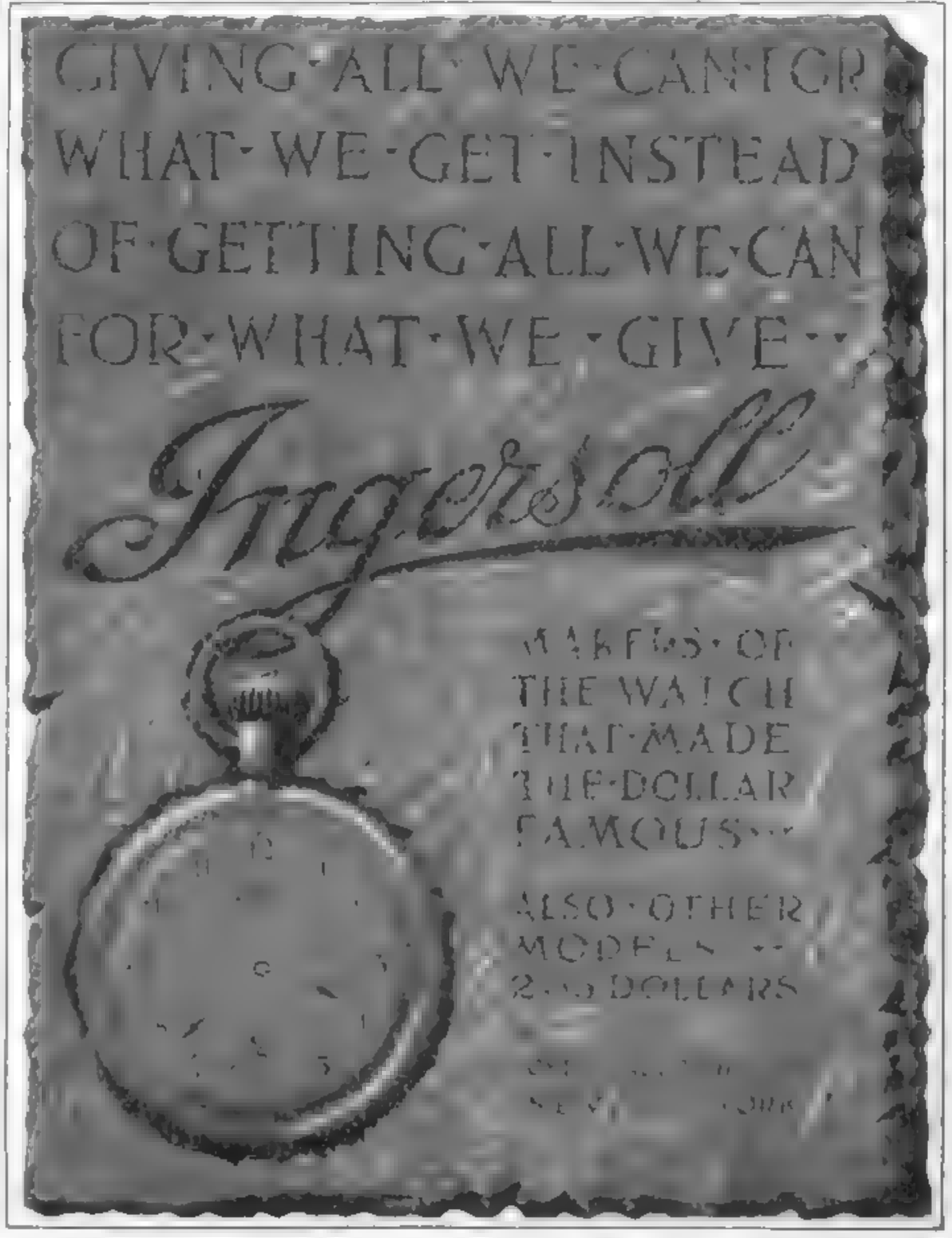
(91)



Marguerite de Valois

Who Is *Your* "Loveliest Woman"?

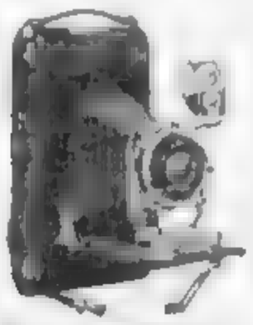
Is she entered in Ansco Company's national competition for photographs of "America's 50 Loveliest Women"? Is her portrait among those hundreds of examples of bewitching loveliness that have come to us from every nook and corner of the United States and Canada?

You know the "loveliest woman." She may be your wife, mother, sister or sweetheart. She may be a friend. And she may be one of "America's 50 Loveliest Women." If her portrait is not already in our hands, it is *your* duty to photograph her, or have her photograph taken, so as to enter it in the Ansco competition.

$5,000 for Photographs of America's 50 Loveliest Women

The smallest prize is $50—and one photograph is going to win $500. Don't forget that the portraits of "America's 50 Loveliest Women" will be shown by Ansco Company at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, which opens in San Francisco February 20, 1915. You have never had such an opportunity to perpetuate the glories of the "loveliest lady" you know.

Harrison Fisher, artist; Minnie Maddern Fiske, distinguished actress, and Alfred Stieglitz, the critic, have agreed to choose "America's 50 Loveliest Women." They await your entry as eagerly as does Ansco Company.



No. 3A Ansco Speedex
Send for Ansco Catalog

The contest opened May 1st; you have no time to lose. Your Ansco dealer will give you the very simple details of the contest; or, if there is no dealer near by, drop us a line. This Ansco contest is *open to anyone*, without restriction as to make of camera, films or paper.

ANSCO COMPANY (Dept. D)
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Ansco Company produces the Ansco, the amateur camera of professional quality; Ansco color-value film; Cyko, the paper that gives prints of rich, soft quality that never fade, and Ansco photo chemicals. Their value in producing superior results has been proven many years.

time those headless stampedes that have done so much to harm the condition of our casual and floating laborers. As a matter of fact, the Commission on Industrial Relations has drafted a bill for a Federal system of labor-market reports.

Yet, though the state must take the lead, it cannot make any system of labor exchanges effective without some coöperation from employers. There is, after all, a little in the theory of the educated heart, especially when that heart is guided by a well-informed head. To prevent the debasement of our common labor is to the ultimate interest of all classes; and in the provision of extra legitimate work for hard times employers can help mightily.

Those prosperous and established concerns that are little affected by financial depression have always more or less work of expansion to be done, such as the erection of new factories. When employers really understand this problem it is not too much to expect that certain of them, with a philanthropic bent, will save this work for panic years.

This is a piece of practical philanthropy far more useful for the purposes of the commonwealth than ordinary welfare work; but it must be done intelligently. To invent work for hard times, to start some project at a dead loss with the sole object of giving employment to the unemployed, hurts rather than helps. It has the taint of charity on it. The work must be legitimate, must be paid for at the usual rates for labor and entered into with the normal expectation of profit.

The casual laborer himself might profitably take a hint from a no less unenlightened country than Russia. In all our towns and cities there is a certain amount of work that must be done, and yet is in its nature casual. No kind of system has ever been put into this work except the padrone system, conducted to swindle the new immigrant. They order things better in Russia. There the medieval guild idea survives. The men who perform casual city labor in St. Petersburg and Moscow have organized themselves into what are called cartels—coöperative bodies that distribute this work as evenly as possible among their members and keep all the profits.

The Vacations of the Poor

The odd-job man of the United States is a casual laborer of the most casual class, looking on each day's work as possibly his last. The odd-job man of Russia knows that, though his employment may not be continuous, he will have a certain number of working days in the course of his year. The casual laborer of America has not the ambition or the initiative to start such a system for himself. Here is a task for scientific philanthropy.

The last stage of the English and German program—unemployment insurance—is still so far away in America that it seems hardly worth discussing at all. We have only lifted a foot for the first step of the foreign program—a scientific system of labor exchanges. Yet to unemployment insurance we may come in time; for there is no one who expects that we shall ever, before the millennium, have continuous work for every one.

Indeed, a certain amount of leisure, an occasional unexpected vacation, is almost the right of every man. To work at the same mechanical job every day and every year is in itself a doom almost as hard as to work irregularly and in constant apprehension of the future.

Unemployment insurance gives the casual laborer relief of mind in his idle days. His feelings are like those of the policeman on reserve, or like those of the established physician waiting in his office on a dull and healthful day. He can enjoy his periods of ease without the anxiety and the degradation of soul that come nowadays when he finds himself out of work.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last article in a series by Will Irwin.

Facts About Book Paper

We made the first coated paper produced in the United States.

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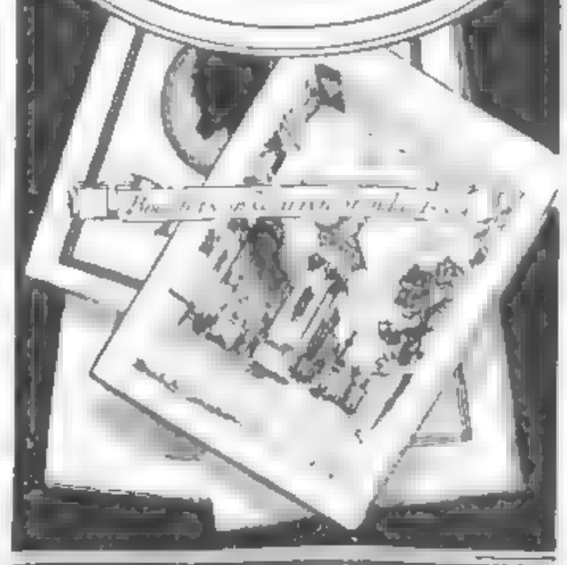

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It will mean no more exasperating delays due to the necessity for hand-pumping deflated tires. Inflates the largest tire in less than three minutes. Insures long life for your tires because the Master Pump and its attached pressure gauge make it easy to keep them always properly inflated.

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We will refund purchase price on return of pump after 10 days trial, if so requested. We guarantee "Master" Garage Pumps for one year against defects of material and workmanship. Price complete with alternating current motor, $60.00 with direct current motor $65.00.

Our stock motors are for 110 volt direct current and 110 volt single phase 60 cycle alternating current, but where necessary we can furnish motors for 220 volt direct current, 110 volt, 25 or 40 cycle alternating current or 220 volt 25, 40 or 60 cycle alternating current. *Send your order today. Be sure to state current conditions.*

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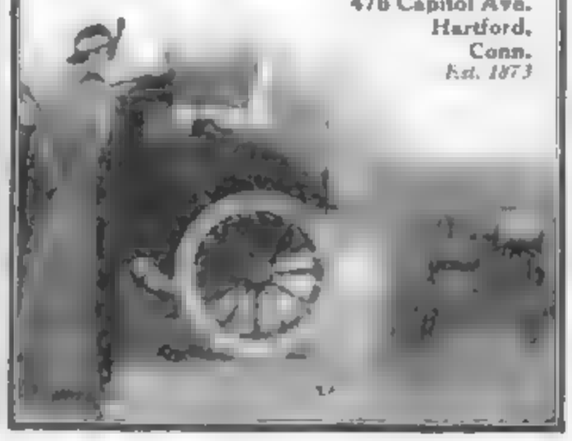

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For Interesting and Valuable Information about **PATENTS WANTED** and bought by Manufacturers, send 6 cents postage for large Illustrated paper "Profitable Results and Terms" Book. R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. 7, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869.

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Consider that thief of Time and Money, the Accident.

You do not carry accident insurance because you believe that your occupation doesn't take you into the paths of danger. You say that you live an even-running life, with today's events an automatic repetition of yesterday's happenings. You are sure that you run almost no chance at all of meeting injury or death by accident—but statistics, and actual settlements of accident claims, prove that your conclusions are all wrong.

It is a fact that *most* accidents happen on the street and *in* the home. The traveling man is considered a "select" risk by accident insurance companies. He is a better risk than a clergyman. Only one "drummer" in 8,765 is killed in a year—and twelve per cent. of all accidents happen in the streets.

One man in seven is hurt every year. Accident insurance, you see, is not only good for *any* man, but it is necessary to *you* as a matter of protection against the loss of time and money from unexpected injury, of which happening you are running a chance of one to six. Just leave *death* by accident out of the question and consider the proposition of the temporary loss of income from a broken arm or a sprained ankle—a probability that matures in an instant and upsets the scheme of life.

Your home and your furniture and furnishings represent so much cash value. You insure them. Greater than all of these is the asset that bought them—your earning capacity; but it is unprotected against disability and loss of time. Assuming that your salary goes on, what provision have you against the *increased expense* of accident? Your *savings.*

Now, then, how thoroughly will you protect yourself against accidental injury? What sort of policy will you buy, and in what company? Naturally, the one with the least frills, that pays the most indemnity at the lowest premium cost. That policy is the brand-new **Equity-Value Accident Policy** issued by the Maryland Casualty Company, of Baltimore, Md.—sound, well-managed, known to its policyholders for meeting its agreements in spirit as well as in letter.

If you are in the preferred class, a premium of $35 per year* buys you protection of $10,000 in case of death by accident, or the loss of both hands or both feet; or the sight of both eyes; or the loss of one hand and one foot—$7,500 for the loss of either hand or foot, and sight of one eye; either leg or right arm, $5,000; either foot, left arm or right hand, $3,333.33; left hand, $2,500; either eye, $2,000; thumb and index finger of right hand, $2,000; same, left hand, $1,666.67.

The **Equity-Value Policy** provides for an indemnity of $50 per week for total loss of time—time unlimited; or for partial loss of time, 26 weeks, $20 per week. This policy pays a weekly indemnity of $50 for 30 per cent. less than the premium charged for other policies giving the same weekly indemnity. It pays full indemnity during entire period of total disability. It pays full benefits for accidental death or loss caused by freezing, hydrophobia, gas, poison or blood poisoning.

If you like, you can buy an **Equity-Value Policy** for $5,000 for half of the above cost, at a proportionate reduction of benefit, or a $7,000 policy at a yearly premium of $25 with benefits in proportion to the larger policy. There is just one time for taking out accident insurance—that time is *before* disaster overtakes you. No medical examination required. Sign and mail the coupon. It will bring full information without obligation. Don't let accident rob you.

Maryland Casualty Company
Baltimore, Md.

* This rate applies to all states excepting North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas, Oklahoma and Missouri, in which the rate is $40.00 for the $10,000 policy

To Insurance Agents and Brokers:

Every agent and broker in this country who sells insurance should familiarize himself with this new and unusual departure in the writing of insurance risks. The new Equity-Value Policy is a most carefully planned, practical and sure solution of recognized and difficult problems of accident insurance. Here is a plan which provides more insurance for less money to the party insured, which pays a better income to the agent and which largely eliminates many of the selling difficulties of accident insurance. We have prepared a special agent's booklet in which is explained in detail all that you want to know. Write for it.

MARYLAND CASUALTY COMPANY,
Maryland Casualty Building, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, complete information regarding your new Equity-Value Policy as advertised.

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Age

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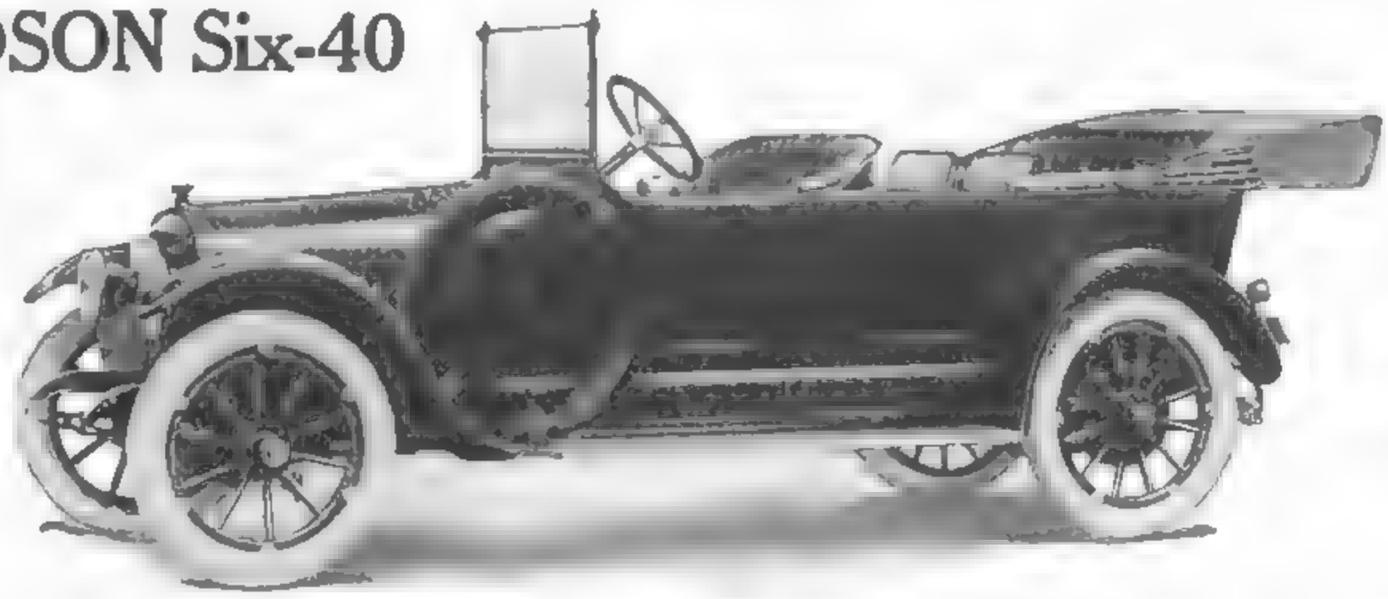
The HUDSON Six-40 For 1915



$1,550 This Year

The extra tonneau seats disappear when not wanted

Our Gem Car

The New HUDSON Six-40 Described by Howard E. Coffin

There are 48 of us—each a skilled designer—in the HUDSON corps of engineers. All are quality men—men of high ideals; so we never have aimed to make the HUDSON a cheap car. Engineering reputations are not gained in that way.

Prices have dropped because costs dropped—due to multiplied output and standardization. This year—with a trebled production—the new HUDSON Six-40 will sell for $1,550. But we engineers have naught to do with this price matter.

From our standpoint—as a piece of fine engineering—we consider this the gem car of 1915. We are proud of it. Without respect to the price-mark, it's our ideal of a car.

The Evolution of Sixes

The best engineers have for years aimed at Sixes. Continuous power is essential to a smooth-running, flexible car, and Sixes alone afford that. But the early Sixes were heavy and wasteful, so this logical motor was confined to high-priced cars.

European engineers first solved this difficulty. They conceived the small-bore, long-stroke motor which reduced fuel cost immensely. It also reduced explosive shocks by 50 per cent as compared with our same-powered Fours. This permitted lighter construction.

In the HUDSON Six-40 we have worked out the ultimate in this type of motor. The result is, an operative cost nearly 30 per cent less than we ever attained in a Four of like power.

How We Attain Lightness

All of us formerly built heavy cars. We used iron where we now use aluminum. We used castings where we now use drop forgings. Instead of proper designing and costly materials, we employed mere size. Those heavy cars were not nearly so staunch as the light HUDSON Six of today.

For years we have worked to combine lightness with strength, but every pound saved added cost to construction. This new HUDSON Six-40, constructed on old lines, would weigh at least 4,000 pounds. We have made it weigh 2,900 pounds. Thus we save you the weight of seven people—all that extra tire cost and fuel. Yet last year this Six-40, in thousands of hands, failed to develop one weakness. We never built a stauncher car.

Our 31 New Features

We devoted three years to this HUDSON Six-40 before we shipped the first car. Our fourth year on it—the year just past—has been spent on refinements. We took part by part and studied ways to improve them.

This new model shows 31 important betterments. They are mostly in comfort and convenience. Among them are better carburation, automatic spark advance, locks on lights and ignition. All wires are run in conduits. Seats are wider and higher. There is more room for the driver.

We have here now one of the handsomest, one of the best-equipped cars in the world. In no way that we know of can any car excel it. And many of these attractions are exclusive to the HUDSON.

Men's Refining Tastes

The evidence is that motorists are turning away from extremes. They want sufficient size and power, but not excessive. The pressure on us for years has been to bring down upkeep cost, and to do that in a Six.

Here is the final result. Here is all the power, all the room you have use for—enough for seven passengers comfortably. Here also is a matchless lightness and low operative cost.

The fact that no car can be built any better is shown by this record lightness. A car must be built of the finest materials, in the most skilful way, to attain such staunchness with this weight.

The HUDSON Six-40 has met modern ideals. Last spring there were two buyers waiting for every car we could build. We have trebled our capacity, yet we cannot hope to keep up with demands. Men who see this car won't be content with cars which fall below it. We know that every car sold will win new converts to our gospel of refinement.

Howard E. Coffin

Phaeton, seating up to 7 passengers, $1,550 f. o. b. Detroit. Standard Roadster, same price.

The New Hudson Six-54

We build on the same lines a larger model with one-third more power and a 135-inch wheel-base. It is for men who want the HUDSON features in a larger, more impressive car. This new HUDSON sells for $2,350.

Hudson dealers everywhere have these new models on show. Go see the new features. New catalog on request.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 8038 Jefferson Avenue, DETROIT, MICH.

THE GAY AND FESTIVE CLAVERHOUSE

(Continued from Page 18)

"But don't you see, dear," Lady Wythe pressed, "what his self-indulgence has done for him? His mind is undoubtedly weakened. He is a madman."

"He has always been more or less like that."

"In a way you are right," her ladyship agreed. "He has been like it—less like it, though. Never more. His brain is softening. He admits himself that he can't remember."

But the girl was as fixed as the Rock of Gibraltar. "That's all the more reason we should do everything we can for him. He told me the day I saw him at his rooms that he is desperately in need. How desperately you and I now both know. And I promised him then that I would go through fire and water for him. He put his life in my hands. Those were his exact words. And at the first hedge I shied. I'm inexpressibly ashamed of myself." Her eyes of heaven's deepest azure had become dewy again.

Lady Wythe was guilty of something very like a frown.

"Wait!" was her laconic injunction. "Just wait!"

The afternoon being fine, mother and daughter, heavily booted, went for a walk, taking care to choose a direction that would by no chance carry them in the neighborhood of the rectory. Before leaving the manorhouse they had taken pains to inquire after Claverhouse, and had been assured by Conrad that his master was still wrapped in slumber.

In the course of their ramble they came upon an ideally picturesque spot. Incidentally they came upon a red-bearded artist sketching it, a bona-fide R. A., whose name when they heard it they recognized at once. For who had not heard of Winfred Wimbridge?

The R. A., indicating the loveliest of thatched cottages on a near-by elevation, informed them that it was his temporary dwelling place; that his sister was within it at that moment brewing tea; and that he himself was actually famishing for the cup that cheers but leaves no head in the morning. He would be charmed to have Lady Wythe and her daughter join him and at the same time look over his sketches.

Lady Wythe and her daughter were delighted. Everything was perfect—the thatched cottage, the sister, the tea, the service, the sketches; likewise the R. A. and his ideas of his art. They spent more time than they had the faintest idea of spending.

When they reached the yew drive at Yewstones dusk was already descending. They would have barely time to dress for dinner. Therefore they quickened their steps. They were almost running when from behind them there came to their ears the unmistakable clamor of a motor car driven at high speed.

Scarcely were they able to turn when it thundered past them, and sweeping round a curve in the avenue was lost to sight in the direction of the house.

Lady Wythe for an instant seemed rooted to the spot and Madeleine was but less affected. As their gazes met they gasped.

"Fancy!" Lady Wythe murmured.

"You saw him, then?" her daughter managed to enunciate.

"Of course."

"He was driving the car himself. It might kill him!"

"No such good luck," snapped her ladyship.

"Mother!" exclaimed Madeleine. "You are needlessly cruel."

"He was in flannels," Lady Wythe continued, ignoring her daughter's rebuke. "He has been to the rectory." Her tone was the one she would have used had she wished to say "He has killed a man."

The young woman was silenced. She was too busy with her thoughts—wretched, unsettling, jealous surmises—to say one word.

The roots that had held Lady Wythe having relinquished their grip, she caught her stride once more, and Madeleine, morosely musing, kept pace. But when they came in view of the manorhouse there was no sign of either the gay and festive Claverhouse or his car.

It was not until they stood within the great hall, looked down upon by their smoky-faced ancestors in time-blackened frames, and encountered the solemn, distressed visage of the waiting Parkins, that they sensed perhaps something further of catastrophic character.

"Mr. Claverhouse just came in, Parkins?" asked Lady Wythe, striving to dissemble her fresh anxiety.

The butler wet his dry, drawn lips with the point of a pale tongue before speaking. It was all he could do to maintain his customary air of composure. Then he said quietly:

"Mr. Claverhouse was just carried in, my lady."

"Carried in!" exclaimed Miss Wythe. But her mother was discreetly silent.

"Yes, miss," answered Parkins. "I 'elped carry him myself. He had a very bad chill, miss. He was shaking so bad he couldn't walk two steps."

"Had a chill!" Lady Wythe seemed relieved to find it was not what she had surmised.

"Very bad, your ladyship," the butler confirmed. "It seems he fell into the fountain at the rectory and got quite wet through, my lady. Begging your ladyship's pardon, he was most awfully messed up. I don't know that I ever saw a gentleman more so."

The episode was not permitted to interfere with the conventions nevertheless. Lady Wythe and Miss Madeleine were presently in the hands of their maids, just as the Honorable Ernest was in the hands of his valet. And at three minutes of eight precisely mother and daughter, each in irreproachable dinner regalia, met under the candlelight of the red drawing room.

Would or would not their guest appear? That was the question each was mentally posing, but that neither made bold to put into words. One minute ticked away. A second followed, more slowly it seemed. A third had become apparently endless, when Parkins snipped it off by appearing in the broad doorway and announcing as usual:

"Dinner is served, my lady."

The two ladies, who had been sitting in a strained silence, rose simultaneously. At the same moment a sort of muffled patter penetrated from the hall. The two ladies paused, listening. The sound came nearer. Their eyes turned toward the entrance. Then as though by signal their eyes and mouths opened in concert.

Between the long, dark-red velvet draperies that masked the doorway appeared an object wrapped in a flame-colored satin robe heavily embroidered in medallions of shining yellow gold. Unquestionably a costly but vivid importation from the Orient.

"Sorry if I kept you waiting," drawled Claverhouse with an irritating nonchalance. "Hope you'll pardon my Japanese dinner dress too. But I've just had a beastly chill, you know; and the dining hall is brutally drafty, now isn't it?"

With which, smiling irresistibly, he pattered a few steps forward in his clogs and gallantly offered an arm to each of the ladies.

■

IT WAS all that Madeleine could do to conceal her chagrin. She felt that she had been shamefully misused. It was vexing enough that Ernest should have gone to the rectory, thus admitting that Hermione Bawle-Derry, that frumpy little red-haired creature with weak eyes, had been able to persuade him to act independently of what he must have known were her own and her mother's wishes.

That Claverhouse should presume to appear now in the drawing room was certainly straining the limit of hospitality to the snapping point. His chill she regarded as no excuse whatever.

Too ill to dress properly, he had far better have dined in his rooms. She felt very sure that her mother would not brook this insult and that he would be requested to leave Yewstones in the morning. A quick, stolen glance showed her that Lady Wythe's lips were very closely and ominously compressed and that a red spot flamed on each cheekbone.

Neither one nor the other, however, had opportunity to get in a single observation during the march to the dining room. For Claverhouse's tongue was loosed and he was

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FOR PICNICS
AND PARTIES

No! It *Won't* Fall Down

"LONDON Bridge" may fall down—but your picnic or party will never "fall down" if you have along the Big Taste—tantalizing, appetizing Underwood Deviled Ham spread in sandwiches of fresh bread. M-m-m! Dee-licious!

Try it. See what wonderful omelets, salads, croquettes, etc., it makes. Send for the famous Little Red Devil Recipes—free for your grocer's name and address. Mention whether he sells Underwood. Or send 15c for economical can to try—makes 12 to 24 sandwiches.

If your grocer doesn't keep it he will get it for you. Ask him *today*.

And Try Little Red Devil Recipe No. 54—A Summer Sandwich

Mix small can Underwood Deviled Ham with equal quantity Mayonnaise, and one small onion chopped fine. Spread on thin slices of fresh rye bread. Trim crusts, and wrap sandwiches in wax paper until served.

WILLIAM UNDERWOOD COMPANY, 52 FULTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

"Branded with the Devil, but Fit for the Gods"

On Days When the Sidewalk Scorches the Soles of Your Feet, Drink

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Kleek-O

GINGER ALE

When the sun beats hotly down and beads of melting pitch pop up between the paving blocks, drink Clicquot Club Ginger Ale.

In the ginger lies a wake-up stimulus; from the lemon and lime juice comes refreshment and from the highly carbonated Clicquot Spring Water comes the thirst quenching, throat wetting quality that makes Clicquot so well loved.

At Good Grocers and Druggists

Two big glassfuls in each bottle. If one glass is enough for your thirst we will send—for 4c postage—a patent self-clamping stopper (clever device) that will hold the second glass fresh for 48 hours.

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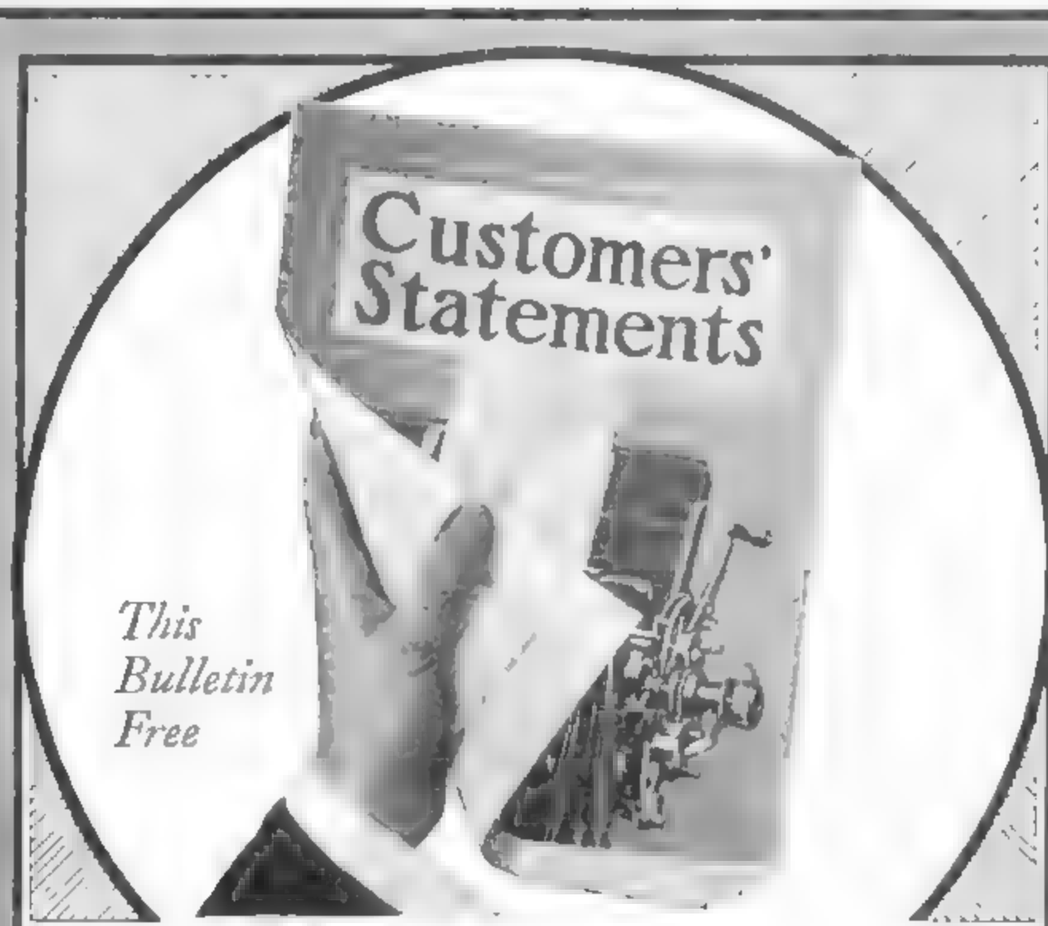

How to Improve Collections and Cut Expenses, Too

The very first page of this information Bulletin shows how forty-eight business concerns, some of them with 2500 ledger accounts, some with only 100, cut down the average time required to get out their statements from 23⅔ to 7½ hours—from three days to one day!

The next page shows how one clerk in a wholesale grocery sets out in three days statements that took two clerks five [illegible]

Furthermore, they get these statements out on time. Statements that go out on time are generally paid first!

And still further, the Burroughs makes statements prove the ledger postings twice, while their clean-cut appearance gains confidence for their accuracy.

This new Bulletin is full of instances of manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers [illegible] approximately one-third their time on statement work, and saving money accordingly.

The last page of this Bulletin shows thirty-four [illegible] in which the Burroughs saves money. When we sell a Burroughs we always show a man how it will save him money.

Send for this new Bulletin—"Customers' Statements" *(Third Edition)*—whether or not you use a Burroughs. Please write on your business letterhead—and why not today?

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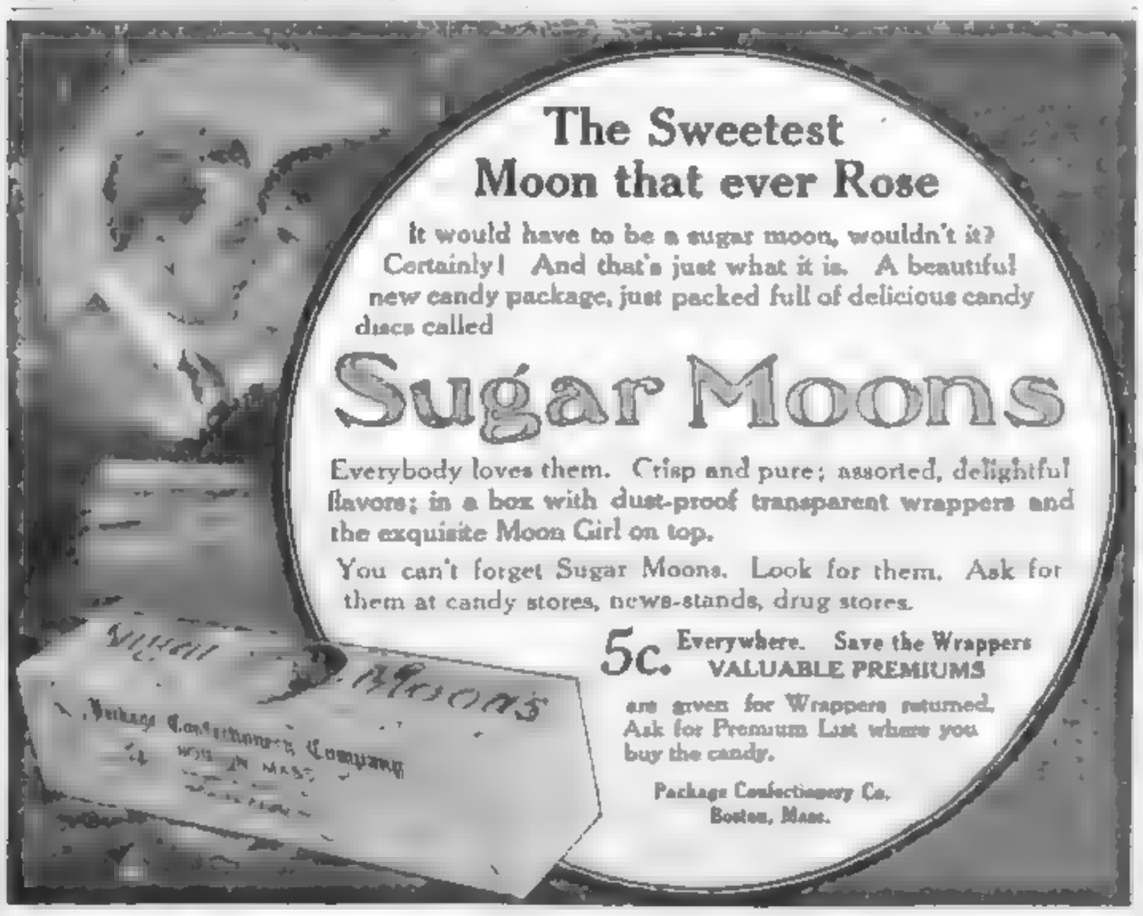
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plunging ahead through a detailed narrative of the most disgraceful events of the afternoon.

"The last thing I whispered to Miss Bawle-Derry as I handed her into the pony cart this morning was that she could depend upon me to show up at the party. So, whether or no, I had to keep my word."

That was the way he began; but if he expected it to smooth matters in the least he was woefully mistaken. And what followed only made it a thousand times worse.

"Of course I had no intention of playing tennis. I knew that my poor heart would never be able to stand the strain, and naturally I couldn't think of casting gloom over a festive little gathering by dropping dead on the court. It wouldn't have been fair to them or to you. If I die I promise you it shall be right here at Yewstones. I wouldn't consider any other spot after your kindness in having me down, well understanding that the wretched thing may happen at any minute."

Even as he drew out Madeleine's chair for her, Parkins performing the same office for Lady Wythe, he rattled on without so much as a pause for breath:

"But we had quite a jolly afternoon just the same. Miss Bawle-Derry took me under her wing from the very first. Charming girl, Hermione, devilishly charming girl! She presented me to every one, from the old dowager Duchess of Rudyard, a freaky old thing with a naturally red nose and an unnaturally black wig, down to the curate's younger brother, seven feet tall, a featherweight, with white eyelashes and no sense of humor. His name, I believe, was Squiller. He didn't seem at all fond of me from the first. Something about me evidently that he didn't like. But I—I admired him. I did really. He played an abnormal game of tennis. Never in my life saw anything like it. He could reach, you see, from one end of the court to the other, and he was all over the place at once."

The soup, fish and entrée came and went, and Claverhouse was still drawing thumbnail sketches of the guests and relating incidents, enlivened by quoted snatches of conversation.

And throughout it all Miss Bawle-Derry had figured preeminently.

"You should see the maze," he told them as Parkins served the joint. "Worth going miles to see. Wonderful old maze. More perplexing than Hampton Court. And with a fountain in the center—great wide basin and swans and all that. Hermione insisted on showing me through. It was ripping! And, yes, I won't deny it, romantic. Just think, she and I there all quite alone in that poetic environment, 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot.' A new Adam and a new Eve. Did you notice what lovely tints there are in that wonderful Titian hair of hers? Oh, bewitching! Somehow, don't you know, it got into my blood. Under the skin, so to speak. I grew sentimental. Before I really knew what I was doing my arm was about her waist, her head was on my shoulder, my lips were sipping honey from hers. I think, indeed I'm not quite certain, but I think I asked her to be Mrs. Claverhouse."

Madeleine was guilty of a little shriek. Her cheeks were scarlet. Lady Wythe dropped a fork. Her teeth were gripping her under lip. But she looked pleased, actually pleased. The sleeves of the Honorable Ernest's vivid cloak caught his glass of whisky and soda and sent it over, wetting the tablecloth and then rolling to the floor. He motioned to Parkins to recover it and provide and fill another. In the very beginning he had refused hock and ordered whisky. The upset glass was his third.

"You—you proposed marriage to Miss Bawle-Derry?" Her ladyship let her under lip go and stammered the question.

"I fancy I did," her guest went on. "If I didn't I certainly should have. Otherwise to have kissed her the way I was kissing her when Squiller turned up from heaven knows where was unpardonably rude. Squiller said it was, anyway. And as he couldn't know that I had proposed how could he when I was myself in doubt about it?—he was jolly well right. I realize that now; but it never occurred to me at the time I told him he was quite out of place and that it was none of his business. 'Since Miss Bawle-Derry has promised to marry me directly I finish at Oxford,' he shot back, 'it's very much my business. So much so that I mean to smash your jaw!'"

Claverhouse paused to moisten his lips from the fresh glass. Madeleine was now weeping convulsively behind her handkerchief.

Lady Wythe did not look so pleased. She scented something spectacular that would probably wind up in a county-wide scandal. Nor was she disappointed.

"But Squiller didn't do what he meant to," the speaker went on, pride echoing in his voice and reflecting in his smile. "His long arm shot out; but I dodged and it went clean over my shoulder. At the same moment I uppercut him, and he would have gone down had it not been that I grappled him about the waist. The fountain basin was convenient and I lurched him that way. In another second I should have shot him clear over the brim, but just then he recovered and his ropes of arms came round me like binding chains. He held fast to me and we struck the water at the same instant. I heard Hermione scream as we went under. I am under the impression that we killed one of the swans."

He drank some more whisky, for the recollection seemed to make him shiver.

"Ugh!" he gasped. "It was very cold water. It went straight to my marrow. See," he added, "I'm shaking yet." And he was. His whole frame was violently vibrating. His arm sent his glass spinning. This time it flew wide of the rug and shattered to atoms on the stone floor.

"Another!" he cried through chattering teeth. "Another! Neat this time!" And the butler sprang to obey. But no sooner was it placed on the table than the convulsive arm sent it flying after the other.

Twice this was repeated. The chill increased in violence.

"M-M-M-Madeleine!" he got through rattling teeth. "Hold it f-f-for me!" The appeal was pitiful. But the girl, now white with terror, did not move. On the contrary she stood stunned, horrified.

"Parkins!" screamed Lady Wythe, who had risen too, shocked out of all composure and in mortal terror lest her guest should then and there give up the ghost. "Get Conrad at once! Make haste! For heaven's sake, make haste!"

Claverhouse was trying to control the muscular twitching by gripping the edge of the table, which, solid and heavy as it was, shook under the conveyed impulse until every dish and glass upon it was dancing.

Parkins, watchful to avert damage, did not turn his head. Every second he was busy restoring a waltzing wineglass that threatened to pitch floorward. But with eyes alertly scanning the damask to avoid collisions of crystal and china, and with both hands hovering in readiness, he broke the dire truth.

"Conrad isn't here, my lady."

Lady Wythe almost screamed. "Isn't here!"

"No, your ladyship. He's gone in the car to the railway station." And snatching at a careening pickle dish he saved it from destruction.

"The nurse then! Get her! It's her duty to look after her patient."

The butler, still intent on the table tango, fired another shot. "Mrs. Watson is on her way back to London, my lady."

Lady Wythe considered this the climax. But it wasn't. Barely had she time to take it in, when the grip of the fantastically garbed young man opposite her slipped from the edge of the table, but clung frantically to the cloth. The effect may be imagined. Even Parkins, assiduous and nimble as he was, could not stay the disaster. Everything went. Venetian glassware, eggshell French china, the flower plaque from the center of the table, the silver candlesticks with their lighted candles and frail, beautiful shades, the latter bursting into flame as they rolled.

The two ladies—Madeleine's gown was dripping from an overturned decanter—sprang to their feet and ran one way, while the butler shouting for help ran in another.

When, less than a minute later, Parkins returned, accompanied by two footmen to assist in clearing away the wreck, the shivering, shaking cause of it all was not to be seen. Once again Claverhouse apparently had vanished into thin air.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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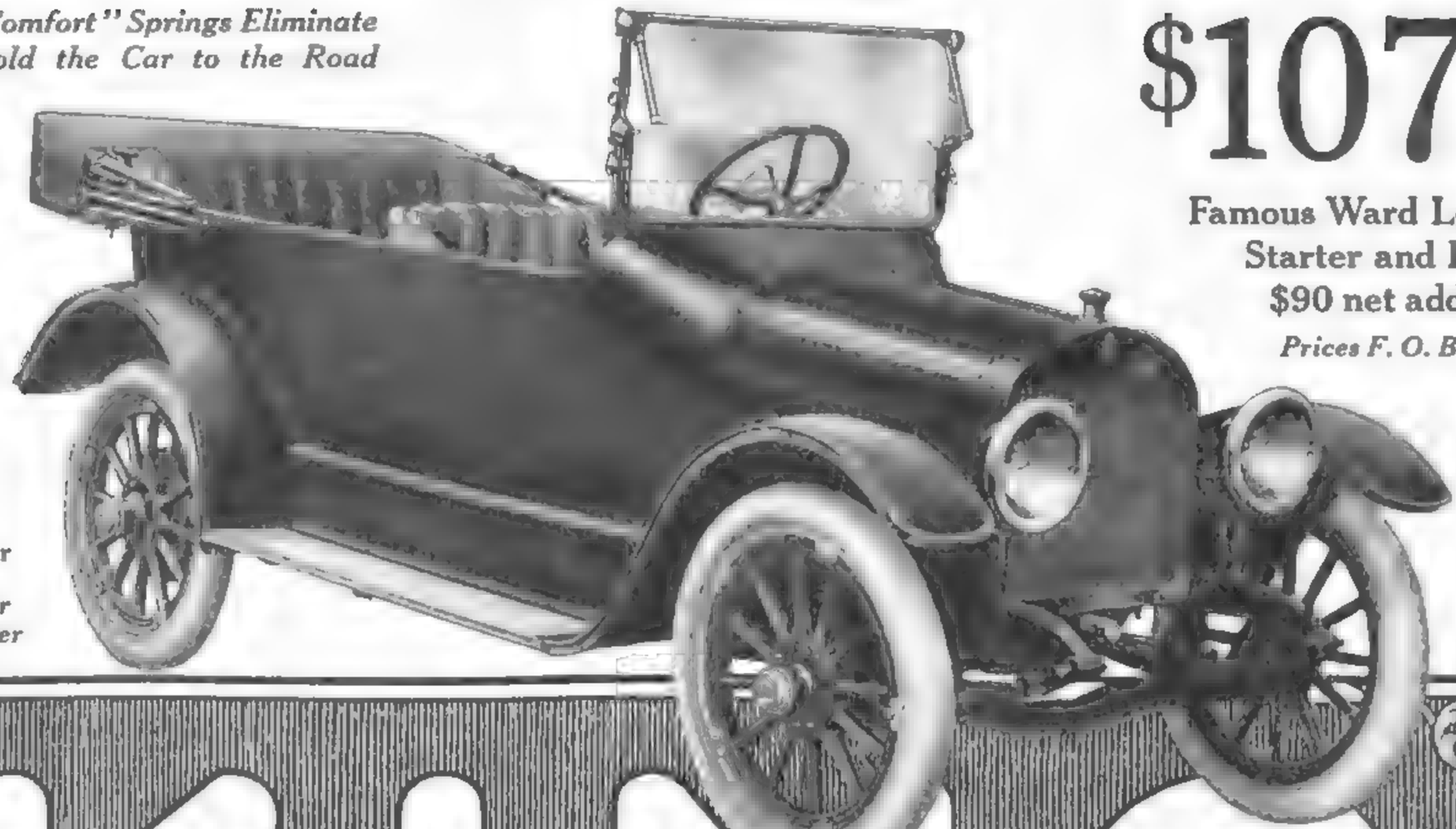

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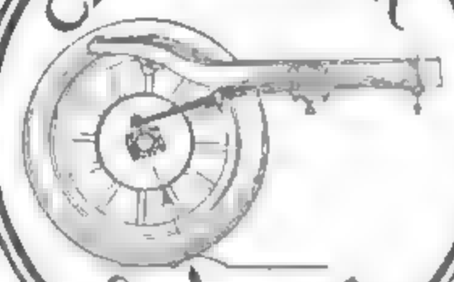

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On one extra process—our "On-Air" cure—we spend $450,000 per year. It is done to save blow-outs—the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. We final-cure on air-filled tubes, under actual road conditions. And no other maker does that.

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(1624)

THE PRINCESS FREDEGONDA

(Continued from Page 13)

She hurled the question at me as she had hurled the other, an equally delicate one, at Stephanie. I could have given her a hundred and fifty reasons, but I gave her none.

"Speak!" she cried. I still said nothing. "If you do not speak ——"

She stopped short. I do not know whether she was reluctant to assault me again in the presence of her ambassador; there was certainly assault and battery in the way she looked at me. Dolgouruki observed in a paternal tone:

"Be easy, madame. I will have him punished."

She emitted a sound that I can only describe as a snort.

"Do not put yourself to so much trouble! I will attend to him. Where, then, is this money?"

Dolgouruki handed her a fat leather case, which he took from his pocket.

"These are banknotes." The fact that the case seemed stuffed with them did not seem to afford her the slightest pleasure. "Did I not tell you to bring gold?"

"If madame will permit, ten thousand pounds in gold would not only weigh a great deal, it would occupy much space. Banknotes are as good, especially as those that madame has are mostly for small sums. Besides, here is English gold."

He unlocked the metal case the personage had placed on the table. It seemed full of sovereigns. I had never before seen so many of them together; even at that moment the sight made my mouth water.

"Here, madame, are a thousand sovereigns."

She took out a handful and held them up in front of her.

"After all, they are pretty coins. I have never seen so much money in my life. One perceives that it must be fun to pay for things with what they call here ready money. With these I will paint the town red."

"Madame!" Dolgouruki's voice suggested that he was startled.

"Well?" Her tone could scarcely have been softer; she did not look at him, yet he took the hint. She went on: "Have you ever painted a town red?"

That respectable, elderly gentleman was smitten unawares. He endeavored to cover himself under a show of dignity.

"What is it that madame is pleased to mean?"

"Dolgouruki, you are a fool! You are an old fool—once you were a young fool. In those days did you not love to be a fool, to be a greater fool even than Nature had made you? Do you suppose I do not know I am a fool? that I do not know that to love things I cannot have is folly? Yet I love them all the same." She gave a little sigh. "You see, there are so few things for which I ought to care."

"There is the whole world at madame's command."

"No, Dolgouruki, no; else you would not have about you somewhere my father's command to take me back, with or without my will—if necessary, gagged and drugged and pinioned—to where I do not wish to go."

"Madame knows that I have no such instructions."

"I do not believe you, Dolgouruki. I know you are a liar! One day, perhaps soon, you will catch me when I am not on my guard; and all will be over. I shall not have a chance of running away a second time. I know! So in all probability I shall not have much time in which to paint the town red, and I would so love to!"

"How would you begin?" There was that in the old man's deferential tone which stung her. She pressed the tip of her finger against his chest.

"Take care, Dolgouruki, that you do not go too far!"

"I but ventured, madame, to ask a question."

"Then do not ask a question. I will begin to paint the town red in my own way. For instance, by marrying you." This was addressed to me. With her beautiful eyes she subjected me to a sort of valuation. The way in which she did it made me shiver. It was a positive relief to learn that, for some reason, I fell short of the standard she had set up for herself. "No—again, why should I? There are plenty of men like you to be got for two a penny."

"For less than that," said Dolgouruki. "You find them in the dirt-carts. His presence is a contamination. Permit that I send him away."

The lady hesitated. Her pink palm was full of sovereigns; she held it out.

"Would you like a handful?"

I said nothing. Remember, I was penniless; I had not even anything worth pawning. I dare say she saw it written on my face. She laughed right out. Her laugh was very musical; it lingered pleasantly in the ear even when it had ceased.

"No!" she cried. "I will not give it to you. They are so pretty! My sovereigns—my golden sovereigns!"

She took handfuls up out of the box, letting them fall back in yellow cascades. Then she saw the fat leather case. Picking up some of the notes she threw them toward me.

"Take those," she said; "they are good enough for you." They came unexpectedly. I failed to catch them; they fell to the floor. "Clumsy!" she exclaimed. "Are you not used to catching alms? Dive for them! Go down on your knees and pick them up."

I did as she told me; to this moment I do not know why. It was not because my need was so urgent. I would have left the room if I could and left them there; but I could not. From the instant I had come into the room it had been the same—the slightest expression of her wish had been my law. I knelt and picked up the notes. There were quite a number. As she watched she laughed. She tossed another.

"One more," she said. "Pick that up also. Stay as you are!" She came so close that her skirt brushed against my face. As I wondered what was the next fantastic trick she was about to play she said: "Shall I kick him, Dolgouruki? He is a thief!"

"Permit that I have him thrown down the stairs."

Crossing the room she touched the ivory button. The personage came in.

"Show this gentleman out into the street." To me she said: "Go!" I was only too glad to get the chance. At the door she stopped me. "One moment, Mr. Savile. The next time do not let your mind move too rapidly. One day we may meet again."

"Madame!" exclaimed Dolgouruki. She paid no heed to him.

"I say that perhaps one day we may meet again. Dolgouruki, you are a fool! Shake hands with me, Mr. Savile, in the English way." To my surprise as well as confusion she advanced her right hand. I touched it with the tips of my fingers. She smiled, this time bewitchingly. "Do not be afraid, Mr. Savile. Take my hand in yours and press it." I did as I was told, but she pressed longest. She held me. "For a thief you are not ill-looking. Good day, Mr. Savile!"

I bowed and went out. When I was outside, the door of the room adjoining was opened and Stephanie looked out—only for a second, for just one peep; but she caught my eye—there was that in her glance which turned my head. I stood still until the personage touched me.

"Come this way!" His English was nearly perfect. I went that way. At the end of the corridor he again put his hand on my shoulder and remarked very softly—for so big a man it was strange how softly he spoke, but he was quite audible—to me: "If you breathe a word of this morning I shall hear of it and you will pay for it with your life. Make no mistake! Miss Letitia Robinson is a lady who does not like to have her affairs talked about, or her name mentioned, or her existence known. Wherever you go there will be some one watching you and listening. You understand?"

I did. I did not tell him so, because it was unnecessary. He knew I understood. He took me down what I presume were the service stairs, through a part of the building I do not think was known to visitors, to a small door that opened into a side street. We exchanged no parting greetings; I just went out by that small door and along the narrow pavement of the mean street to the corner, where I found myself in a great square.

It was only when I was seated in the taxi I hailed that I gave a sigh of relief. I took off my hat and wiped my brow. After all, I was not so sure the time had come for me to congratulate myself on having escaped from between the upper and the nether millstones. I took out the slips of crinkly paper that, at her bidding, I had picked up from the floor—took them out furtively as though ashamed. I was ashamed. However, they were genuine banknotes. The numbers were consecutive, which I did not

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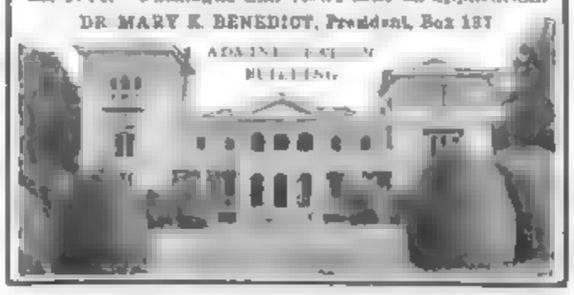

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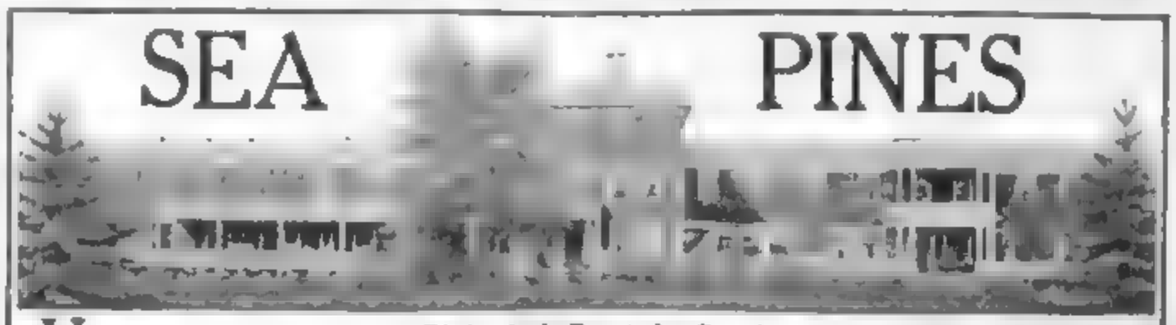

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fancy. They were all fives—twenty-two of them—a hundred and ten pounds.

I had told the driver to take me to Piccadilly Circus. I descended at the Criterion, giving the porter a five-pound note and telling him to pay the taxi and bring me the change. I went into the room on the right of the great entrance hall and ordered the waiter to bring me a bottle of champagne. He asked what kind. I named a brand, haphazard. I was indifferent as to the brand; at that moment all I wanted was champagne—enough of it to taste.

The porter brought my change—the waiter my wine. As the fellow drew the cork a man came in from the hall. It seemed to me he had a horrible resemblance to the personage who had shown me into the street and whom I had heard addressed as Nikol. He caught my eye as I was raising the glass to my lips—and took the taste out of the wine. He came in and sat at a table opposite mine. I heard him order a small bottle of sparkling water. When the liquid came he did not touch it. He stared at the table and smiled; and I knew that Nikol had been as good as his word—that I was being watched.

When I left the Criterion I went to my rooms, driving part of the way, walking part. I could have sworn that I was not being followed. Before entering the house, standing outside the street door, I took a good look up and down the street. There was not a creature in sight. My landlady was glad to see me, especially when, inviting her into my sitting room, I took out a handful of money and paid her what I owed. When she had gone, as I examined her receipt I chanced to glance through the window. There was the man who had ordered the sparkling water strolling along the pavement, his eyes on the ground.

I asked my landlady's niece to go out with me that night—to dine and to a music hall afterward. Kathleen O'Connor is a pretty girl, full of life, vitality, fun—if her hands are a trifle large and red. She and her aunt do all the work of the house between them. She had a splendid time, better than I did. We dined in Rupert Street. When they brought the fish, that man, coming into the restaurant, placed himself at the table next to ours—the man who so unpleasantly recalled Nikol. What little appetite I had vanished with his appearance. I did not know what to do. The man was dogging me clearly. Should I pick a quarrel with him? I should probably not get the best of it if I did.

Kathleen praised all the dishes and thought the band was lovely; she sent up one of my half-crowns—which had come by a sort of side track, *via* the Princess Fredegonda, from the Emperor of all the Balkans—with a request to the conductor to play some fatuous waltz. When they began to play she told me how lovely it would be to clear away the tables and start waltzing there and then.

And that dark-eyed man at the next table, seeming to eat nothing, kept his eyes fixed on the cloth. He was at the music hall—I do not doubt it, though I did not see him.

"Whom are you looking for?" asked Kathleen, apparently struck at last by the fact that I kept screwing myself round in my seat.

"No one," I told her; "at least no one in particular."

"Then I wish you would keep still. You do seem fidgety. Don't you think that was splendid? And isn't she pretty?"

She alluded to the lady who had been responsible for the item of the program that had just been finished. I did not think it was splendid or that the lady was pretty. I had but to close my eyes to see a face that indeed was ravishing, which was hard on Kathleen.

As we were going with the crowd through the great doors into the street some one slipped a scrap of paper into my hand, some one behind me. I felt as though the palm of my hand was being tickled and closed it quickly—there was a scrap of paper. I looked quickly round. We were hemmed in on all sides; I could see no one I knew, or who looked as if he or she had done that thing.

"Now what's the matter?" inquired my landlady's niece.

I suppose in turning I had given her arm a wrench. I told her that some one had trodden on my foot, and I slipped the scrap of paper into my waistcoat pocket. Kathleen would have supper—she said it would be so lovely to have supper; so she

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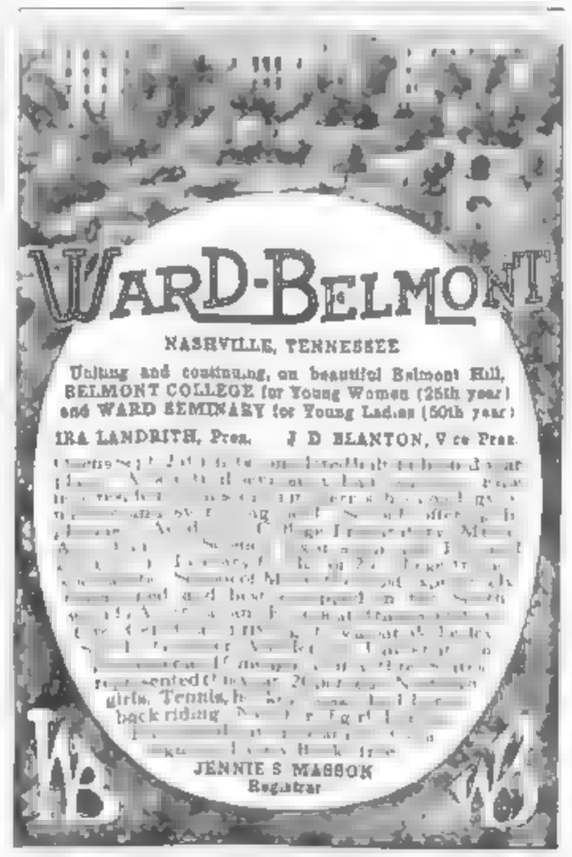
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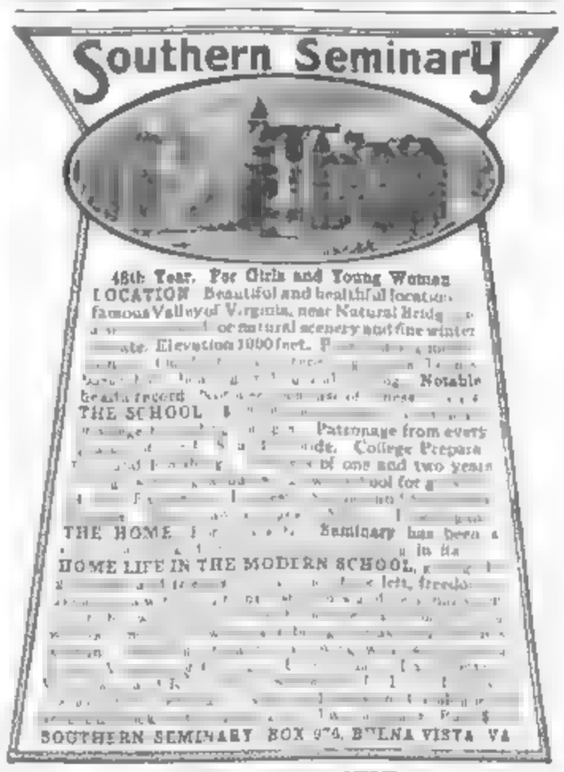

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had it, while I pretended. In the entrance hall of the restaurant as we came out was Nikol's friend, looking down on the floor. The sight of him inflamed me; if I had not been eating I had been drinking. I went up to him:

"This is the fourth time I have seen you to-day, or is it the fifth? I must ask you, sir, for an explanation."

He took off his hat with a most courteous gesture, met my eyes with his great black ones, and said with an almost incomprehensible foreign accent:

"Pardon! No understand; no speak English."

What could I say to a man who declared that he did not speak English, who looked and sounded as though he did not? I could only glare, while he stood in front of me with bowed head and a smile that was charmingly apologetic.

"Aren't you coming?" asked Kathleen, touching me on the arm; so I went. "Do you know that gentleman?" she asked.

"No, I don't." My manner was brusque. I was fingering the scrap of paper, wondering whether he knew I had it.

"I thought you spoke to him."

"We'll take a taxi home," I said. As soon as we were in the cab I began to talk about the evening's performance. She forgot all about her question.

It was only when I was in my bedroom that I felt at liberty to satisfy my curiosity as to what was on that scrap of paper. It was just half a sheet of notepaper—small note size—parchment I believe they call it in the shops. I fancy my fingers trembled as I opened it, then I found it was blank. There was nothing on it. I turned it over and over; no, there was nothing on it; it was blank. I thought a trick had been played on me. Why did any one wish to amuse himself, or herself, by giving me a blank half sheet of common notepaper? I struck a match and touched the flame to the corner. It began to burn. I watched it. When the flame had a good hold something began to happen to the paper—writing became visible—words—one word—a name—Stephanie!

I tried to extinguish the flame. It was too late; the paper blazed, curled into ash. I let the ash fall. Where the paper had been, where I held it in front of my eyes, though there was no longer anything there, I saw the name staring at me—Stephanie!

I do not know how it happened—but it did. I offer no explanation; I do not understand; I set it down for truth, as I saw it. I do not believe my imagination played me a trick—no, I do not believe it even now.

In the morning there was the dark-eyed man in the street—Nikol's shadow. The sight of him inflamed me. I assured myself that I would not have him there. I rushed out the front door to tell him so. When I reached the pavement he was vanishing round the corner. When I gained the corner he had quickened his pace and was already at some distance. I could not chase him—I had no hat; the idea was absurd. I returned and had breakfast. I have never seen him since.

The five-pound notes that had been flung at me were hateful in my sight. Yet they were all I had to live on—it seemed to me I had to live. While I still had twenty of them Carruthers died—Gaye Carruthers. On my breakfast table one morning, less than a fortnight after my visit to Babbidge's Hotel, I found a letter to tell me so. He had forbidden me ever to speak to him again—yet he left me practically all he had. Life's little ironies! I could not believe it—even after I had dashed round to the lawyers' and they told me it was true.

"The thing is impossible!" I said to the senior partner, who sat on the other side of the table and grinned. "Carruthers swore I should never touch a cent of his."

"Possibly. None the less, four days before he died he made a new will in which he left you most of what he had."

"Then, in that case," I shouted—my brain was in such a whirl that I had to shout—"if that is true perhaps you'll advance me five hundred pounds?"

There was nothing in his manner to show that he thought my suggestion monstrous.

"Certainly! You inherit at least eight thousand pounds a year; here's a check for five hundred."

He handed it across the table then and there, an open check. I took it to a bank as fast as ever I could. I added two fives to the twenty I had in my pocket, slipped them into an envelope, inclosed my card—With Mr. Jack Savile's Compliments—addressed it to Miss Letitia Robinson, tore round with it to Babbidge's Hotel, and handed it across the counter to a clerk.

"Be so good as to send that up to Miss Robinson at once."

That clerk—he was a dapper little man with a waxed mustache—eyed me, then the envelope.

"No Miss Letitia Robinson is staying here."

"She was here ten days ago."

He referred to a great ledger and then smiled.

"No Miss Letitia Robinson has stayed here—at least, during the last month. This contains the names of all our visitors—you can look for yourself if you like."

I did not want to look. I was ready to believe that that name was not inscribed in his great volume. A man came through a side doorway. He took my envelope from the clerk's hand. His manner was precise, even curt. He said:

"You have made some mistake, sir. No person of that name was ever among our visitors."

He passed me my envelope with a look that made me slip it into my pocket almost as though I had been proposing to do something of which I had cause to be ashamed.

Three weeks later it was in all the papers, columns and columns. For days the topic in the journals was The Balkan Marriage. The Princess Fredegonda, the world was informed, had recovered from her severe influenza.

And her marriage to her august cousin, the Grand Duke Michaelovitch, was to take place at the earliest possible moment. All the great folks were hurrying to the wedding. So they were married!

How had it been done? Did Dolgouruki do it? Had Nikol lent a hand, or the dark-eyed man—and Stephanie? Had they put something in the Princess' coffee, slipped her into a bag, borne her away on one of her father's ships, and so home? If that was the way it was done—that it was done in some such way I have no doubt—what did she say when she found herself back again in her imperial father's palace? There were some stirring times! Somebody suffered. Did she dare to beat Stephanie? I should have liked to beat her if she had! She probably said some plain words to her imperial father—not the fear of instant execution could have kept her from doing that.

Yet persuasion was brought to bear; she did marry her august cousin. The world is informed that they are a happy pair. I wonder!

In the fall of the same year—that was my wonderful year!—I met Miss Isa Franklin. I had heard a deal about American girls—I had met a few; but so soon as I set my eyes on her I knew she was the one girl in America or out, the first and the last, the beginning, the middle and the end! Pretty soon, one morning in an avenue in the Bois—we were in Paris—I told her so. I just quick-stepped up to Heaven when she said what she did say to me. We were married at the American Embassy.

The day before I saw Stephanie in the Avenue du Bois. She was in an open motor car—and she saw me! She had passed before I had time to get my hat off; but she nodded and put her head over the side and looked back as the great car sped on.

"Why," said Isa, with whom I happened to be strolling, "what a beauty! I believe she knew you."

Then I told her this story. When we had been married and had lived in America two golden years we came back to Europe for a trip. I met Prince Dolgouruki at a reception in the Avenue Kléber. He looked at me hard. I looked at him and said clumsily—the meeting was unexpected and took me aback: "Unless my memory plays me false I have met you before."

He continued to look at me as though I were not there. He replied:

"Memory sometimes does play one false; it is safer to have no memory, as is the case with me."

He passed on into the crowd. At the moment Isa was at the other end of the room. I said nothing to her—at least not then; but the next morning I saw in the papers that the Emperor of all the Balkans was dead, and that within two hours of his death the Grand Duchess Michaelovitch had borne an heir to the Balkan throne. The Princess Fredegonda was a mother and an orphan, and Empress of all the Balkans. Did her august cousin and well-loved consort make any remark on the situation that would have been of interest to the world at large? I wonder!

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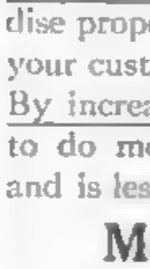

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DAUGHTERS OF SHILOH

(Continued from Page 7)

He managed to hold back and tell Tawm Kinch that this was kind of sudden like and he'd have to talk to the wife about it, and o' course the girl would have to be considered.

He was good salesman enough not to leap at the first offer, and he left Tawm Kinch guessing at the gate of the big house. To Tawm it looked as lonely and forlorn as it looked majestic and desirable to Papa Pepperall, glancing back over his shoulder as he sauntered home with difficult deliberation. His heart was singing: "What a place to eat Sunday dinners at!"

Once out of Tawm Kinch's range, he broke into a walk that was almost a lope, and he rounded a corner into the portico that Judge Hippisley carried ahead of him. When the Judge had regained his breath he seized papa by both lapels and growled:

"Look here, Pepperall, I told you to keep your daughter away from my boy, and you didn't; and now Ort has lost his job. Beadle fired him to-day. And jobs ain't easy to get in this town, as you know. And now what's going to happen?"

William Pepperall was so exultant that he tried to say two things at the same time; that Orton's job or loss of it was entirely immaterial and a matter of perfect indifference. What he said was: "It's material of perfect immaterence to me."

He spurned to correct himself and stalked on, leaving the Judge gaping. A few paces off William's knees weakened at the thought of how he had jeopardized Ollie's position; but he tossed that aside with equal "immaterence," for when Prue became Mrs. Kinch she could take Ollie to live with her, or send her to school, or something.

When he reached home he drew his wife into the parlor to break the glorious news to her. She was more hilarious than he had been. All their financial problems were solved and their social position enhanced, as if the family had suddenly been elevated to the peerage.

She was on pins and needles of impatience because Prue was late for supper. She came down at last when the others had heard all about it and nearly finished their food. She had her hat on, and she was in such a hurry that she paid no attention to the fluttering of the covey, or the prolonged throat-clearing of her father, who had difficulty in keeping Serina from blurting out the end of the story first. At length he said:

"Well, Prue, I guess the tango ain't as bad as I made out."

"You going to join the class, poppa?" said Prue, round the spoonful of preserved pears she checked before her mouth.

Her father went on:

"I guess you're one of those daughters of Shiloh like you said you was. And the son of Benjamin has come right out after you. And he's the biggest son of a gun in the whole tribe."

Prue put down the following spoonful and turned to her mother: "What ails poppa, momma? He talks feverish."

Serina fairly gurgled:

"Prepare yourself for the grandest surprise. You'd never guess." And William had to jump to beat her to the news:

"Tawm Kinch wants to marry you."

"What?"

"Yep."

"What makes you think so?"

"He asked me."

"Asked you!"

Serina clasped her hands and her eyes filled with tears of the rescued: "Oh, Prue, ain't it wonderful? Ain't the Lord good to us?"

Prue did not catch fire from the blaze. She sniffed:

"He wasn't very good to Tawm Kinch."

William, bitter with disappointment, snapped:

"What do you mean? He's the richest man in town. Some folks say he's as good as worth a hundred thousand dollars."

"Well, what of it? He'll never learn to dance. His feet interfere."

"What's dancing got to do with it? You'll stop all that foolishness after you've married Tawm."

"Oh, will I? Ort Hippisley can dance better with one foot than Tawm Kinch could dance if he was a centipede."

"Ort Hippisley! Humph! He's lost his job and he'll never get another. You couldn't marry him."

"I'm not in any hurry to marry anybody."

The reaction from hope to confusion, the rejection of the glittering gift he proffered, infuriated the henpecked, chickpecked father. He shrieked:

"Well, you're going to marry Tawm Kinch or you're going to get out of my house!"

"Papa!" gasped Ollie.

"Here, dad!" growled Horace.

"William!" cried Serina.

William thumped the table and rose to his full height. He had not often risen to it. And his voice had unsuspected timbre:

"I mean it. I've been a worm in this house long enough. Here's where I turn. This girl has made me a laughing stock and a despising stock long enough. She can take this grand opportunity I got for her, or she can pack up her duds and clear out—for good!"

He thumped the table again and sat down trembling with spent rage. Serina was so crushed under the crumbled wall of her air castles that she could not protest. Olive and Horace felt that since Prue was so indifferent to their happiness they need not consider hers. There was a long, long silence.

The sound of a low whistle outside stole into the silence. Prue rose and said quietly:

"Ollie, would you mind packing my things for me? I'll send over for them when I know where I'll be."

Ollie tried to answer, but her lips made no sound. Prue kissed each of the solemn faces round the table, including her father's. They might have been dead in their chairs for all their response. She paused with a prophetic loneliness. That low whistle shrilled again.

She murmured a somber "Good-by, everybody," and went out.

The door closed like a dull "Good-by." They heard her swift feet slowly crossing the porch and descending the steps. They imagined them upon the walk. They heard the old gate squeal a rusty: "Good-by-y—Prue-ue!"

XI

IT WAS Ort Hippisley, of course, that waited for Prue outside the gate. They swapped bad news. She had heard that he had lost his job, but not that his father had forbidden him to speak to Prue.

Her evil tidings that she had been compelled to choose between marrying Tawm Kinch and banishment from home threw Ort into a panic of dismay. He was a natural-born dancer, but not a predestined hero. He had no inspirations for crises like these. He was as graceful as a manly man could be, but he was not at his best when the hour was darkest. He was at his best when the band was playing.

In him Prue found somebody to support, not to lean on. But his distress at her distress was so complete that it endeared him to her warlike soul more than a braver quality might have done. They stood a while thus in each other's arms like a Pierrot and his Columbine with winter coming on. Finally Orton sighed:

"What in heaven's name is goin' to become of us? What you goin' to do, Prue? Where can you go?"

Prue's resolution asserted itself.

"The first place to go is Mrs. Prosser's boardin' house and get me a room. Then we can go on to the dance and maybe that'll give us an idea."

"But maybe Mrs. Prosser won't want you since your father's turned you out."

"In the first place it was me that turned me out. In the second place Mrs. Prosser wants most anybody that's got six dollars a week comin' in. And I've got that, provided I can find a room to teach in."

Mrs. Prosser welcomed Prue, not without question, not without every question she could get answered, but she made no great bones of the family war. "The best o' families quar'ls," she said. "And half the time they take their meals with me till they quiet down. I'll be losin' you soon."

Prue broached the question of a room to teach in. To Mrs. Prosser, renting a room had always the joy of renting a room. She said that her "poller" was not used much and she'd be right glad to get something for it. She would throw in the use of the pianna. Prue touched the keys. It was an old boarding-house piano and sounded like a wire fence plucked; but almost anything would serve.

So Prue and Orton hastened away to the party, and danced with the final rapture of doing the forbidden thing under an overhanging cloud of menace. Several more pupils enlisted themselves in Prue's classes. Another problem was solved and a new danger commenced by Mr. Norman Maugans.

The question of music had become serious. It was hard to make progress when the dancers had to hum their own tunes. Prue could not buy a phonograph, and the Prosser piano dated from a time when pianos did not play themselves. Prue could "tear off a few rags," as she put it, but she could not dance and teach and play her own music all at once. Mrs. Hippisley was afraid to lend her phonograph lest the Judge should notice its absence.

And now like a sent angel came Mr. Norman Maugans, who played the melodeon at the church, and offered to exchange his services as musician for occasional lessons and the privilege of watching Prue dance, for which privilege, he said, "folks in New York would pay a hundred dollars a night if they knew what they was missin'."

Prue grabbed the bargain, and the next morning began to teach him to play such things as Some Smoke and Leg of Mutton.

At first he played Girls, Run Along, so that you could hardly tell it from Where is My Wandering Boy To-night? and his waltzes were mostly hesitation; but by and by he got so that he fairly tangoed on the pedals, and he was so funny bouncing about on the piano stool to Something Seems Tingle-ingle-ingle-ingle-ingling So Queer that the pupils stopped dancing to watch him. He rather fancied himself as a combination of Paderewski and Maurice till he unwittingly spun the top of the stool off. He might have been impaled, if he had not had the presence of mind to attempt a backward somersault.

The tango was upon the world like a Mississippi at flood time. The levees were going over one by one; or if they stood fast they stood alone, for the water crept round from above and backed up from below.

In Carthage as in both Portlands, Maine and Oregon, and the two Cairos, Illinois and Egypt, the Parises of Kentucky and France, the Yorks and Londons, old and new; in Germany, Italy and Japan, fathers, monarchs, mayors, editors stormed against the new dance; societies passed resolutions; police interfered; ballet-girls declared the dances immoral and ungraceful. The army of the dance went right on growing.

Doctor Brearley called a meeting of the chief men of his congregation to talk things over and discipline, if not expel, all guilty members. Deacon Luxton was in a state of mind. He dared not vote in favor of the dance and he dared not vote against it. He and his wife were taking lessons from Prue surreptitiously at their own home. Judge Hippisley's voice would have been louder for war if he had not discovered that his wife was secretly addicted to the one-step. Old Doctor Brearley was walking about rehearsing a sermon against it when he happened to enter a room where Idalene was practicing. He wrung from her a confession of the depth of her iniquity. This knowledge paralyzed his enthusiasm.

Sour old Deacon Flugal was loudly in favor of making an example of Prue. His wife was even more violent. She happened to mention her disgust to Mrs. Deacon Luxton, and she, after listening without protest, finally was driven from concealment by Mrs. Flugal's grim phrase:

"I guess this'll put an end to the tango in Carthage!"

"Oh, I hope not!" Mrs. Luxton cried.

"You hope not!"

"Yes, I do. It has done my husband no end of good. It's taken pounds and pounds of fat off him. It brings out the prespiration on him something wonderful. And it's taken years off his age. He's that spry and full of jokes and he's gettin' right spoony. He used to be a turrible cut-up, and then he settled down so there was no livin' with him. But now he keeps at me to buy some new clothes and he's thinkin' of gettin' a tuxeda. His old disp'sition seems to have come back and he's as cheerful, and oh, so affectionate! It's like a second honeymoon."

Mrs. Luxton gazed off into space with rapture. Mrs. Flugal was so silent that Mrs. Luxton turned to see if she had walked away in disgust. But there was in her eyes

that light that lies in woman's eyes, and she turned a delicious tomato red as she murmured:

"How much, do you s'pose, would a term of lessons cost for my husband?"

XII

SOMEHOW the church failed to take official action. There was loud criticism still, but phonographs that had hitherto been silent or at least circumspect were heard to blare forth dance rhythms, and not always with the soft needle on.

Mrs. Prosser's boarders were mainly past the age when they were liable to temptation. At first the presence and activities of Prue had added a tang of much-needed spice to this desert-island existence. They loved to stare through the door or even to sit in at the lessons. But at the first blast of the storm that the church had set up they scurried about like old dead leaves. Mrs. Prosser was informed that her boarding house was no longer a fit place for church-fearing ladies. She was warned to expurgate Prue or lose the others. Mrs. Prosser regretfully banished the girl.

And now Prue felt like the locust turned away from ant hill after ant hill. She walked the streets disconsolately. Her feet from old habit led her past her father's door. She paused to gaze at the dear front walk and the beloved frayed steps, the darling need of paint, the time-gnawed porch furniture, the empty hammock hooks. She sighed and would have trudged on; but her mother saw her and called to her from the sewing-room window, and ran out bareheaded in her old wrapper.

They embraced across the gate and Serina carried on so that Prue had to go in with her to keep the neighbors from having too good a time. Prue told her story, and Serina's jaw set in the kind of tetanus that mothers are liable to. She sent Horace to fetch Prue's baggage from "old Prosser's," and she reëstablished Prue in her former room.

When William came slumping up the steps, still jobless, he found the doors locked, front and back, and the porch windows fastened. Serina from an upper sill informed him that Prue was back, and he could either accept her or go somewhere else to live.

William yielded, salving his conscience by refusing to speak to the girl. Prue settled down with the meekness of returned prodigals for whom fatted calves are killed. According to the old college song, "The Prod.," when he got back, "sued father and brother for time while away." That was the sort of prodigal Prue was. Prue brought her classes with her.

Papa Pepperall gave up the battle. He dared not lock his daughter in or out or up. He must not beat her or strangle her with a bowstring and drop her into the Bosporus. He could not sell her down the river. A modern father has about as much authority as a chained watchdog. He can jump about and bark and snap, but he only abrades his own throat.

There were Pepperall feuds all over town. One by one the most conservative were recruited or silenced.

William Pepperall, however, still fumed at home and abroad, and Judge Hippisley would have authorized raids if there had been any places to raid. Thus far the orgies had been confined to private walls. There was, indeed, no place in Carthage for public dancing except the big room in the Westcott block over Jake Meyer's restaurant, and that room was rented to various secret societies on various nights.

Prue's class outgrew the parlor, spread to the dining room and trickled into the kitchen. Here the growth had to stop, till it was learned that if Mr. Maugans played very loud he could be heard in the bedrooms upstairs. And there a sort of University Extension was practiced for ladies only.

And still the demand for education increased. The benighted held out hands pleading for help. Young men and old offered fabulous sums, a dollar a lesson, two dollars! Prue decided that if her mother would stay upstairs as a chaperon it would be proper to let the men dance there too.

"But how am I going to cook the meals?" said mamma.

"We'll hire a cook," said Prue. And it was done. She even bought mamma a new dress, and established her above-stairs as a sort of grand duenna.

Mamma watched Prue with such keenness that now and then, when Prue had to rush downstairs, mamma would sometimes solve a problem for one of Prue's "scholars," as she called them.

One day papa came home to his pandemonium, jostled through the couple-cluttered hall, stamped upstairs and found mamma showing Deacon Flugal how to do the drop step.

"You trot four short steps backward," mamma was saying, "then you make a little dip; but don't swing your shoulders. Prue says if you want to dance refined you mustn't swing your shoulders or your—your—the rest of you."

Papa was ready to swing his shoulders and drop the Deacon through the window, but as he was about to protest, the Deacon caught mamma in his arms and swept backward, dropping his fourth step incisively on papa's instep, rendering papa *hors de combat*.

By the time William had rubbed witch-hazel into the Deacon's heel-mark, the Deacon in a glorious "prespiration" had gone home with his own breathless wife ditto. William dragged Serina into the bathroom, the only room where dancing was not in progress. He warned her not to forget that she had sworn to be a faithful wife. She pooh-poohed him and said:

"You'd better learn to dance yourself. Come on, I'll show you the Media Luna. It's very easy and awful refined. Do just like I do."

She put her hands on her hips and began to sidle. She had him nearly sidled into the bathtub before he could escape with the cry of a hunted animal. At supper he thumped the table with another of his resolutions, and cried:

"My house was not built for a dance hall!"

"That's right, poppa," said Prue; "and it shakes so I'm afraid it'll come down on us. I've been thinking that you'll have to hire me the lodge room in the Westcott Block. I can give classes there all day."

He refused flatly. So she persuaded Deacon Flugal and several gentlemen who were on the waiting list of her pupils to arrange it for her.

And now all day long she taught in the Westcott Block. The noise of her music interfered with business—with lawyers and dentists and insurance agents. At first they were hostile, then they were hypnotized. Lawyer and client would drop a title discussion to quarrel over a step. The dentist's forceps would dance along the teeth, and many an uncomplaining bicuspid was wrenched from its happy home, many an uneasy molar assumed a crown. The money Prue made would have been scandalous if money did not tend to become self-sterilizing after it passes certain dimensions.

By and by the various lodge members found their meetings and their secret rites to be so stupid, compared with the new dances, that almost nobody came. Quorums were rare. Important members began to resign. Everybody wanted to be Past Grand Master of the Tango.

The next step was the gradual postponement of meetings to permit of a little informal dancing in the evening. The lodges invited their ladies to enter the precincts and revel. Gradually the room was given over night and day to the worship of Saint Vitus.

XIII

THE solution of every human problem always opens another. People danced themselves into enormities of appetite and thirst. It was not that food was attractive in itself. Far from it. It was an interruption, a distraction from the tango; a base streak of materialism in the bacon of ecstasy. But it was necessary in order that strength might be kept up for further dancing.

Deacon Flugal put it happily: "Eating is just like stoking. When I'm giving a party at our house I hate to have to leave the company and go down cellar and throw coal in the furnace. But it's got to be did, or the party's gotter stop."

Carthage had one good hotel and two bad ones, but all three were "down near the deepo." Almost the only other place to eat away from home was "Jake Meyer's Place," an odious restaurant where the food was ill chosen and ill cooked, and served in china of primeval shapes as if stone had been slightly hollowed out.

Prue was complaining that there was no place in Carthage where people could dance with their meals and give "teas donsons." Horace was smitten with a tremendous idea.

"Why not persuade Jake Meyer to clear a space in his rest'runt like they do in Chicawgo?"

Prue was enraptured, and Horace was dispatched to Jake with the proffer of a

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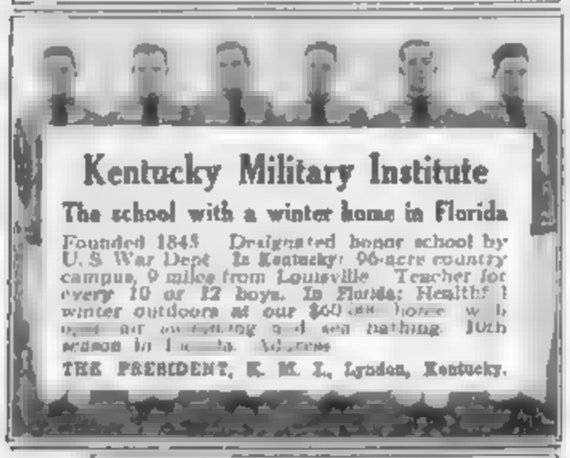

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magnificent opportunity. Horace cannily tried to extract from Jake the promise of a commission before he told him. Jake promised. Then Horace sprang his invention.

Now, Jake was even more bitter against the tango than Doctor Brearley, Judge Hippisley or Mr. Pepperall. The bar annex to his restaurant, or rather the bar to which his restaurant was annexed, had been almost deserted of evenings since the vicious dance mania raged. The bowling alley where the thirst-producing dust was wont to arise in clouds was mute. Over his head he heard the eternal Maugans and the myriad-hoofed shuffle of the unceasing dance. When he understood what Horace proposed he emitted the roar of an old uhlan, and the only commission he offered Horace was the commission of murder upon his person.

Horace retreated in disorder and reported to Prue. Prue called upon Jake herself, smilingly told him that all he needed to do was to crowd his tables together round a clear space, revolutionize his menu, get a cook who could cook, and spend about five hundred dollars on decorations.

"Five hundert thalers!" Jake howled. "I sell you de whole shop for five hundert thalers."

"I'll think it over," said Prue as she walked out.

She could think over all of it except the five hundred dollars. She had never thought that high. She told Horace, and he said that the way to finance anything was to borrow the money from the bank.

Prue called on Clarence Dolge, the bank president she knew best. He asked her a number of personal questions about her earnings. He was surprised at their amount and horrified that she had saved none of them. He advised her to start an account with him; but she reminded him that she had not come to put in, but to take out.

He said that he would cheerfully lend her the money if she could get a proper endorsement on her note. She knew that her father did not endorse her dancing, but perhaps he might feel differently about her note.

"I might get papa to sign his name," she smiled. Mr. Dolge exclaimed: "No, thank you!" without a moment's hesitation. He already had a sheaf of papa's autographs, all duly protested.

She went to another bank, whose president announced that he would have to put the very unusual proposal before the directors. Judge Hippisley was most of the directors. The president did not report exactly what the directors said, for Prue after all was a woman. But she did not get the five hundred.

Prue had set her heart on providing Carthage with a *café dansant*. She determined to save her money. Prue saving!

It was hard, too, for shoes gave out quickly and she could not wear the same frock all the time. And sometimes at night she was so tired she just could not walk home and she rode home in a hack. A number of young men offered to buggy-ride her home or to take her in their little automobiles. But they, too, seemed to confuse art and business with foolishness.

Sometimes she would ask Ort to ride home with her, but she wouldn't let him pay for the hack. Indeed he could not if he would. His devotion to Prue's school had cost him his job, and the Judge would not give him a penny.

Sometimes in the hack Prue would permit Ort to keep his arm round her. Sometimes when he was very doleful she would have to ask him to put it round her. But it was all right, because they were going to get married when Orton learned how to earn some money. He was afraid he would have to leave Carthage. But how could he tear himself from Prue? She would not let him talk about it.

XIV

NOW the fame of Prue and her prancing was not long pent up in Carthage Visitors from other towns saw her work and carried her praises home. Sometimes farmers, driving into town, would hear Mr. Maugans' music through the open windows. Their daughters would climb the stairs and peer in and lose their taste for the old dances, and wistfully entreat Prue to learn them them new-fangled steps.

In the towns smaller than Carthage the anxiety for the tango fermented. A class was formed in Oscawanna, and Prue was bribed to come over twice a week and help them.

Clint Sprague, the manager of the Carthage Opera House, which was now chiefly devoted to moving pictures with occasional interpolations of vaudeville, came home from Chicago with stories of the enormous moneys obtained by certain tango teams. He proposed to book Prue in a chain of small theaters round about, if she could get a dancing partner. She said she had one.

Sprague wrote glowing letters to neighboring theater managers, but being theater managers they were unable to know what their publics wanted. They declined to take any risks, but offered Sprague their houses at the regular rental, leaving him any profits that might result.

Clint glumly admitted that it wouldn't cost much to try it out in Oscawanna. He would guarantee the rental and pay for the show cards and the dodgers, if Prue would pay the fare and hotel bills of herself, her partner and Mr. Maugans.

Prue hesitated. It was an expense and a risk. Prue cautious! She would take nobody for partner but Orton Hippisley. Perhaps he could borrow the money from his father. She told him about it, and he was wild with enthusiasm. He loved to dance with Prue. To invest money in enlarging her fame would be divine.

He saw the Judge. Then he heard him.

He came back to Prue and told her in as delicate a translation as he could manage that it was all off. The Judge had bellowed at him that not only would he not finance his outrageous escapade with that shameless Pepperall baggage, but if the boy dared to undertake it he would disown him.

"Now you'll have to go," said Prue grimly.

"But I have no money, honey," he protested miserably.

"I'll pay your expenses and give you half what I get," she said.

He refused flatly to share in the profits. His poverty consented to accept the railroad fare and food enough to dance on. And he would pay that back the first job he got.

Then Prue went to Clint Sprague and offered to pay the bills if he would give her three-fourths of the profits. He fumed; but she drove a good bargain. Prue driving bargains! At last he consented, growling.

When Prue announced the make-up of her troupe there was a cyclone in her own home. Papa was as loud as the Judge.

"You goin' gallivantin' round the country with that Maugans idiot and that young Hippisley scoundrel? Well, I guess not! You've disgraced us enough in our own town, without spreading the poor but honorable name of Pepperall all over Oscawanna and Perkinsville and Athens and Thebes."

The worn-out, typewritten-out Ollie pleaded against Prue's lawlessness. It would be sure to cost her her place in the Judge's office. It was bad enough now.

Even Serina, who had become a mere echo of Prue, herself went so far as to say:

"Really, Prue, you know!"

Prue thought a while and said:

"I'll fix that all right. Don't you worry. There'll be no scandal. I'll marry the boy."

XV

AND she did! Took ten dollars from the hiding-place where she banked her wealth, and took the boy to an Oscawanna preacher, and telegraphed home that he was hers and she his and both each other's.

The news spread like oil ablaze on water. Mrs. Hippisley had consented to take lessons of Prue, but she had never dreamed of losing her eldest son to her. She and Serina had quite a "run-in" on the telephone. William and the Judge almost had a fight-out—and right on Main Street too.

Each accused the other of fathering a child that had decoyed away and ruined the life of the other child. Both were so scorched with helpless wrath that each went home to his bed and threatened to bite any hand that was held out in comfort. Judge Hippisley had just strength enough to send word to poor Olive that she was fired.

XVI

THE next news came the next day. Oscawanna had been famished for a sight of the world-sweeping dances. It turned out in multitudes to see the famous Carthage queen in the new steps. The opera house there had not held such a crowd since Wm. J. Bryan spoke there—the time he did not charge anything. According to the Oscawanna Eagle: "This enterprising city paid one thousand dollars to see Peerless Prue Pepperall dance with her partner Otto Hipkinson. What you got to say about that, ye scribes of Carthage?"

Like the corpse in Ben King's poem Judge Hippisley sat up at the news and said: "What's that?" And when the figures were repeated he "dropped dead again."

The next day word was received that Perkinsville, jealous of Oscawanna, had shoveled twelve hundred dollars into the drug store where tickets were sold. Two sick people had nearly died because they couldn't get their prescriptions filled for twelve hours, and the mayor of the town had had to go behind the counter and pick out his own stomach bitters.

The Athens theater had been sold out so quickly that the town hall was engaged for a special matinée. Athens paid about fifteen hundred dollars. The Athenians had never suspected that there was so much money in town. People who had not paid a bill for months managed to dig up cash for tickets.

Indignant Oscawanna wired for a return engagement, so that those who had been crowded out could see the epoch-making dances. Those who had seen them wanted to see them again. In the mornings Prue gave lessons to select classes at auction prices.

Wonderful as this was, unbelievable indeed, to Carthage, it was not surprising. This blue and lonely dyspeptic world has always been ready to enrich the lucky being that can tempt its palate with something it wants and didn't know it wanted. Other people were leaping from poverty to wealth all over the world for teaching the world to dance again. Prue caught the crest of the wave that overswept a neglected region.

The influence of her success on her people and her neighbors was bound to be overwhelming. The Judge modulated from a contemptuous allusion to "that Pepperall cat" to "my daughter-in-law." Prue's father who had never watched her dance, had refused to collaborate even that far in her ruination, could not continue to believe that she was entirely lost when she was so conspicuously found.

Perhaps he was right. Perhaps the world is so wholesome and so well balanced that nobody ever attained enormous prosperity without some excuse for it. People who contribute beauty, laughter, thrills and rhythm to the world may do as much to make life livable as people who invent electric lights and telephones and automobiles. Why should they not be paid handsomely?

Prue, the impossible, unimaginable Prue, triumphed home safely with several thousands of dollars in her satchel. Orton bought a revolver to guard it with, and nearly shot one of his priceless feet off with it. They dumped the money upon the shelf of the banker who had refused to lend her five hundred. He had to raise the steel grating to get the money in. The receiving teller almost fainted and had to count it twice.

Clint Sprague alone was disconsolate. He had refused to risk Prue's expenses, had forced her to take the lioness' share of the actual costs and the imaginary profits. He almost wept over what he might have had, despising what he had.

Prue ought to have been a wreck; but there is no stimulant like success. In a boat race the winning crew never collapses. Her mother begged her to rest, her doctor warned her that she would drop dead. But she smiled: "If I can die dancing it won't be so bad."

Even more maddeningly joyful than the dancing now was the rhapsody of income. To be both Salome and Hetty Green! Mr. Dolge figured out her income. At any reasonable rate of interest it represented a capital far bigger than Tawm Kinch's mythical hundred thousand. Mr. Dolge said to William Pepperall:

"Bill, your daughter is the richest man in town. Any time you want to borrow a little money, get her name on your note and I'll be glad to let you have it."

Somehow his little pleasantry brought no smile to William's face. He snapped:

"You mind your own business and I'll mind mine."

"Oh, I suppose you don't have to borrow it," Dolge purred; "she just gives it to you."

William almost wept at this humiliation.

Prue bought out Jake Meyer's restaurant. She spent a thousand dollars on its decoration. She consoled Ollie with a position as her secretary at twenty-five dollars a week and bought her some new dresses.

Her mother scolded poor Ollie for being such a stick as not to be able to dance like her sister, and having to be dependent on her. There was something hideously

immoral and disconcerting about this success. But then there always is. Prue was whisked from the ranks of the resentful poor to those of the predatory rich.

Prue established Horace as cashier of the restaurant. She wanted to make her father manager, but he could not bend his pride to the yoke of taking wages from his child. If she had come home in disgrace and repentance he could have been a father to her.

The blossoming of what had been Jake Meyer's place into what Carthage called the "Palais de Pepperall" was a festival indeed. The newspapers, in which at Horace's suggestion Prue advertised lavishly, gave the event headlines on the front page. The article included a complete catalogue of those present. This roster of forty "Mesdames" was thereafter accepted as the authorized beadroll of the Carthage Four Hundred. Mrs. Hippisley was there and as proud as Judy. But the Judge and William Pepperall were absent, and Prue felt an ache in a heart that should have been so full of pride. She and Orton rode home in a hack and she cried all the way. In fact he had to stick his head out and tell the driver to drive round a while until she was calm enough to go home.

XVII

A FEW days later, as Prue was hurrying along the street looking over a list of things she had to purchase for her restaurant, she ran smack into old Doctor Brearley, who was looking over a list of subscribers to the fund for paying the overdue interest on the mortgage on the new steeple. He was afraid the builders would remove it.

Prue saved him and herself from falling by clinging to him violently. In trying to pass each other they fell into an involuntary tango step that delighted the witnesses. When Doctor Brearley had recovered his composure, and before he had adjusted his spectacles, he thought that Prue was Bertha Appleby and he said:

"Ah, my dear child, I was just going to call on you and see if you couldn't contribute a little to help us out in this very worthy cause."

Prue let him explain, and then she said: "Tell you what I'll do, Doctor: I'll give you the entire proceeds of my restaurant for one evening. And I'll dance for you with my husband."

Doctor Brearley was aghast when he realized the situation. He was afraid to accept; afraid to refuse. He was in an excruciating dilemma. Prue had mercy on him. She said:

"I'll just announce it as an idea of my own. You needn't have anything to do with it."

The townspeople were set in a turmoil over Prue's latest audacity. Half the church members declared it an outrage; the other half decided that it gave them an opportunity to see her dance under safe auspices. Foxy Prue!

The restaurant was crowded with unfamiliar faces, terrified at what they were to witness. Doctor Brearley had not known what to do. It seemed so mean to stay away and so perilous to go. His daughter solved the problem by telling him that she would say she had made him come. He went so far as to let her drag him in, "but just for a moment. He really must leave immediately after Mr. and Mrs. Hippisley's—er—exercises."

He trembled with anxiety on the edge of his chair. The savagery of the music alarmed him. When Prue walked out with her husband the old Doctor was afraid of her beauty. Then they danced and his heart thumped; but subtly it was persuaded to thump in the measure of that unholy maxixe. He did not know that outside in the street before the two windows stood two exiled fathers watching in bitter loneliness.

He saw a little love drama displayed, and reminded himself that after all some critics said that the Song of Solomon was a kind of wedding drama or dance. After all, Mrs. Hippisley was squired by her perfectly proper and very earnest young husband—though Orton in his black clothes was hardly more than her shifting shadow.

The old preacher had been studying his Cruden, and bolstering himself up, too, with the very Scriptural texts that Prue had written out for her stiff-necked father. He had met other texts that she had not known how to find. The idea came to the preacher that, after all, since God made everything He must have made the dance, breathed its impulse into the clay.

This daughter of Shiloh was an extraordinarily successful piece of workmanship. There was nothing very wicked surely about that coquettish bending of her head, those playful escapes from her husband's embrace, that heel-and-toe tripping, that lithe elusiveness, that joyous psalmody of youth.

Prue was so pretty and her ways so pretty that the old man felt the pathos of beauty, so fleet, so fleeting, so lyrical, so full of—— Alas! The tears were in his eyes, and he almost applauded with the others when the dance was finished. He bowed vaguely in the direction of the anxious Prue and made his way out. She felt rebuked and condemned and would not be comforted by the praise of others. She did not know that the old preacher had encountered on the sidewalk Judge Hippisley. Doctor Brearley had not heard or had forgotten that the Judge had not yet ordered his own decision reversed, and he thought he was saying the unavoidable thing when he murmured:

"Ah, Judge, how proud you must be of your dear son's dear wife. I fancy that Miriam, the prophetess, must have danced something like that on the banks of the Red Sea when the Egyptians were overthrown."

Then he put up the umbrella he always carried and stumbled back to his parsonage under the starlight. His heart was dancing a trifle, and he escaped the scene of wrath that broke out as soon as he was away.

For William Pepperall had a lump in his throat made up of equal parts of desire to cry and desire to fight, and he said to Judge Hippisley with all truculence:

"Look here, Judge! I understand you been jawin' round this town about my daughter not being all she'd ought to be. Now I'm goin' to put a stop to that jaw of yours, if I have to slam it right through the top of your head. If you want to send me to jail for contemp' of court, sentence me for life, because that's the way I feel about you, you fat old ——"

Judge Hippisley put up wide-open hands and protested:

"Why, Bill, I—I just been wonderin' how I could get your daughter to make up with me. I been afraid to ask her for fear she'd just think I was toadyin' to her. I think she's the finest girl ever came out of Carthage. Do you suppose she'd make up and—and come over to our house to dinner Sunday?"

"Let's ask her," said William, and they walked in at the door.

XVIII

EARLY one morning, about six months after the first dismal Monday morning after William Pepperall's last bankruptcy, Serina wakened to find that William was already up. She had been oversleeping with that luxury which a woman can experience only in an expensive and frilly nightie combined with hemstitched linen sheets. She opened her heavy and slumber-contented eyes to behold her husband in a suit of partly-silk pajamas. He was making strange motions with his feet.

"What on earth you doing there?" she yawned, and William grinned.

"Yestiddy afternoon the Judge was showin' me a new step in this Max Hicks dance. It's right cute. Goes like this."

Mamma Pepperall watched him cavort a moment, then sniffed contemptuously, and rolled out like a fireman summoned.

"Not a bit like it! It goes like this."

A few minutes later the door opened and Ollie put her head in.

"For heaven's sake be quiet! You'll wake Prue, and she's all wore out; and she's only got an hour more before they have to get up and take the train for Des Moines."

The old rascals promised to be good, but as soon as she had gone they wrangled in whispers and danced on tiptoes. Then their enthusiasm carried them away and it was not long before Prue put her head in at the door and gasped:

"What in heaven's name are you and poppa up to? Do you want to wake Orton?"

Papa had to explain:

"I got a new step, Prue. Goes like this. Come on, momma."

Serina shyly took her place in his arms; but they had taken only a few strides when Prue hissed:

"Sh-h! Don't do it! Stop it!"

"Why?"

"In the first place it's out of date. And in the second place it's not respectable."

(THE END)

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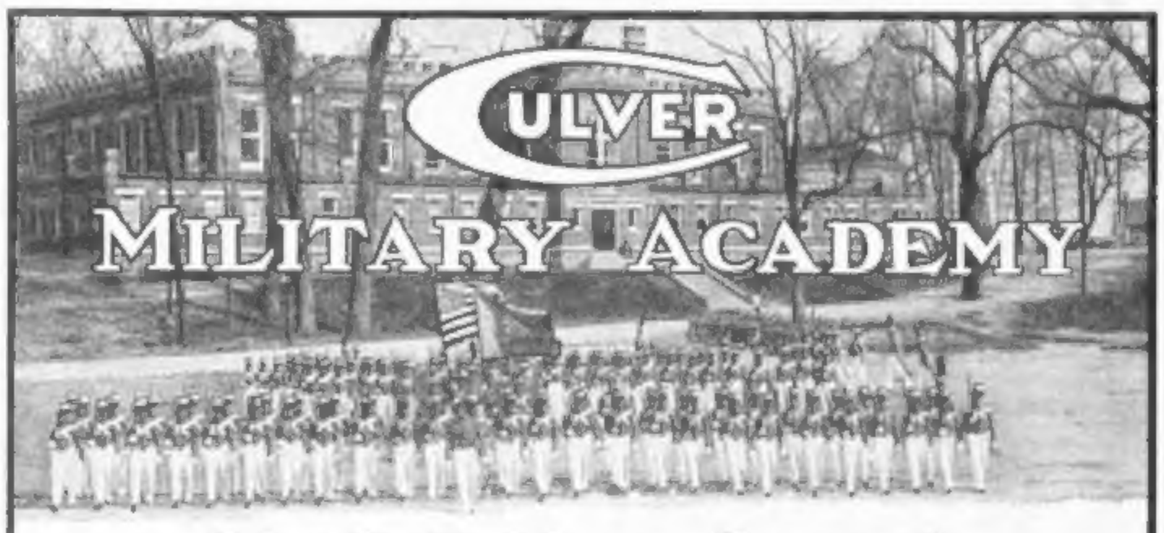

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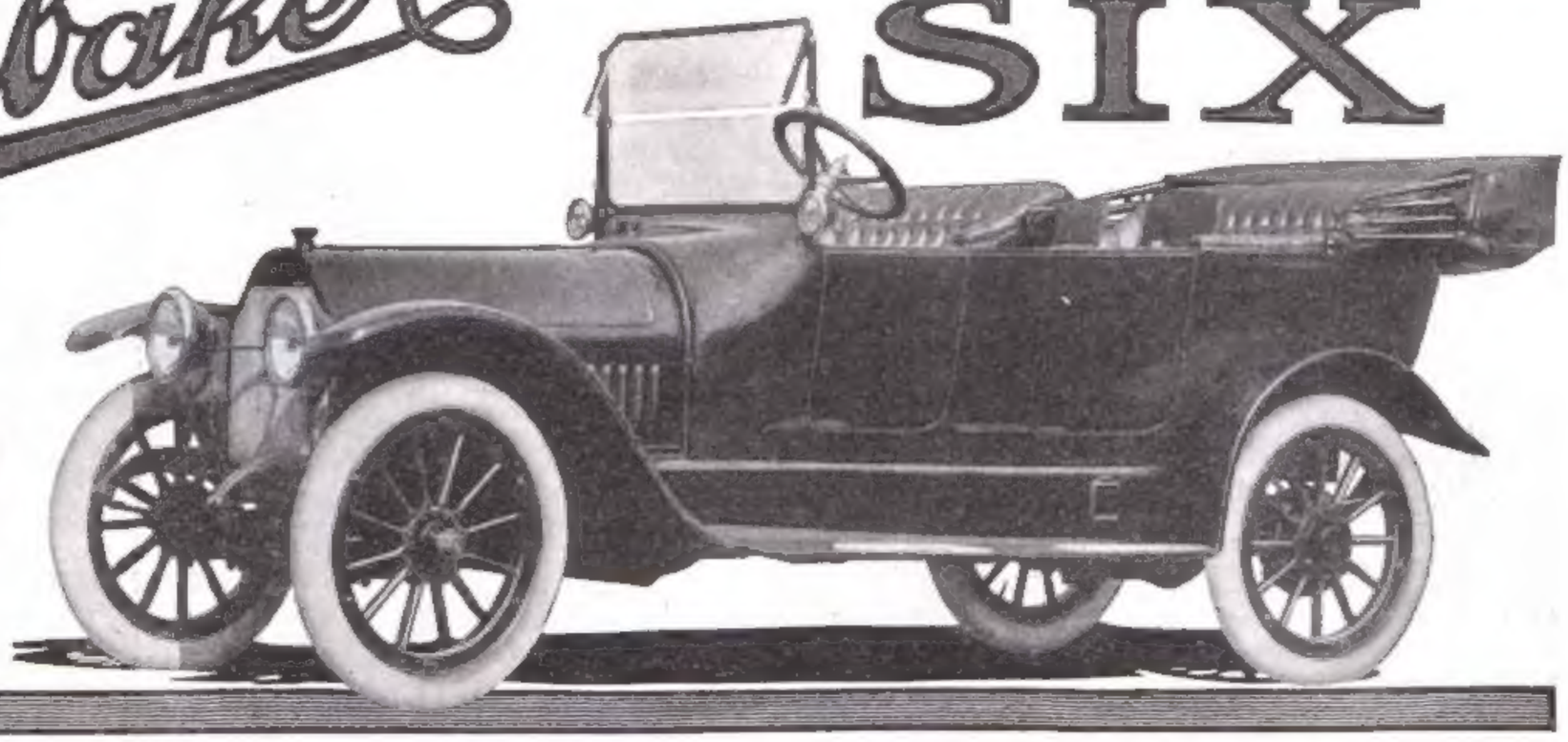

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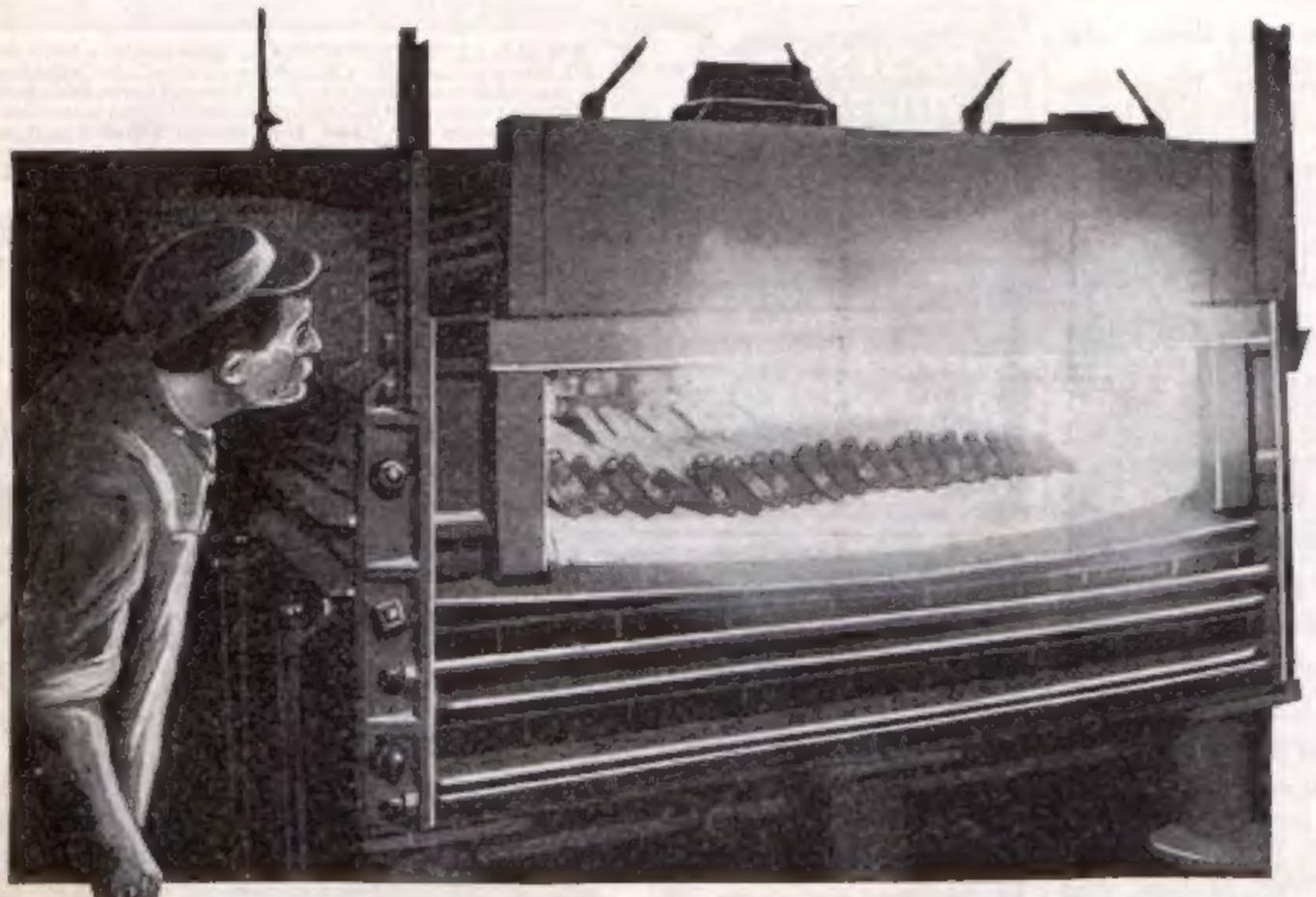

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